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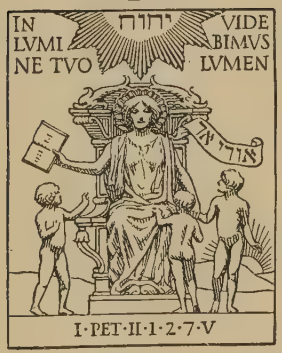

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THE REVOLT FROM VICTORIANISM

BEFORE we consider the revolt from the Victorian tradition in English life and letters, it is well for us to be clear as to the elements which constituted that tradition, even at the risk of repeating some things already said in the Introduction to Volume XIV, dealing with the characteristics of the Victorian Age. Let us begin with a statement of some misconceptions to be avoided.

In the first place, the inhibitions which we associate with the Victorians were not invented by them. Since our first parents in the garden of Eden discovered that they were naked and made for themselves aprons of fig leaves — presumably to conceal their nakedness from each other, since there was no one else to spy upon them — mankind has always been blessed or cursed with a sense of propriety or decency. Prehistoric men, sitting around the camp-fire, doubtless held different conversations from those common among the women when they prepared the food together, and these again differed from the talk at the meal at which the younger members of the family were present. Primitive tribes had "mysteries" to which youths were initiated at puberty, and these "mysteries" generally had to do with sex. The Greeks had "euphemisms" for things which ought not to be mentioned under their familiar names. The Athenians condemned Socrates to death for corrupting youth, doubtless for disturbing their minds as to current religious opinions, rites, and conventions. The Romans had their own standards, which differed, like ours, from age to age, and so had the various nations which developed from the break-up of the Roman Empire. The Victorian conventions were not exclusively English; they probably owed something to Genevan Protestantism and to German Lutheranism; at any rate, these centers of Puritanism, a thing not peculiar to the English, had much in common in their point of view; and the same ideas are of course familiar to us in the United States. To these conventions was given the name Victorian, perhaps partly because Queen Victoria embodied them; obviously, she did not originate them nor alone bring about their prevalence in England during her reign, though her influence was a factor in encouraging and establishing their domination. What really gave them power was the predominance in social and political life (for the first time in English history since the Puritan Revolution) of the middle class, largely Puritan in opinion and feeling.

The main element in bringing about this predominance was industrialism, which not only increased the numbers of the middle class, but by concentrating

them in the great towns and cities, gave them a new consciousness of their power and influence. An important contributing cause was the advance of evangelicalism, both inside the Church of England and, still more, outside it; to the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists, who had formed the main body of the Nonconformist minority, there were added in the nineteenth century members of the various Methodist denominations, and this addition converted the Nonconformist minority into a majority, especially powerful in the industrial districts; the Nonconformists were solidly Puritan in their sympathies, and with the extension of the franchise came to be a body in the electorate which had to be reckoned with.

Another element in the situation was the spread of elementary education and the enormous increase in the circulation of cheap books and cheap newspapers. The English Puritans, so long despised and held under, became not only articulate but triumphant; with their hands on the controlling machinery of industry and finance, encouraged by the Crown and the Court, constituting a majority of the electorate which made its voice very clearly heard in the great manufacturing constituencies of the North of England, the Puritans for a time imposed their standards of manners, in life and literature, upon the whole of England.

It was this that constituted the innovation, and it was an innovation important enough to justify giving to the fact the name of the period in which it occurred. During the Puritan Revolution of the seventeenth century, the Puritans had constantly been a minority, though a dominant one, and after the death of Cromwell the nation lost little time in freeing itself from the Puritan yoke. There succeeded the license of the Restoration Age and the easy-going tolerance of the eighteenth century, which was not enthusiastic about anything, least of all the religion and morals of the people — the two things about which the Puritans were mainly concerned. The arrival of the Puritans at social and political supremacy was a portent hitherto unknown in the history of the English-speaking world except in New England.

When the Puritans had been in power in England before, they had suppressed the drama, and Parliament had attempted a literary censorship of which the most important outcome was Milton's famous pamphlet 'Areopagitica,' in which he pleaded eloquently "for the liberty of unlicensed printing." The Victorian Puritans had no need to seek literary control by legislative enactment; they constituted a large part of the buying public, and their control was effected silently and even unconsciously, with only an occasional appeal to the majesty of the law, such as the conviction and imprisonment of the publisher Vizetelly in 1889 for issuing translations of Zola, and the burning of D. H. Lawrence's 'The Rainbow' by order of a magistrate as late as 1916 — but this latter was in the excitement of the War, when everybody's nerves were on edge. Generally speaking, the control was exerted through the less authoritative but no less efficacious channels of the circulating

libraries and the reviewers, who expressed public opinion — and public prejudice — all the more effectively because their expression of it was spontaneous and sincere.

REVOLTING VICTORIANS

Of course not all the Victorians in time were Victorian in spirit, and the revolt against Victorianism was, as a matter of fact, begun in the Victorian Era. The reaction against Victorianism appeared to break out with some violence in the early years of the twentieth century, but it was actually started by writers well within the chronological limits of Victoria's reign. In the minds of the younger generation, what it became fashionable to deride as "Victorianism" was associated primarily with the sentimental avoidance of the actualities of experience in matters of sex. But Thackeray before Victoria's reign was half over had already complained that he was forbidden by convention from portraying the adventures of the young Pendennis or the mature Becky Sharp as they really were. In 1859 in 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel' Meredith ventured to treat the seduction and fall of his hero with considerable frankness — only to be reprimanded by the reviewers and neglected by their readers. In subsequent novels for the next thirty years up to and including 'Diana of the Crossways' Meredith was careful to avoid offense, and it was only in 'One of Our Conquerors' and 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta,' published in the early nineties, that Meredith suggests the right, in the first instance of his hero, in the second of his heroine, to break their way out of an unhappy marriage; in both cases the circumstances are extreme, and it was not unreasonably argued by Meredith's more Puritanical admirers that his plea for relief in these exceptional cases implied rather the support of the rule than its condemnation; Natalie, the unmarried partner of Victor Radnor in 'One of Our Conquerors' is, it is true, treated sympathetically, but her course is not openly defended as that of Irene is by Galsworthy in 'The Forsyte Saga' a quarter of a century later. A Daily Mail interview in 1904 gave the public the impression that Meredith had declared himself in favor of "trial marriages" and even at that date created something of a scandal, in spite of his protestations, "All that I have suggested is for the matter to be discussed." His attitude towards marriage is now recognized by students of his works (apparently the only people who now read them) as essentially conservative, though it was obviously in advance of the general feeling of his time. Among his Victorian contemporaries, George Eliot, having braved convential prejudice in practice by her open alliance with Lewes, made up for it by strong insistence on regularity in her novels from 'Adam Bede' to 'Felix Holt'; the sanctity of an engagement to marry is upheld in 'The Mill on the Floss,' just as one of Meredith's most charming and independent heroines, Clara Middleton in 'The Egoist,' breaks away with difficulty from a promise for which her father is mainly responsible. Hardy, we know from his poems

written in 1865–70, held views on sex questions which would have been regarded by the public of that time as revolutionary, but he withheld the poems from publication till 1898; in his novels he was sufficiently discreet during the first decade of his career (1870–1880), a little more daring in the next decade, and quite outspoken in the nineties in 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' 'Jude the Obscure,' and 'The Well Beloved,' all of which provoked strong protest. Samuel Butler was much more careful in 'Erewhon' (1872) than in 'Erewhon Revisited' (1901), and he was still more daring in 'The Way of All Flesh,' written 1872–84, but not published till after his death in 1902. George Moore provoked the public of the eighties (almost entirely in vain) by such titles as 'A Modern Lover,' 'A Mummer's Wife,' and 'Confessions of a Young Man,' but his frank adoption of the standards and methods of French realism in 'Esther Waters' in 1894 did not prevent that novel from attaining wide popularity. Altogether, considerable progress had been made in the last two decades of the nineteenth century towards the relaxation of the ban on candid treatment of topics involving sex, but the twentieth century saw a much more rapid and general movement in the same direction.

W. L. George, accused of exploiting sex in his novels, asserted in 1918 that even at that date matters of sex played a smaller part in British fiction than they did in life. The assertion was denied by many critics, to whom it appeared that a flood of sex novels was at that time prevailing; it cannot be said to have abated since that date, but the public has become used to it. 'Ann Veronica' by H. G. Wells called forth something of an outcry in 1909; but its treatment of sex questions was mild and moderate as compared with that in the same author's 'The World of William Clissold' (1926), which passed without remark. The younger novelists in general, as Henry James pointed out in a noteworthy essay on 'The New Novel' in 1914, hug the shore of the real in matters of sex instead of flying, at the least sign of difficulty, to the open sea of sentiment, and he commended them for their courage in this regard. Whether the increasing outspokenness of their still younger successors and their tendency to give prominence to the darker sides of the sexual instinct would have met with the commendation or the condemnation of the great American novelist is an open question. There is unquestionably a noteworthy change in the candor with which such matters are discussed in fiction, whether with philosophical gravity by D. H. Lawrence, with ironical levity by Aldous Huxley, or with serene detachment by the young lady who wrote 'Dusty Answer,' Miss Rosamond Lehmann. Compton Mackenzie about 1918 was reviving Smollett's rollicking zest for recounting sexual adventures, and by this time the younger novelists seemed to have recovered the full freedom of eighteenth century fiction in dealing with such matters.

The upset in social relations, the general breakdown of tradition, and the nervous tension resulting from the long continuance of the War conduced to an increase in sexual irregularity which found an immediate reflex in

literature, especially in fiction. The Freudian theories of complex and libido helped also to stress the importance of the sex element in the novelists' view of life, and gave them new methods of approach, which, however, did not prove of interest to the public after the attraction of novelty had worn off; sex, especially when considered chiefly on the physical side, is a subject of very restricted interest and soon becomes boring. Few novels discuss sex problems in and for themselves; they are chiefly concerned with the disturbance that sex brings into a man's public career, its interference with his success in business or politics, or the rupture of relations with his family and friends. A new daring in dealing with sex topics may bring the novelist temporary notoriety, but permanent fame must rest upon solider foundations. The literary reputation of writers such as Marcel Proust or James Joyce depends not upon the material they have dealt with but upon the way they have treated it — a detailed method of psychological analysis which many find tiresome, but which does add a new tool to the rather overworked resources the novelist has at his command. The Victorian restriction of the novelist's field has disappeared, and the modern writer of fiction has the full liberty of Fielding's 'Tom Jones'; to which must be added, along with Fielding's candor, verve, and skill in narration, a deeper spiritual and intellectual insight and perhaps a deeper sense of social responsibility than the eighteenth century seemed capable of.

SENTIMENTALISM

One element in the Victorian treatment of love must be ascribed not to Puritanism, but to a very different source — Romanticism. If there was one thing in which all the Romantics agreed, it was in the glorification and indeed deification of passionate love, exalting its claims above those of convention, tradition, the bonds of family interest or patriotic duty. Byron, Shelley, and Keats are conspicuous devotees of this doctrine, and even the coldly philosophic Wordsworth had in his youth known "strange fits of passion" and indulged in a romantically irregular love affair in revolutionary France. Browning not only accepted this romantic view, but heightened it with a touch of neoplatonic philosophy and made it the center of his life and thought: —

> Ages past the soul existed,
> Here an age 'tis resting merely,
> And hence fleets again for ages,
> While the true end, sole and single,
> It stops here for is, this love-way,
> With some other soul to mingle.

So in the lines prefaced to 'The Ring and the Book,' Browning invokes the spirit of his poet wife: —

O lyric love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire . . .

It is indeed by means of this conception of love as an eternal and transcendental relation that Browning turned the rather gruesome old Italian murder story into a romantic drama of passion which has been found capable of transference to the modern American stage. He uses the same conception frequently in his minor poems. In 'The Statue and the Bust,' though the yielding to passion would be a crime, he does not commend the lovers for their self-restraint but reproaches these frustrate souls for the "unlit lamp and the ungirt loin, Though the end in view were a vice."

Where is the use of the lip's red charm,
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm
Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine?

It was Tennyson who achieved the Victorian adjustment of trimming the wings of unregulated desire and reducing frantic passion to a judicious combination of calf-love and domestic bliss. This compromise was beautifully phrased by him in the lines: —

To live sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid.

It was by this process of conventional sublimation that the erring but heroic figure of King Arthur in Malory was in the 'Idylls of the King' converted into a model husband after the fashion of Prince Albert. It pleased Queen Victoria, devoted to her husband's memory, and it pleased the public, who preferred their Arthurian knights trimmed and polished to meet the exigencies of Victorian morality. Even at the time this adornment of Victorian sentiment with mellifluous verse provoked Meredith to protest; he writes to a friend in 1869:

"The 'Holy Grail' is wonderful, isn't it? The lines are satin lengths, the figures Sèvres china. I have not the courage to offer to review it, I should say such things. To think! — it's in these days that the foremost poet of the country goes on fluting of creatures that have not a breath of vital humanity in them, and doles us out his regular five-feet with the old trick of the vowel endings. — The Euphuist's tongue, the Exquisite's leg, the Curate's moral sentiments, the British matron and her daughter's purity of tone: — so

he talks, so he walks, so he snuffles, so he appears divine. — I repeat with my Grannam — to think! — and to hear the chorus of praise too! Why, this stuff is not the Muse, it's Musery. The man has got hold of the Muses' clothes-line and hung it with jewelry."

Meredith further protested against Victorian sentimentality in 'Sandra Belloni,' in which the heroine's passionate and candid devotion is contrasted with the half-heartedness of her lover and his sister's reverence for the "fine shades" of sentiment. Thackeray satirized the prevalent fondness for sentiment, though he sometimes indulged in it himself; and Dickens wallowed in it. In 'David Copperfield,' his masterpiece, we have such sentimentalized figures as Little Emily, Martha, Dora, and Agnes; the seduced damsels are almost as exasperating as that foolish virgin Dora, but Agnes, the model of all the virtues of Victorian domesticity, with her finger constantly pointing upwards, is intolerable. The sentimentality of Dickens is by no means restricted to his heroines, as that of Tennyson goes far beyond the moralization of the heroes of the 'Idylls of the King.' Dickens' Little Nell and Tiny Tim will recur at once to the minds of those familiar with his work, and Tennyson's 'The May Queen' and 'The Children's Hospital' are instances of his willingness to indulge the British public of his day in a good cry. In the minor novelists and poets of the time, the imitators of Dickens and Tennyson, we get the prevalent sentimentality without the mitigation of the literary gifts of these two great Victorian artists.

The later Victorian novelists of the first rank are in general free from this sentimentality. George Eliot was too stern a moralist to indulge in it; Meredith despised it and inveighed against it; Gissing and George Moore, as conscientious realists, avoided it; Kipling and Conrad, both combining realism and romance, were by their own natures averse to it; and with the turn of the century it went out of fashion. The three novelists who shared predominance in British fiction during the first quarter of the twentieth century, had little use for it. H. G. Wells, having won the public favor by his lively narrative gift, made use of his popularity for propaganda of various kinds, according to the scheme of reform which was at the time engaging his attention. Arnold Bennett has the hard-bitten view of life of the people of his Five Towns; he admires courage, tenacity, shrewdness, fidelity, and has no sympathy with any softer view of life. Galsworthy, with his gentleness of spirit, might have been more tempted to a return to Victorian sentimentality, but if he was, he resisted it; he regards passion as a "dark flower" which bewitches and betrays men and women; he does not prettify it. There were minor writers, perhaps naturally prone to sentiment or able and willing to give a section of the public what it wanted. There is a stage in youth which cries out for sentimentality, and just as there were anti-Victorians in the Victorian Era, so after that period was chronologically ended, there were many survivors who maintained Victorian tastes and standards well on into the present century.

The poetry of the later period, after the loss of Browning and Tennyson, was both less distinguished in character and less powerful in its appeal. When the new poetry, somewhat slowly and diffidently, did make its appearance, it was entirely different in tone and temper. Nothing could be farther removed from romantic sentiment than such cynical love poems as Ernest Dowson's 'Cynara' in the days of the Yellow Book, or on the other hand Rudyard Kipling's celebration in song, also in the naughty nineties, of the climes

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;

or his asseveration that

The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins.

Less cynical, less brutal, but equally detached in its grave pessimism is A. E. Housman's 'A Shropshire Lad' (1896), a slim volume of true poetry by a Cambridge professor. The village lover and his lass appear in these verses of restrained intensity but not in the attitudes or with the tones of conventional romance: —

"Oh, sick I am to see you, will you never let me be?
You may be good for something but you are not good for me.
Oh, go where you are wanted, for you are not wanted here!"
And that was all the farewell when I parted from my dear.

John Davidson in his 'Fleet Street Eclogues' (1893–1896) has something of the same realism, but without Housman's intensity of feeling and concentration of phrase; he is more rhetorical, and seems not to have altogether assimilated the conceptions of industrialism and scientific materialism which he regards as the driving forces of contemporary life. Masefield, about twenty years later, is still less sentimental in his presentation of the loves of humble life in the series of short stories in verse which he began with 'The Everlasting Mercy,' from which it is only necessary to quote four lines: —

Jack chucked her chin, and Jim accost her
With bits out of the 'Maid of Gloster.'
And fifteen arms went round her waist.
(And then men ask, Are Barmaids chaste?)

Similarly in 'The Widow in the Bye Street,' while the hero is

repeating one sweet name,
"Anna, oh Anna," to the evening star,
Anna was sipping whisky in the bar.

And again: —

She sighed, to hint that pleasure's grave was dug,
And smiled within to see him such a mug.

About the same time the young Rupert Brooke, brought up in very different surroundings and looking at life from a very different standpoint, was emphatically expressing his rejection of the Victorian attitude as to romantic passion. Even as the lover is embracing his mistress for a final parting, he reminds her that: —

Each crawling day
Will pale a little your scarlet lips, each mile
Dull the dear pain of your remembered face.

In a lighter vein in 'The One before the Last,' the rejected lover ejaculates: —

Oh! bitter thoughts I had in plenty.
But here's the worst of it —
I shall forget, in Nineteen-twenty
You ever hurt a bit!

Another deserted lover is equally far from despair: —

And I shall find some girl perhaps,
And a better one than you,
With eyes as wise, but kindlier,
And lips as soft, but true.
And I dare say she will do.

One has only to compare the latter quotations with the earlier one from Tennyson, and with the general attitude of his romantic heroes in 'Locksley Hall' and 'Maud,' to realize how radically the point of view of the poets (and presumably of the public) has changed in the interim.

THE DECAY OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, in spite of difference as to minor dogmas, Wordsworth could take it for granted that his readers had in common: —

An assured belief
That the procession of our fates, howe'er
Sad and disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

This simple faith forms a background of understanding between writer and reader for Browning and Tennyson, as for Dickens and Thackeray. It was

shaken by the controversies about evolution and the inspired authority of the Bible in the sixties and seventies, and by the end of the century had ceased to be sure ground for common understanding. Browning and Tennyson were in the height of their careers during the stress of the conflict and echo of its main issues. Professor Henry Sidgwick, writing to Tennyson's son at the end of the century and looking back to 1860, says: —

" During these years we were absorbed in struggling for freedom of thought in the trammels of a historical religion: and perhaps what we sympathized with most in 'In Memoriam' at this time, apart from the personal feeling, was the defense of 'honest doubt' . . . and generally the *forward* movement of the thought.

" Well, the years pass, the struggle with what Carlyle used to call 'Hebrew old clothes' is over, Freedom is won, and what does Freedom bring us to? It brings us face to face with atheistic science: the faith in God and Immortality, which we had been struggling to clear from superstition, suddenly seems to be *in the air*."

Professor Sidgwick's observation as to the decay of religious belief may be further illustrated by a comparison of Tennyson's religious outlook with that of his successors in English poetry; and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, suggested by Sidgwick, will serve us admirably as a testing point; 'In Memoriam' deals specifically with this problem and the poet's position is thus stated: —

> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
> Thou madest man, he knows not why,
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And thou hast made him: thou art just.

In 'Wages' Tennyson makes his attitude still clearer: —

> The wages of sin is Death; if the wages of Virtue be dust,
> Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
> She desires no isles of the Blest, no quiet seats of the just,
> To rest in a golden grove, and to bask in a summer sky:
> Give her the glory of going on and not to die.

Browning similarly regards a future life as indispensable to rectify the injustice and suffering of this life, and argues the matter out at full length in his 'La Saisiaz.' Meredith and Hardy, coming a little later and encountering in their youth the sceptical influences prevailing in the third quarter of the century, take the negative view. Meredith sees man dying as the leaves of the tree: —

> The pine-tree drops its dead;
> They are quiet, as under the sea.
> Overhead, overhead

Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so.

To Hardy, God is merely a blind force of destiny working

like a knitter drowsed,
Whose fingers play in skilled unmindfulness.

So when his heroine, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, his ideal of a pure and noble woman, has been conducted to a shameful death, his only comment is: "Justice was done, and the President of the Immortals (in Æschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess." Tess had at any rate no divine retribution to endure in the next world.

Many other examples might be quoted from the writers of this period. Samuel Butler writes: —

I fall asleep in the full and certain hope
That my slumber shall not be broken,
And that though I be all-forgetting,
Yet shall I not be all-forgotten.

And Mrs. Huxley: —

For so he giveth his beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep he wills, so best.

Henley expresses, somewhat over emphatically perhaps, the general belief of the intellectuals of this sceptical epoch: —

I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll:
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

Masefield in 'Lollingdon Downs' (1917) seeks wistfully for ground for belief in God and immortality and fails to find it. His contemporary Rupert

Brooke scoffs at such notions in several poems. It is enough to quote a few lines from his ironical setting forth of the fish's view of heaven: —

> Fish say, they have their stream and pond,
> But is there anything beyond?
> This life cannot be all, they swear,
> For how unpleasant if it were!
> One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
> Shall come of Water and of Mud.

Again, a comparison of the early with the later quotations shows an astonishing change of view. One may deplore the change, or rejoice at it, or regard it with equanimity, but it should be noted as a change in the intellectual conditions under which poets and novelists worked. The earlier novelists, accepting the popular theology of the period, make use of it for artistic purposes; the later novelists disregard it. The poets, feeling more than the novelists the urge to express their personal belief, find in the religious issue a theme which they treat either with religious fervor, or philosophical detachment, or cynical scepticism, according to their own mood and the predominant influences of their time and surroundings. But their diverse attitudes show a time of uncertainty in fundamental beliefs and a resulting difficulty of communication of thought and feeling to a public inevitably divided between the older, more orthodox, and the newer, more sceptical points of view.

FAMILY RELATIONS

The decay of religious belief was perhaps an element in two movements which might be summarily described as the weakening of parental authority and the emancipation of women. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is one of the Ten Commandments, and the new Testament, reinforcing this precept added, "Wives, be obedient to your husbands," harking back to the old story that it was Eve who tempted Adam to sin. This oriental view passed with some modification into English theory and practice, and the English girl proceeded, as under the Roman state, from the control of her father to the control of her husband. Cordelia, perhaps the first revolting daughter in English drama, acknowledges the twofold duty of submission. She says to her father: —

> You have begot me, bred me, loved me; I
> Return those duties back as are right fit,
> Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
> Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
> They love you all?

So Portia submits to the paternal scheme which gives her Bassanio as her husband, and submits to him: —

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

When Portia and the other Elizabethan heroines assume a masculine freedom of thought and action, they assume a manly dress and a manly stride, and their behavior is regarded as exceptional. The learned ladies of the Elizabethan period were no doubt exceptional too, and for two centuries little advance was made in woman's position. Defoe in the eighteenth century sets forth excellent principles for the education of women, but he is obviously discussing the question in the same theoretical spirit as Plato in the 'Republic.' In the same airy spirit of fancy Tennyson presents the issue in 'The Princess' (1850) with an abundance of elegant sentiments so phrased as to offend no conservative susceptibilities: —

For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.

The women's college is broken up and the story closes with the conventional happy ending: —

Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

But already at Queen's College, London, under the leadership of Frederic Denison Maurice, a serious beginning had been made in the higher education of women, of which the further steps were the foundation of Girton and Newnham Colleges in 1869 and 1871, the organization of a number of high schools in London and the provinces in and after 1870 by the Girls' Public

Day School Company, the opening of the University of London to women in 1878, and the establishment of Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls at Oxford in 1879. The Education Act of 1870 extended compulsory elementary instruction to children of both sexes, and though it was the general practice in England to keep the girls' schools and boys' schools separate, the curriculum differed little except in the teaching of needlework and other household arts to the girls.

Perhaps quite as much was done for the emancipation of women by the opportunities for vigorous athletic exercise afforded by the bicycle, lawn-tennis, golf, and other sports in which girls began to take part before the end of Victoria's reign and which they practised much more extensively after that date. For these games it was inevitable that dresses of a sensible shortness and simplicity should be worn, and during the War the women wore uniforms of a practicable sort. After the War it was natural that these short dresses (and the short hair which goes with them) should be generally adopted for street and home, and should become the fashion. Along with these changes went the removal of many legal disabilities, the opening to women of professions and occupations hitherto closed to them by law or custom, and the extension to them of the parliamentary suffrage, carrying with it eligibility for election to the House of Commons.

These changes, amounting to a revolution, were partly the result of vigorous organization and agitation, partly of a quiet growth of appreciation for feminine capacity, and partly of such classic literary appeals for emancipation as John Stuart Mill's 'Subjection of Women' and the series of Meredith's novels beginning with 'Diana of the Crossways.' The ultimate origin of the change was probably industrialism and the resulting employment of a large number of women in factories and workshops. After intellectual independence, which comes by education and self-realization, the first step to liberty is economic independence. Meredith recognized this when he wrote 'Diana of the Crossways' in the early eighties, for he makes his heroine say: "That is the secret of the opinion of us at present — our dependency. Give us the means of independence, and we will gain it, and have a turn at judging you, my lords! You shall behold a world reversed. Whenever I am distracted by existing circumstances, I lay my finger on the material conditions, and I touch the secret. Individually, it *may* be moral with us; collectively, it is material — gross wrongs, gross hungers. I am a married rebel and thereof comes the social rebel."

Bernard Shaw said that he learned from Samuel Butler "an earnest and constant sense of the importance of money," and it may have been also to Butler that he was indebted for the self-reliant and independent heroines of his early plays, such as Vivie Warren and Gloria Clandon. Butler's definition of "nice people" as people with "good health, good looks, good sense, experience, a kindly nature, and a fair balance of cash in hand" would certainly

appeal to Shaw, and Butler as certainly led the original attack upon that great British institution, the Family. " I believe," he writes, " that more unhappiness comes from this source than from any other — I mean from the attempt to make people hang together artificially who would never naturally do so. The mischief among the lower classes is not so great, but among the middle and upper classes it is killing a large number daily. And the old people do not really like it much better than the young." Butler's ' The Way of All Flesh ' (published 1903) is an elaborate setting forth of this point of view, chiefly from the author's personal experience of family life in his youth. ' Ann Veronica,' the revolting daughter of H. G. Wells, appeared in 1909; the heroine of St. John Hankin's ' The Last of the De Mullins ' was of the year before; the unrepentant " fallen " woman of Stanley Houghton's ' Hindle Wakes ' was able to plead her cause on the London stage in 1912. She regrets nothing and fears nothing: —

" I'm a Lancashire lass, and so long as there's weaving sheds in Lancashire I shall earn enough brass to keep me going. I wouldn't live again at home after this, not anyhow! I'm going to be on my own in future."

No wonder that when Fanny Hawthorne appeared on the New York stage, she was greeted as " the dangerous new woman." She was really not so very new. Synge's Nora in ' The Shadow of the Glen ' as the rebellious wife provoked resentment in Dublin on her first appearance in 1903, just as Ibsen's Nora had on her first appearance a generation before.

OTHER TENDENCIES

These are by no means all of the " main currents " of life and literature in post-Victorian England, but they are some of the most important. The increasing importance of machinery in modern life afforded a subject for satire in Samuel Butler's ' Erewhon ' as early as 1872 and has often been discussed since. With the increased use of machinery has come the increased power of organized labor, which reached its height during the War. Not long after the War the Labor party in Parliament was invited to take office and was able to form a Government, but as it had not a clear majority in the House of Commons, it was practically powerless. At the next election the Conservatives gained a large majority, and by their successful resistance to the General Strike arising out of the Coal Dispute of 1926, the Government gave a serious setback to the power and influence of organized labor, which, up to the time of writing, has not yet recovered from the blow, although its ultimate recovery and arrival at parliamentary control may be only a question of time. This situation was the subject of ' Meanwhile ' (1927) by H. G. Wells, who has also written on such subjects of immediate interest as the control of industry, education, internationalism, sex in most of its phases. John Galsworthy has dealt with current issues in a less propagandist style and has

given us an admirable review of many phases of upper middle-class life during the last half-century in 'The Forsyte Saga.' Arnold Bennett has written sympathetically and powerfully of most sides of provincial activity and in 'Riceyman Steps' has given us an effectively humorous glimpse of a corner of life in the Metropolis. These three, with Joseph Conrad, have made the principal additions to English fiction during the present century, and the novel has continued to be the most important branch of literature. There have been other practitioners in fiction, both men and women, who have done interesting work, but no one has proved equal to any one of these four in originality and staying power. On the whole, among the more recent writers the women have been more remarkable than the men; May Sinclair, Rebecca West, Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf have each made noteworthy efforts to open up new paths in fiction, and not without some success, but their efforts have been of interest rather to students of the novel as a form of art than to the general public. The same is to be said of James Joyce's 'Ulysses,' which was published in Paris and won a scandalous success obscuring to some extent its genuine merit as a daring adventure in technique.

In drama the supreme figure of the period has been Bernard Shaw, whose long apprenticeship during the Victorian Era was rewarded with conspicuous success after the turn of the century. During the War, when patriotic sentiment was more in vogue than satire, Shaw was for a time under a cloud, but he more than recovered himself when the War was over with 'Back to Methuselah' and 'Saint Joan.' Distinguished successes on the London stage have also been won by J. M. Barrie and John Galsworthy, who reveal some of the salient weaknesses and oddities of the time; and on the stage of the Abbey Theater at Dublin work of remarkable originality has been produced, in the early years of the century by Synge, and more recently by Sean O'Casey.

In poetry the work has been less remarkable. The War offered a theme which was so enormous as to be overwhelming, and though many poems dealing with narrower issues of pathetic or patriotic sentiment were published, no one seemed able to rise to the height of an argument so tremendous. John Masefield and Rupert Brooke did distinguished work in verse, but the books which impressed the public most were either novels, such as 'Mr. Britling Sees It Through,' by H. G. Wells, or philosophic reviews of the great struggle and its consequences, such as C. E. Montague's 'Disenchantment.' It was inevitable, in face of the burden of debt and unemployment after the War, that literature should take on a tone of disillusion and disappointment, and this is not conducive to the production of poetry which has wide appeal. The natural spokesmen of the After-War Period are writers like Dr. Inge, the so-called "gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's, ironists like Lytton Strachey, and cynical novelists and essayists like Aldous Huxley.

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

HISTORICAL EVENTS	LITERARY DATES
1901 Edward VII accedes Commonwealth of Australia established	1901 Samuel Butler, *Erewhon Revisited* Kipling, *Kim*
1902 Boer War ended Anglo-Japanese Treaty	1902 Barrie, *The Admirable Crichton* Kipling, *Just So Stories*
1903 Irish Land Act Alaskan boundary settled	1903 Butler, *The Way of All Flesh* Conrad, *Nostromo*
1904 Entente Cordiale with France Russo-Japanese War	1904 Hardy, *The Dynasts, Part I* Shaw, *Man and Superman*
1905 Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman Premier	1905 Wells, *Kipps* Shaw, *Major Barbara*
1906 Workmen's Compensation Act International Congress at Algeciras	1906 Shaw, *The Doctor's Dilemma* Galsworthy, *The Man of Property, The Silver Box*
1907 Small Holdings Act Anglo-Russian Entente	1907 Synge, *The Playboy of the Western World* Shaw, *The Philanderer*
1908 Asquith Premier Old Age Pensions	1908 Barrie, *What Every Woman Knows* Bennett, *The Old Wives' Tale*
1909 South Africa confederated Lloyd George budget	1909 Wells, *Tono-Bungay* Shaw, *The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet*
1910 George V accedes	1910 Galsworthy, *Justice* Bennett, *Clayhanger*
1911 Lords' Veto abolished National Insurance Act	1911 Shaw, *Fanny's First Play* Wells, *The New Machiavelli*
1912 Coal Miners' Strike Minimum Wage Act	1912 Galsworthy, *The Pigeon* Masefield, *The Everlasting Mercy*
	1913 Shaw, *Androcles and the Lion, Pygmalion* D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*
1914 Irish Home Rule passed European War	1914 Conrad, *Chance* Compton Mackenzie, *Sinister Street*
1915 Lusitania sunk Italy joins the Allies	1915 Conrad, *Victory* Rupert Brooke, *Collected Poems*

1916 Battle of Jutland Germans repulsed at Verdun	1916 Wells, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* Walpole, *The Dark Forest*
1917 Submarine war extended United States joins the Allies Russian Revolution	1917 Barrie, *Dear Brutus* Conrad, *The Shadow Line*
1918 Germans defeated on Marne; Collapse of Austria; Surrender of Bulgaria; End of War; General election; Triumph of Lloyd George and Coalition Government	1918 Drinkwater, *Abraham Lincoln*
1919 Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain	1919 Masefield, *Reynard the Fox*
1920 Treaty of Sèvres League of Nations formed	1920 Conrad, *The Rescue* Galsworthy, *The Skin Game*
1921 Coal Strike Washington Conference	1921 A. A. Milne, *The Truth About Blayds* C. K. Munro, *At Mrs. Beam's* Aldous Huxley, *Crome Yellow*
1922 Irish Free State established Break-up of Coalition Government Conservatives in power	1922 Shaw, *Back to Methuselah* Galsworthy, *Loyalties* C. E. Montague, *Disenchantment*
1923 Treaty of Lausanne; Anglo-American Debt funded Conservatives defeated at General Elections	1923 Shaw, *Saint Joan* Sean O'Casey, *The Shadow of a Gunman* Bennett, *Riceyman Steps*
1924 Labor Government, Macdonald Premier Conservatives win General Election, Baldwin Premier	1924 Noel Coward, *The Vortex* Sean O'Casey, *Juno and the Paycock* Conrad dies
1926 Coal Dispute; General Strike	1925 Masefield, *A King's Daughter* 1926 Wells, *The World of William Clissold* Galsworthy, *Escape* 1927 T. E. Lawrence, *Revolt in the Desert* 1928 Hardy dies

GEORGE MEREDITH

AT the beginning of the twentieth century Meredith was the acknowledged leader of the intellectual and literary world among English-speaking folk. The chorus of acclaim which greeted him at the celebration of his seventieth birthday was renewed at his eightieth birthday, the year before his death in 1909, and the year after his death there began the publication of the elaborate memorial edition of his works in twenty-seven volumes. But with the lapse of time, as the younger generation made itself heard, there arose a note of questioning, and even of hostility, in the chorus of praise. The older writers and readers stood firm in their admiration; it was the newcomers who were critical or adverse. The grounds of objection were different from those that had been urged in the long years of unpopularity during his lifetime: it was not the difficulty of his style or his radical attitude toward the beliefs of the Victorian Age. Those beliefs having been generally discarded by the younger generation, Meredith was now reproached with not being radical enough. He was accused of compromising on some of his most cherished convictions, such as the position of women and the marriage tie, and was regarded as being generally too conservative for the more advanced thinkers who came to the front a few years after his death. His optimism and transcendentalism were alike out of harmony with the cynical and sceptical tone which prevailed in English literature after the War. But scepticism and cynicism are moods that pass, with nations as with individuals, and already there are signs that Meredith is " coming back." Upon the publication of such a report in the spring of 1928, a middle-aged critic remarked that for him Meredith had never gone away. Whatever may be the verdict of posterity as to Meredith's genius, there is no doubt of his importance among the influences at work in making the twentieth century different from the nineteenth, and his literary significance is such that no student can afford to pass him by. There has been some discussion as to whether he is of more importance as a novelist or as a poet; and his work is accordingly reviewed below under these two aspects, separately, by different authors.

THE NOVELS

In the preface to his most popular novel, ' Diana of the Crossways,' Meredith writes: " The forecast may be hazarded that if we do not speedily embrace philosophy in fiction, the art is doomed to extinction." The Meredithian principle of the novel is summed up in this prophecy. There have not been wanting

critics to whom the lusty embraces of art with philosophy in Meredith's novels seem productive of little but intolerable weariness to the reader. Be this as it may, the writer of 'The Egoist' and of 'The Tragic Comedians' remained to the end scrupulously faithful to his ideal of what constitutes vitality in fiction. He never descends to the deadening vulgarity of an intricate plot, nor does he swamp character in incident. His men and women reveal themselves by their subtle play upon one another in the slow progress of situations lifelike in their apparent unimportance. They are actors not in a romance nor in a melodrama, but in a drama of philosophy. Sometimes this philosophy of Meredith's lies like a cloak of lead about the delicate form of his rare poetical imagination. The enchanting lines can only be faintly traced through the formless shroud. The man who wrote this love passage in 'Richard Feverel' might seem to have made sad uses of philosophy in his later books: "The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes from her nor speaking: and she with a soft word of farewell passed across the stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes."

From the delight of pure beauty like this, the reader passes to sentences where the metaphysician has buried the artist and poet under the unhewn masses of his thought:

"A witty woman is a treasure: a witty beauty is a power. Has she actual beauty, actual wit? not an empty, tidal, material beauty that passes current among pretty flippancy or staggering pretentiousness? Grant the combination: she will appear a veritable queen of her period, fit for homage, at least meriting a disposition to believe the best of her in the teeth of foul rumor; because the well of true wit is truth itself, the gathering of the precious drops of right reason, wisdom's lighting; and no soul possessing it and dispensing it can justly be a target for the world, however well armed the world confronting her. Our contemporary world, that Old Credulity and stone-hurling urchin in one, supposes it possible for a woman to be mentally active up to the point of spiritual clarity, and also fleshly vile — a guide to life and a biter at the fruits of death — both open mind and a hypocrite."

Between these two passages there is apparently a great gulf fixed, but they are equally expressive of the genius of George Meredith. He is a poet whose passion for mind has led him far enough away from the poetical environment. Of all English novelists, none approach him in his absorption in the minds of men. He weaves his novels not around what men do, but what they think. Mental sensations form the subject-matter of his chapters. He delights in minute analyses, which, as in 'The Egoist,' reveal human nature unclothed. He laughs over his own amazing discoveries, but he seldom victimizes a woman. What sympathy he has with his creations falls to the lot of his heroines. The minds of women are to George Meredith the most fascinating subjects of

research in the universe. He may jest at times over their contradictions; but he attributes their worst features to man, who should have been the civilizer of woman, but who has been instead the refined savage, gloating over " veiled, virginal dolls."

Meredith, who was born in 1828, was many years in revealing himself to the British public, who loved him not. He had published a volume of verse in 1851, and he was known to the narrow circle of his friends as a poet only. His first wife was the daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, who was in a sense the spiritual progenitor of George Meredith the novelist. The eccentric author of ' Headlong Hall ' and ' Maid Marian,' whose novels are peopled with " perfectibilians, deteriorationists, statu-quo-ites, phrenologists, transcendentalists, political economists, theorists in all sciences, projectors in all arts, enthusiasts, lovers of music, lovers of the picturesque, and lovers of good dinners," might well have influenced the author of ' One of Our Conquerors.'

Among the earlier works of Meredith ' The Shaving of Shagpat ' and ' Farina ' witness to the splendor of his imagination, but not to the wealth of his psychological experience. ' The Shaving of Shagpat ' is an extravaganza which puts the ' Arabian Nights ' to shame. ' The Ordeal of Richard Feverel ' is his first typical novel, and in a sense one of his greatest, because it combines his passion for philosophical estimates of character with his passion for beauty. Beauty to George Meredith means women and nature. The genius of the man forgets theories when under this double inspiration.

One of the most perfect love scenes in the whole range of fiction is that between Richard and Lucy alone together in the sweet fields. Richard Feverel was a youth with whom it was intended that nature should have little to do. He was reared upon a system, the fruit of the dejected brain and hurt heart of his father, Sir Austin Feverel. This system in its sublimated perfection overlooks human nature, and provides for marriage as a play of ' Hamlet ' with Hamlet left out. Richard, young, ardent, living in his youth as in a halo, breaks through the paddock of the appointed order to marry Lucy, a farmer's daughter, the one woman of George Meredith adjusted to the sentimental type. Separated from his bride, Richard is plunged into his fiery ordeal. He comes out of it spotted, wretched, unwilling to return to his girl bride, whose love had not held him from unfaithfulness. The book closes in the somberness of tragedy; an ending unusual with Meredith, who inclines naturally to the comedy of human nature. There is not a little of this comedy in ' Richard Feverel.' The household of Sir Austin is essentially the fruit of the author's humorous insight into the eccentricities of men and women. In his portrayal of the wise youth Adrian Harley, who will speak only in epigrams; of Algernon Feverel, to whom dinner is both heaven and hell; of the scheming mother; of the pale Clare, the type of feminine submission to the inevitable — Meredith exhibits his comprehension of twisted and damaged human nature and his detachment from it.

No author ever took his creations less seriously, unless indeed they are women, full of rich, vibrant life. Meredith's characters must be a match for him, else he will hold them up to the subtle ridicule of those who are in his secret. The men and women of 'Evan Harrington' are thus put on the stage. Parts of this novel are supposed to be pages from Meredith's own experience and some of the characters are family portraits. The struggles of Evan and his sisters, who have been hampered in their social career by their father, a tailor of foppish pretensions, are related with delicate gusto. About these central figures come and go a host of Meredith's own people, enveloped one and all in the rose light of a dainty comedy of manners.

In 'Sandra Belloni' and in its sequel 'Vittoria' the transition becomes marked from the well-tempered realistic romance of 'Richard Feverel,' and the frank comedy of 'Evan Harrington,' to the metaphysical, enigmatic, subtle novels of Meredith's later manner. Yet 'Sandra Belloni' and 'Vittoria' are brilliant with "noble strength on fire." The heroine Emilia is the daughter of great passions. Her meteoric life is traced by flashes through heavy clouds of profound and lengthy epigrams — epigrams after the manner of Meredith, whole paragraphs long.

In 'Diana of the Crossways' the peculiar genius of Meredith finds more complete expression. This is a year-long novel for the reading, and like 'The Egoist' requires perhaps a lifetime for digestion. The career of Diana, an Irish gentlewoman, strong and beautiful, pure and fervid, made for love and leadership, is the subject of this remarkable novel. The men who love her are seen and judged less by a light of their own making than by the radiance of Diana. They are, as is usual with Meredith's men, the dependents of the woman. The author introduces his reader to his heroine by a preface unintelligible to the uninitiated: "To demand of us truth to nature excluding philosophy is really to bid a pumpkin caper. As much as legs are wanted for the dance, philosophy is required to make our human nature credible and acceptable. Fiction implores you to heave a bigger breast and take her in with this heavenly preservative helpmate, her inspiration and her essence. There is a peep-show and a Punch's at the corner of every street: one magnifying the lacework of life, another the ventral tumulus; and it is there for you, dry bones, if you do not open to Philosophy."

Philosophy, the guiding star of Meredith's artistic pilgrimage, leads him in 'The Egoist' into heavy quagmires of mannerisms. Yet this novel is the most typical of his intricate genius. It reveals to the full his passion for unveiling man to the gaze of man. Sir Willoughby Patterne, the egoist, might be embodied satire on the dearest frailty of man, were he not too lifelike and too remote from the region of the abstract. His monstrous selfishness is set forth in such exquisite detail that the lesson cannot possibly fail of its purpose through undue exaggeration. Clara Middleton, "the dainty rogue in porcelain," too precious for the clumsy fingers of Sir Willoughby, ranks with Diana

as one of the most finished creations of Meredith. She gives to 'The Egoist' whatever charm it has. It is mainly for the sake of George Meredith's women that the reader adventures o'er moor and fen and crag and torrent of his philosophical mysteries of style. The prize is worth the quest. No one but Hardy has approached Meredith in the portrayal of woman nature, and Hardy falls short of Meredith, because the creator of Diana has done what the creator of Tess omits doing. He has given to the world its own modern women of the best type — brilliant but not neurotic, thoughtful but not morbid. Renée and Cecilia in 'Beauchamp's Career,' Clara Middleton in 'The Egoist,' Aminta in 'Lord Ormont,' Diana, Vittoria, and others of their kin, are in their mentality women of no earlier period; yet in their capacity for noble passion they might be placed with Elaine in the airy tower of a forgotten castle, or with Penelope in the sea wanderer's palace, or with Senta in the fisherman's hut. The milkmaid type of woman Meredith drew but once, in Lucy. She is much more of a pink-and-white country lass than Dahlia and Rhoda in 'Rhoda Fleming.' These sisters are in no sense country women, unless the straightforward passionate career of Rhoda seeking to right a ruined sister establishes her as a child of nature. To George Meredith it is the woman who combines heart and intellect who is to be worshiped on bended knees. His ideal of women — and perhaps the best description of his own women — is summed up in this passage from his essay on 'Comedy':

"But those two ravishing women, so copious and so choice of speech, who fence with men and pass their guard, are heartless! Is it not preferable to be the pretty idiot, the passive beauty, the adorable bundle of caprices — very feminine, very sympathetic — of romantic and sentimental fiction? Our women are taught to think so. The Agnès of the 'École des Femmes' should be a lesson for men. The heroines of comedy are like women of the world: not necessarily heartless from being clear-sighted; they seem so to the sentimentally reared only for the reason that they use their wits, and are not wandering vessels crying for a captain or a pilot. Comedy is an exhibition of their battle with men, and that of men with them; and as the two, however divergent, both look on one object — namely, Life — the gradual similarity of their impressions must bring them to some resemblance. The comic poet dares to show us men and women coming to this mutual likeness: he is for saying that when they draw together in social life their minds grow liker; just as the philosopher discerns the similarity of boy and girl until the girl is marched away to the nursery. Philosopher and comic poet are of a cousinship in the eye they cast on life; and they are equally unpopular with our wilful English of the hazy region, and the ideal that is not to be disturbed."

George Meredith explains himself and his doctrine so lucidly in this paragraph, that it seems impossible ever again to join forces with the "wilful English of the hazy region." Yet in his latest novels he sometimes compels his most penetrative disciples to apostasy. Professor Dowden has well said that the

obscurity of an author is a matter for subsequent generations to decide; yet the obscurity of Meredith in 'One of Our Conquerors,' in 'The Amazing Marriage,' or in 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta,' can scarcely be due to the smoked glasses of his contemporaries. A writer like Meredith, who possessed in the highest degree the unique gift of the comic insight into life, with all that it implies of delicate sympathy and subtle comprehension of human nature, must be expected to tell of his extraordinary discoveries in an extraordinary tongue. The question is pertinent, however, whether supreme genius might not be able to relate the same marvelous stories of humanity in a simpler speech.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL

THE POEMS

When Meredith had become the acknowledged leader of English letters and "the oracle of Box Hill," he was still, as he himself said, "an unpopular novelist and an unaccepted poet." Official criticism, having placed his novels where they will doubtless remain, hesitated about his poems. And not without reason. For poetry such as his cannot be accepted or rejected till the time is ripe. His forward-reaching mind conceived ideas that were difficult to express and he made demands upon his readers which only time can lessen. But if the task of a poet is the reinterpretation of life, no quality is more requisite than a "forward imagination." And it may well happen that the quality of Meredith's poetry which is the chief cause of its slow appeal will be a reason for its final acceptance. Certainly, if poetry is to convey a new realization of the meaning of things, it can be received only when our highest intelligence is awake. It must be poetry that we shall cling to with our strength and not with our weakness.

It is clear from the 'Letters' that Meredith thought of himself always as a poet and that he was inclined to poetical expression by every instinct. Before he was twenty years old he had given proof of his ability to sing; and the volume that he published at the age of seventy-three shows over-concentration but no diminution of his power. Often when he was writing the novels the "curse of verse" would come upon him to "bedevil him" and hinder his work. Poetry was his "evil fairy who had condemned him to poverty from the cradle through the love of verse." In middle life, when he was less driven by the pressure of remunerative work, he said: "Latterly I have felt poetically weakened by philosophical reflection. But this is going and a greater strength comes of it. For I believe I am in the shadow of the truth; and as it is my nature to sing I may yet do well." That he had the gifts of a poet none will deny. The imaginative quality of his style, with all its "passionate and various beauty" — its ability to flash meanings in a phrase and to translate moods into pure lyrics — combined with his power over the elements of tragedy and

comedy to produce, in whatever medium, the work of a poet. If he seemed to abuse his power at times, it was never wilfully but because of an overabundance of the intellectual vigor which enhances the value of his most majestic lines and his most melodious cadences.

It was maintained by an English critic at the end of the nineteenth century that, in the true succession of English poets, Meredith stood next to Wordsworth, inasmuch as no other poet after Wordsworth gave such exalted expression to the passion of the century, which was the love of nature, combined with so great faith in its virtue. Meredith's poetry does in fact attach itself to Wordsworth's, although far exceeding it in scope, in that both gave to natural phenomena, each as his own age understood them, that "living and colored representation" which Sainte-Beuve declared to be the function of poetry. To both of them nature was the great revealing agency. Meredith accepted freely the scientific teachings of his day toward which Tennyson's attitude was vacillating and Browning's reactionary. He accepted them moreover with the enthusiasm of a poet and they became the justification of his faith, the reasonable warrant of his dream. During the entire second half of the century, while literary movements waxed and waned and the new world ushered in by the popularization of Darwin's scientific theories seemed powerless to be born, Meredith was creating in his poetry an interpretation at once faithful and original of the theories and the spirit of the new science.

His conclusions led him to none of the extremes to which, by the subjectivity of logic, the tenets of science have led many modern thinkers. Between the material determinism of modern literature which involves every individual life in the energy that drives existence forward and the narrowness of mid-Victorian individualism he held a middle ground, asserting that by the power of the spirit the fates are within us even while, by the laws of nature, we are in the hands of the fates — the inevitable paradox of life. He did not resort to the line of reasoning that constructs the moral world by literal deductions from the physical. He is a poet and proceeds in a different way. Accepting the biological theory of evolution without any sense of conflict, he sees an earth alive with meanings; and to read those meanings is to behold the significance of life in an impassioned vision of reality. The outlook is not through science to despair. Nor is it to self-complacent optimism. For the vision is not for those who "lean their heads on downy ignorance" and transfer their responsibilities to fate or circumstance or to the power that somehow, in spite of us, will make for righteousness. It is for those who have understanding minds and "souls not lent in usury"; for those who, scorning Fear and casting Self aside, are willing to throw themselves — their strength well knit — into the brave wars that must be waged before mankind may attain to the stature of the gods. Although struggle is the condition of growth and will never end, it is the glory of man to share in the upward impulse of nature. And that upward impulse, which has produced reason and love and

laughter, is away from rivalries and self-seeking toward brotherhood, away from slavery toward liberty, from the senses to the spirit, from Earth "up to God's footstool whither she reaches."

It seems to Meredith that systems of religion and schemes of worship have often "slain the soul of brotherhood," whereas the aspect of nature in the process of evolution creates both brotherhood and reverence. It levels mankind. As old Martin says,

> It pours such a splendor on heaps of poor souls.

But if it levels mankind and crushes the pretensions of the elect it also creates distinctions that prove the soul. It is at this point that the seer ventures beyond the sky-line of the scientist. For while life is at the grindstone set to make good instruments of men, yet in the end the problem of the fittest to survive is solved in spirit. For the spiritual is the eternal. "Earth that gives the milk the spirit gives," and he whose spirit conquers the flesh is the best-loved child of earth.

> Our lives are but a little holding lent
> To do a mighty labor. We are one
> With heaven and the stars if it is spent
> To do God's will. Else die we with the sun.

Among those who have admired Meredith's poems there is wide divergence of opinion. One pronounces his fame secure because 'Love in the Valley' is the greatest love poem of the century. Another would base his reputation on 'The Woods of Westermain,' which he regards as a great and original achievement, while 'Love in the Valley' is only a successful venture in a popular vein. Another, who finds in 'Juggling Jerry' the universality of Homer and Shakespeare, condemns 'Modern Love,' that searching tragi-comedy which Swinburne declared to be "above the aim and beyond the reach of any but its author," as artificial and strained and false. While another who has only scorn for 'Juggling Jerry' places 'Modern Love' above Shakespeare's sonnets. Another presses for the ballad poetry, declaring that 'The Nuptials of Attila' raises its author above the other poets of his day. Still another finds the proof of his greatness in 'Earth and Man,' another in 'The Day of the Daughter of Hades,' another in the 'Ode to France,' and another in 'The Lark Ascending.'

These personal preferences have an interest as the opinions of interesting men. But the time has come to judge Meredith's poetry more critically, to study it as a whole, and to inquire whether there is not some poetic quality common to all of these types — to nature poetry and ballad poetry, to lyrical outbursts of simple melody and analytical poems of deep reflection, to dramas of domestic life and criticisms of literature, to impersonations and reminiscences and histories. If they possess a unity of imaginative conception it is a greater

thing than unity of style. Similarity of form gives an easy vogue to many a passing versifier and often betokens poverty of expression. There is a deeper unity which is rooted in thoughtfulness and therefore in the general life.

It is indeed difficult to understand how the rough and involved expressions of some of the poems can be related in any way to the melodious flow of others; how the lines of the 'Ode to the Comic Spirit,' for example, can have issued out of the same mind that produced the stanzas of 'Love in the Valley' — those stanzas that made Stevenson "drunk like wine." Nothing can excuse the faults of faulty lines, and there are many of Meredith's that nobody will read twice if he can help it. But it is true that one may accustom oneself to inversions and syncopated forms, and that there comes to be even a certain fascination in the ruggedness and independence of the style. Its very asperities impart a kind of strength, like the strength of the relentless sea. Whether one will tempt this sea of verse will depend upon how forcibly one is impelled by the power of the portions that have been revealed to one.

It is only by reading this poetry until one has penetrated through its diversity of form to its unity of spirit that one is made aware of its power to touch the soul with new life even as it haunts the ear with strange melodies. The faithful reader will be led through some tangles and desert wastes. Nevertheless he is led on an exhilarating journey. He is taken into the secret haunt of every bird and flower of the English countryside, where in "Æolian silences" he will catch the sound of "water, first of singers," or the "chirp of Ariel" or the "Dryad voices of old hymning night." He is carried upward with the lark who "wings our green to wed our blue" and taken delving into dark problems of evil and left to rest where

> The soft night wind went laden to death
> With smell of the orange in flower.

He will meet a few members of the aristocratic world of the novels but he will encounter oftener some roadside beggar or farmer or villager or some princess of old romance. He will enter no unreal gardens of Proserpine or the Sensitive Plant, but in the meadows where he walks among familiar sights he will meet Apollo and Daphne and Demeter and Triptolemus and one who is close kin to Nausicaa. He will feel the teeth of the fiercest wind and there is no mood of the woods that he will not share. Wherever he is led he will find more than pictures and music, or more than the emptiness of poetry that attempts to do the tasks of pictures and music. But no weight of thought will prevent his tasting "joy's excess" and the "savage freedom of the skies." He will be caught up by the spirit of life until he echoes the poet's faith that forward sets and his "dream of the blossom of good."

The inherent magic of the poet is one with the fundamental tenet of the philosopher. That which the philosopher counsels the poet realizes.

He realizes it most of all by the cumulative effect of the poetry as a whole.

It would be impossible to convey an impression of that effect in prose, but it may be indicated by some lines in which the poet says of Beauty and the Soul:

> He gives her homeliness in desert air
> And sovereignty in spaciousness. He leads
> Through widening chambers of surprise to where
> Throbs rapture near an end that aye recedes
> Because his touch is infinite and lends
> A yonder to all ends.

The effect of the poetry is to impart to the reader a sense of homeliness in desert air, of sovereignty in spaciousness. It has the power so rare in modern verse of compelling the mind to sink its fate, or enlarge its life, in the encircling radiance of universal being.

It would be possible to go through the poems and show how they contribute severally to this effect. The purest lyrics, like 'The Lark Ascending,' with its marvelous bird-song, take you into the heart of things and make you one with nature. 'The Day of the Daughter of Hades' exalts life with ecstasy. It is a series of singing pictures, full of the enchantment of growing things, of the glory of light, of the splendor of storm, of the wonders wrought by the law of life and death. It is at once the most beautiful transformation of the Demeter legend into a modern poem and a perfect expression of the poet's view of reality. 'Love in the Valley' weaves the delights of nature and young love into a pattern of exquisite harmonies. The sonnet-sequence, 'Modern Love,' is the tragedy of two souls caught in the net of a subtle selfishness. It reveals in trenchant and haunting phrases the dark depths of their suffering and the littleness of their problem in the face of nature's great simplicity. 'The Woods of Westermain' is an alluring invitation to the courageous soul to enter into the secrets of nature in her multitudinous aspects and to learn joy and wisdom from every cone and seedling, from growth and decay and birth and death, and from "Change, the strongest son of Life."

> You of any well that springs
> May unfold the heaven of things.

Meredith was always unfolding the secrets of the Woods of Westermain, from the 'Pastorals' and 'The Southwest Wind in the Woodland' of his earliest volume, through 'Melampus' and 'Phœbus with Admetus' and 'The Spirit of Earth in Autumn' and 'The Thrush in February' and the 'Night of Frost in May,' even down to the youthful song of his eightieth year:

> My heart shoots into the breast of the bird
> As it will for sheer love till the last long sigh.

Ballads, like 'The Nuptials of Attila'; poems of character and incident, like 'Earth and the Wedded Woman,' 'The Old Chartist,' 'A Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt,' and 'Juggling Jerry'; and delicate lyrics like 'Autumn Even-song' and 'Wind on the Lyre' — all have their inspiration in a consciousness of the unity of life. Everywhere man and nature are held closer together as nature holds them.

> Earth was not Earth before her sons appeared
> Nor Beauty Beauty ere young Love was born.

Some of the poems breathe less the spirit of life and expound more coldly the views of the philosopher. 'Earth and Man' is usually cited as the most complete expression of the philosophy. But 'Earth and Man' presents ideas in gaunt outlines. It does not compel us "to feel that which we perceive and to imagine that which we know." It represents the earth as producing man her offspring and leaving him to contend with the elements for his existence. She gives him what he needs but not what he desires. She bids him crush his personal longings; and her only consolation is the maxim, "Live in thy offspring as I live in mine." She has planted a dream within him and he will learn that she is spirit and that he may rest his faith in her. But these ideas are not illumined. They lack the impassioned expression, the instinctive joyfulness, and perception of beauty of many of his earlier poems and his later softened understanding of life.

The sonnet, 'Lucifer in Starlight,' contains the sterner aspect of truth, but it does not leave the reader coldly speculating. It conveys a sense of what it proclaims, the reign of unalterable law. In 'A Meditation under Stars' the measureless immensity is made palpable in lines that contain the essence of the philosophy. The poet finds no answer to his questions of the stars but he is satisfied with the belief that

> The fire is in them whereof we are born,
> The music of their motion may be ours.

'The Test of Manhood,' written nearly twenty years later than 'Earth and Man,' is a more comprehensive and more poetical formation of Meredith's philosophy. It describes in impressive words the brave struggle of the race through crimson mire, like a seed toward light and air; and when, in his effort to balance rightly the powers of life, man is "dragged rearward, shamed, amazed," the poet asks what hope there is and answers that with each recovery he acquires a surer sense of his march ahead. Something permanent is gained at every new advance.

> A sun goes down in wasted fire: a sun
> Resplendent shines, to faith refreshed compels.

As the philosopher's reading of life is condensed into 'The Test of Manhood,' the poet's enthusiasm for the beauty of nature is concentrated in the 'Hymn to Color.' The spirit that animates the poems and gives them unity assumes in the 'Hymn to Color' a form that bears witness to the poet's constructive art. It is a form unique in modern verse. It stands apart like an ode of Pindar, in a high light, aloof from the beaten paths. Yet it is not elusive or fantastic. Its truth springs from the actual. It is as if the poet, in the maturity of his years, were standing on an eminence and looking down upon the world into whose secrets he had penetrated and, gazing through the web of phenomena, perceived the meaning of things more clearly because he stands apart; or as if he had taken into his hand the bare essentials of his structure of human life and molded them into a plastic form at once sensuous and austere. This beauty that Meredith exalts is "Color, the soul's bridegroom," the beauty of nature seen through love, the beauty of dawn that vanishes in an instant and yet lasts through eternity, that gives warmth to life and gentleness to death; and, more than all, it is the fount from which to drink delight in battle. It is the soul's armor for the warfare of humanity in which he may go forth to triumph after triumph of the spirit until

> He shall uplift his earth to meet her Lord,
> Himself the attuning chord.

The 'Hymn to Color,' written at the age of sixty, holds in perfect balance the poetic ardors of Meredith's earlier poetry and the intellectual abstractions that dominated more and more his later work. It belongs to a group of poems which, issuing as they do out of a period of great strain and suffering, when, as he said in one of his letters, he "trod on spikes where once were flowers," offer a certain corrective of his earlier philosophy. One discerns in them a deepened vision of spiritual reality, a fuller sense of the cost to the individual of the renunciation that underlies his doctrine of acceptance. The ungrudging willingness to be sword or block in the service of future generations is an ideal too austere for the maintenance of the joy the poet cherishes. The change is one of emphasis rather than of doctrine, but it has the effect of mellowing and humanizing the philosophy.

'A Faith on Trial' is the story of the white heat of the ordeal the poet passed through at the time of the death of his beloved wife, Marie Valliamy. It takes the reader into the heart of the beech-woods in early spring and into close intimacy with the poet. The heavens have broken upon him; and his own soul as well as his philosophy is put on trial. He sees the clearing vision in the folds of blossom on the wild white cherry-tree, but it is only when he has wrestled with himself and bowed in resignation and cried, "Smite, sacred Reality," that his philosophy triumphs. The triumph of his philosophy is the triumph of his faith in the life of the spirit. He has applied his test to himself

unflinchingly, and like Melampus and Juggling Jerry and Shakespeare and the Daughter of Hades he has looked upon earth deeper than flower and tree and has found

> A soul beside our own to quicken, quell,
> Irradiate, and through ruinous floods uplift.

In the 'Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History' Meredith applied his test of human worth to nations. Three of the four odes were written in the poet's seventieth year, the ode to 'France, 1870' thirty years earlier. Taken together they so far exceed in magnitude any similar treatment of history in English poetry as to constitute a new type of lyric. They give evidence of a close reading of history and they uphold a conception of the responsibility of nations that forecasts the "new internationalism" of the present time.

The whole series is a vivid analysis of the "radiance and the monstrous deeds" of France since the days that preceded the Revolution and a prophecy of her future task before the world. The character of Napoleon, which is drawn with master strokes, is presented in its contrast with the national ideal of "soaring France." In all of Meredith's characters, whether he shows them caught in the snares of sentimentalism or in the tragic net of circumstance or escaping free of both, the rock of disaster is the love of self. The root of evil in Napoleon's nature is the same as that of the Egoist, and the high soul of France is triumphant after bitter conflict for the same reason that the devoted spirit of Vittoria issued clear out of strife. Joan of Arc is greater than Napoleon and will outlive him because she had tossed her heart into the furnace pit for the sake of France, while he, the arbiter of circumstance, had lured her by the promise of order in the state and held her as his slave. When France in the Revolution rose to wed Liberty she had learned to embrace mankind. She had listened to the song of Earth, and its harmonies had taught her the laws of life. They had taught her the meaning of accord, which is the only true liberty. The voice of liberty was "the voice of Earth's very soul." Whenever she was fresh from nature's breast her only concern was to plant good seed for the young generations. At the end the poet calls upon her to "wash from her eyes the Napoleonic glare" forever, to forfeit the desire of glory for the sake of Europe where war is fratricide, and to know that humanity is on trial in her and it is her task to lead the nations through troubled seas.

Meredith saw in France a resurgency of light that makes her the hope of the age. But it was chiefly for the sake of England that he was holding up in a new light his ideal of reason and sacrifice. With all of his rapier thrusts at the faults of England, she was to him "our England of the ancient fortitude and the future incarnation." He identified the cause of his country with the cause of humanity. He devoted a number of poems to English national affairs,

but they are unimportant compared with the criticism of English society that permeates his work both as novelist and poet.

In one of the memorable conversations of his later years Meredith said of his work that its aims had been to make John Bull understand himself. He said too that although his verse was little read it was for his verse that he cared most. "Chiefly," he said, "by that in my verse which emphasizes the unity of life, the soul that breathes through the universe, do I wish to be remembered. For the spiritual is the eternal."

These words express the twofold aspect of his achievement. Neither aspect is limited to his poetry and neither to his prose. One represents its extensive value and covers his treatment of character. The other is intensive and indicates the attitude toward nature which is the basis of his philosophy. To understand them both is to know that he has not bequeathed us a "Sphinx to tease the world again," as an American poet said of him. It is to know that the most remarkable quality of his genius is its unity in versatility, its simplicity in complexity. He who overpowers us at times with the cudgels of his intellect or dazzles us with the finely chiseled facets of his wit has in reality a philosophy so simple that it resolves itself into the essence of religion. Humility and reverence are its watchwords. Its fruit is a simple faith based on reality, asking for no special indulgences in this world or another, learning of nature the way of progress through patient fidelities toward an ideal of brotherhood. Its guiding lights are reason and sanity. Its temper is the "rapture of the forward view."

Meredith's poetry has a vital and sustaining power. The energetic faith that "through disaster sings" and the temper that is able

> To see in mold the rose unfold,
> The soul through blood and tears,

is imparted not by precept and persuasion but by the inspiration of poetry. Meredith was not an experimenter in verse who succeeded once or twice by chance. He proved himself a singer of simple melodies and a master of complex meters; a bard of lyrical ecstasies and a dispassionate seeker after truth. He said of his poems that they were "flints, not flowers." But they are both. They "strike the spark out of our human clay" and they reproduce that exalted mood when, for the reader as for the poet,

> Dead seasons quicken in one petal-spot
> Of color unforgot.

GERTRUDE E. T. SLAUGHTER

RICHARD AND LUCY: AN IDYL

From 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel'

WHEN nature has made us ripe for love, it seldom occurs that the Fates are behindhand in furnishing a temple for the flame.

Above green-flashing plunges of a weir, and shaken by the thunder below, lilies, golden and white, were swaying at anchor among the reeds. Meadow-sweet hung from the banks thick with weed and trailing bramble, and there also hung a daughter of earth. Her face was shaded by a broad straw hat with a flexible brim that left her lips and chin in the sun, and sometimes nodding, sent forth a light of promising eyes. Across her shoulders, and behind, flowed large loose curls, brown in shadow, almost golden where the ray touched them. She was simply dressed, befitting decency and the season. On a closer inspection you might see that her lips were stained. This blooming young person was regaling on dewberries. They grew between the bank and the water. Apparently she found the fruit abundant, for her hand was making pretty progress to her mouth. Fastidious youth, which shudders and revolts at woman plumping her exquisite proportions on bread and butter, and would (we must suppose) joyfully have her quite scraggy to have her quite poetical, can hardly object to dewberries. Indeed, the act of eating them is dainty and induces musing. The dewberry is a sister to the lotus, and an innocent sister. You eat; mouth, eye, and hand are occupied, and the undrugged mind free to roam. And so it was with the damsel who knelt there. The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue; from a dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note; the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers; a bow-winged heron traveled aloft, seeking solitude; a boat slipped toward her, containing a dreamy youth; and still she plucked the fruit, and ate, and mused, as if no fairy prince were invading her territories, and as if she wished not for one, or knew not her wishes. Surrounded by the green shaven meadows the pastoral summer buzz, the weir-falls thundering white, amid the breath and beauty of wild flowers, she was a bit of lovely human life in a fair setting; a terrible attraction. The Magnetic Youth leaned round to note his proximity to the weir-piles, and beheld the sweet vision. Stiller and stiller grew nature, as at the meeting of two electric clouds. Her posture was so graceful that though he was making straight for the weir, he dared not dip a scull. Just then one most enticing dewberry caught her eyes. He was floating by unheeded, and saw that her hand stretched low, and could not gather what it sought. A stroke from his right brought him beside her. The damsel glanced up dismayed, and her whole shape trembled over the brink. Richard sprang from his boat into the water. Pressing a hand

beneath her foot, which she had thrust against the crumbling wet sides of the bank to save herself, he enabled her to recover her balance and gain safe earth, whither, emboldened by the incident, touching her finger's tip, he followed her.

He had landed on an island of the still-vexed Bermoothes. The world lay wrecked behind him; Raynham hung in the mists, remote, a phantom to the vivid reality of this white hand which had drawn him thither away thousands of leagues in an eye-twinkle. Hark, how Ariel sung overhead! What splendor in the heavens! What marvels of beauty about his enchanted head! And, O you wonder! Fair Flame! by whose light the glories of being are now first seen. Radiant Miranda! Prince Ferdinand is at your feet.

Or is it Adam, his rib taken from his side in sleep, and thus transformed, to make him behold his Paradise, and lose it?

The youth looked on her with as glowing an eye. It was the First Woman to him.

And she — mankind was all Caliban to her, saving this one princely youth.

So to each other said their changing eyes in the moment they stood together; he pale, and she blushing.

She was indeed sweetly fair, and would have been held fair among rival damsels. On a magic shore, and to a youth educated by a System, strung like an arrow drawn to the head, he, it might be guessed, could fly fast and far with her. The soft rose in her cheeks, the clearness of her eyes, bore witness to the body's virtue; and health and happy blood were in her bearing. Had she stood before Sir Austin among rival damsels, that Scientific Humanist, for the consummation of his System, would have thrown her the handkerchief for his son. The wide summer-hat, nodding over her forehead to her brows, seemed to flow with the flowing heavy curls, and those fire-threaded mellow curls, only half-curls — waves of hair, call them — rippling at the ends, went like a sunny red-veined torrent down her back almost to her waist; a glorious vision to the youth, who embraced it as a flower of beauty, and read not a feature. There were curious features of color in her face for him to have read. Her brows, thick and brownish against a soft skin showing the action of the blood, met in the bend of a bow, extending to the temples long and level: you saw that she was fashioned to peruse the sights of earth, and by the pliability of her brows that the wonderful creature used her faculty, and was not going to be a statue to the gazer. Under the dark thick brows an arch of lashes shot out, giving a wealth of darkness to the full frank blue eyes, a mystery of meaning — more than brain was ever meant to fathom; richer, henceforth, than all mortal wisdom to Prince Ferdinand. For when nature turns artist, and produces contrasts of color on a fair face, where is the Sage, or what the Oracle, shall match the depth of its lightest look?

Prince Ferdinand was also fair. In his slim boating attire his figure looked heroic. His hair, rising from the parting to the right of his forehead, in what

his admiring Lady Blandish called his plume, fell away slanting silkily to the temples across the nearly imperceptible upward curve of his brows there — felt more than seen, so slight it was — and gave to his profile a bold beauty, to which his bashful, breathless air was a flattering charm. An arrow drawn to the head, capable of flying fast and far with her. He leaned a little forward to her, drinking her in with all his eyes — and young Love has a thousand. Then truly the System triumphed, just ere it was to fall; and could Sir Austin have been content to draw the arrow to the head and let it fly, when it would fly, he might have pointed to his son again, and said to the world, "Match him!" Such keen bliss as the youth had in the sight of her, an innocent youth alone has powers of soul in him to experience.

"O women!" says The Pilgrim's Scrip, in one of its solitary outbursts, "women, who like, and will have for hero, a rake! how soon are you not to learn that you have taken bankrupts to your bosoms, and that the putrescent gold that attracted you is the slime of the Lake of Sin!"

If these two were Ferdinand and Miranda, Sir Austin was not Prospero and was not present, or their fates might have been different.

So they stood a moment, changing eyes, and then Miranda spoke, and they came down to earth, feeling no less in heaven.

She spoke to thank him for his aid. She used quite common simple words; and used them, no doubt, to express a common simple meaning: but to him she was uttering magic, casting spells, and the effect they had on him was manifested in the incoherence of his replies, which were too foolish to be chronicled.

The couple were again mute. Suddenly Miranda, with an exclamation of anguish, and innumerable lights and shadows playing over her lovely face, clapped her hands, crying aloud, "My book! my book!" and ran to the bank.

Prince Ferdinand was at her side. "What have you lost?" he said.

"My book! my book!" she answered, her long delicious curls swinging across her shoulders to the stream. Then turning to him, divining his rash intention, "Oh, no, no! let me entreat you not to," she said: "I do not so very much mind losing it." And in her eagerness to restrain him she unconsciously laid her gentle hand upon his arm, and took the force of motion out of him.

"Indeed, I do not really care for the silly book," she continued, withdrawing her hand quickly, and reddening. "Pray do not!"

The young gentleman had kicked off his shoes. No sooner was the spell of contact broken than he jumped in. The water was still troubled and discolored by his introductory adventure; and though he ducked his head with the spirit of a dabchick, the book was missing. A scrap of paper floating from the bramble just above the water, and looking as if fire had caught its edges, and it had flown from one adverse element to the other, was all he could lay

hold of; and he returned to land disconsolately, to hear Miranda's murmured mixing of thanks and pretty expostulations.

"Let me try again," he said.

"No indeed!" she replied, and used the awful threat, "I will run away if you do"; which effectually restrained him.

Her eye fell on the fire-stained scrap of paper, and brightened as she cried, "There, there! you have what I want. It is that. I do not care for the book. No, please! you are not to look at it. Give it me."

Before her playfully imperative injunction was fairly spoken, Richard had glanced at the document and discovered a Griffin between Two Wheatsheaves; his crest in silver; and below — oh, wonderment immense, his own handwriting! remnant of his burnt-offering! a page of the sacrificed poems! one blossom preserved from the deadly universal blight.

He handed it to her in silence. She took it and put it in her bosom.

Who would have said, have thought, that where all else perished — Odes, fluttering bits of broad-winged Epic, Idyls, Lines, Stanzas — this one Sonnet to the stars should be miraculously reserved for such a starry fate! passing beatitude!

As they walked silently across the meadow, Richard strove to remember the hour and the mood of mind in which he had composed the notable production. The stars were invoked, as seeing and foreseeing all, to tell him where then his love reclined, and so forth; Hesper was complaisant enough to do so, and described her in a couplet —

> Through sunset's amber see me shining fair,
> As her blue eyes shine through her golden hair.

And surely no words could be more prophetic. Here were two blue eyes and golden hair; and by some strange chance, that appeared like the working of a Divine finger, she had become the possessor of the prophecy, she that was to fulfil it! The youth was too charged with emotion to speak. Doubtless the damsel had less to think of, or had some trifling burden on her conscience, for she seemed to grow embarrassed. At last she drew up her chin to look at her companion under the nodding brim of her hat (and the action gave her a charmingly freakish air), crying, "But where are you going to? You are wet through. Let me thank you again; and pray leave me, and go home and change instantly."

"Wet?" replied the magnetic muser, with a voice of tender interest: "not more than one foot, I hope? I will leave you while you dry your stockings in the sun."

At this she could not withhold a shy and lovely laugh.

"Not I, but you. You know you saved me, and would try to get that silly book for me, and you are dripping wet. Are you not very uncomfortable?"

In all sincerity he assured her that he was not.

"And you really do not feel that you are wet?"

He really did not; and it was a fact that he spoke truth.

She pursed her sweet dewberry mouth in the most comical way, and her blue eyes lightened laughter out of the half-closed lids.

"I cannot help it," she said, her mouth opening, and sounding harmonious bells of laughter in his ears. "Pardon me, won't you?"

His face took the same soft smiling curves in admiration of her.

"Not to feel that you have been in the water, the very moment after!" she musically interjected, seeing she was excused.

"It's true," he said; and his own gravity then touched him to join a duet with her, which made them no longer feel strangers, and did the work of a month of intimacy. Better than sentiment, laughter opens the breast to love; opens the whole breast to his full quiver, instead of a corner here and there for a solitary arrow. Hail the occasion propitious, O British young! and laugh and treat love as an honest god, and dabble not with the sentimental rouge. These two laughed, and the soul of each cried out to other, "It is I. It is I."

They laughed, and forgot the cause of their laughter; and the sun dried his light river clothing; and they strolled toward the blackbird's copse, and stood near a stile in sight of the foam of the weir and the many-colored rings of eddies streaming forth from it.

Richard's boat, meanwhile, had contrived to shoot the weir, and was swinging, bottom upward, broadside with the current down the rapid backwater.

"Will you let it go?" said the damsel, eyeing it curiously.

"Yes," he replied, and low, as if he spoke in the core of his thought. "What do I care for it now!"

His old life was whirled away with it, dead, drowned. His new life was with her, alive, divine.

She flapped low the brim of her hat. "You must really not come any farther," she softly said.

"And will you go and not tell me who you are?" he asked, growing bold as the fears of losing her came across him. "And will you not tell me before you go" — his face burned — "how you came by that — that paper?"

She chose to select the easier question to reply to: "You ought to know me: we have been introduced." Sweet was her winning offhand affability.

"Then who, in heaven's name, are you? Tell me! I never could have forgotten you."

"You have, I think," she said demurely.

"Impossible that we could ever have met, and I forget you!"

She looked up to him quickly.

"Do you remember Belthorpe?"

"Belthorpe! Belthorpe!" quoth Richard, as if he had to touch his brain to recollect there was such a place. "Do you mean old Blaize's farm?"

" Then I am old Blaize's niece." She tripped him a soft curtsy.

The magnetized youth gazed at her. By what magic was it that this divine sweet creature could be allied with that old churl!

" Then what — what is your name? " said his mouth; while his eyes added, " O wonderful creature! how came you to enrich the earth? "

" Have you forgot the Desboroughs of Dorset, too? " She peered at him archly from a side bend of the flapping brim.

" The Desboroughs of Dorset? " A light broke in on him. " And have you grown to this? That little girl I saw there! "

He drew close to her to read the nearest features of the vision. She could no more laugh off the piercing fervor of his eyes. Her volubility fluttered under his deeply wistful look, and now neither voice was high, and they were mutually constrained.

" You see," she murmured, " we are old acquaintances."

Richard, with his eyes still intently fixed on her, returned, " You are very beautiful! "

The words slipped out. Perfect simplicity is unconsciously audacious. Her overpowering beauty struck his heart, and like an instrument that is touched and answers to the touch, he spoke.

Miss Desborough made an effort to trifle with this terrible directness; but his eyes would not be gainsaid, and checked her lips. She turned away from them, her bosom a little rebellious. Praise so passionately spoken, and by one who has been a damsel's first dream, dreamed of nightly many long nights, and clothed in the virgin silver of her thoughts in bud — praise from him is coin the heart cannot reject, if it would. She quickened her steps to the stile.

" I have offended you! " said a mortally wounded voice across her shoulder.

That he should think so were too dreadful.

" Oh no, no! you would never offend me." She gave him her whole sweet face.

" Then why — why do you leave me? "

" Because," she hesitated, " I must go."

" No. You must not go. Why must you go? Do not go."

" Indeed I must," she said, pulling at the obnoxious broad brim of her hat; and interpreting a pause he made for his assent to her rational resolve, shyly looking at him, she held her hand out, and said " Good-by," as if it were a natural thing to say.

The hand was pure white — white and fragrant as the frosted blossom of a May night. It was the hand whose shadow, cast before, he had last night bent his head reverentially above, and kissed; resigning himself thereupon over to execution for payment of the penalty of such daring — by such bliss well rewarded.

He took the hand, and held it, gazing between her eyes.

"Good-by," she said again, as frankly as she could, and at the same time slightly compressing her fingers on his in token of adieu. It was a signal for his to close firmly upon hers.

"You will not go?"

"Pray let me," she pleaded, her sweet brows suing in wrinkles.

"You will not go?" Mechanically he drew the white hand nearer his thumping heart.

"I must," she faltered piteously.

"You will not go?"

"Oh yes! yes!"

"Tell me — do you wish to go?"

The question was subtle. A moment or two she did not answer, and then foreswore herself and said Yes.

"Do you — do you wish to go?" He looked with quivering eyelids under hers.

A fainter Yes responded to his passionate repetition.

"You wish — wish to leave me?" His breath went with the words.

"Indeed I must."

Her hand became a closer prisoner.

All at once an alarming delicious shudder went through her frame. From him to her it coursed, and back from her to him. Forward and back love's electric messenger rushed from heart to heart, knocking at each till it surged tumultuously against the bars of its prison, crying out for its mate. They stood trembling in unison, a lovely couple under these fair heavens of the morning.

When he could get his voice it said, "Will you go?"

But she had none to reply with, and could only mutely bend upward her gentle wrist.

"Then farewell!" he said; and dropping his lips to the soft fair hand, kissed it, and hung his head, swinging away from her, ready for death.

Strange, that now she was released she should linger by him. Strange, that his audacity, instead of the executioner, brought blushes and timid tenderness to his side, and the sweet words, "You are not angry with me?"

"With you, O Beloved!" cried his soul. "And you forgive me, fair charity!"

She repeated her words in deeper sweetness to his bewildered look; and he, inexperienced, possessed by her, almost lifeless with the divine new emotions she had realized in him, could only sigh and gaze at her wonderingly.

"I think it was rude of me to go without thanking you again," she said, and again proffered her hand.

The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes from her nor speaking; and she, with a soft word of farewell, passed across the

stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes.

And away with her went the wild enchantment. He looked on barren air. But it was no more the world of yesterday. The marvelous splendors had sown seeds in him, ready to spring up and bloom at her gaze; and in his bosom now the vivid conjuration of her tones, her face, her shape, makes them leap and illumine him like fitful summer lightnings — ghosts of the vanquished sun.

There was nothing to tell him that he had been making love and declaring it with extraordinary rapidity; nor did he know it. Soft flushed cheeks! sweet mouth! strange sweet brows! eyes of softest fire! — how could his ripe eyes behold you, and not plead to keep you? Nay, how could he let you go? And he seriously asked himself that question.

Tomorrow this place will have a memory — the river and the meadow, and the white falling weir: his heart will build a temple here; and the skylark will be its high priest, and the old blackbird its glossy-gowned chorister, and there will be a sacred repast of dewberries. Today the grass is grass; his heart is chased by phantoms and finds rest nowhere. Only when the most tender freshness of his flower comes across him does he taste a moment's calm; and no sooner does it come than it gives place to keen pangs of fear that she may not be his forever.

Ere long he learns that her name is Lucy. Ere long he meets Ralph, and discovers that in a day he has distanced him by a sphere.

RICHARD'S ORDEAL IS OVER

From 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel'

WHERE are the dreams of the hero when he learns he has a child? Nature is taking him to her bosom. She will speak presently. Every domesticated boor in these hills can boast the same; yet marvels the hero at none of his visioned prodigies as he does when he comes to hear of this most common performance. A father? Richard fixed his eyes as if he were trying to make out the lineaments of his child.

Telling Austin he would be back in a few minutes, he sallied into the air, and walked on and on. "A father!" he kept repeating to himself: "a child!" And though he knew it not, he was striking the keynotes of Nature. But he did know of a singular harmony that suddenly burst over his whole being.

The moon was surpassingly bright; the summer air heavy and still. He left the high-road and pierced into the forest. His walk was rapid: the leaves on the trees brushed his cheeks; the dead leaves heaped in the dells noised to his

feet. Something of a religious joy — a strange sacred pleasure — was in him. By degrees it wore; he remembered himself; and now he was possessed by a proportionate anguish. A father! he dared never see his child. And he had no longer his fantasies to fall upon. He was utterly bare to his sin. In his troubled mind it seemed to him that Clare looked down on him — Clare, who saw him as he was — and that to her eyes it would be infamy for him to go and print his kiss upon his child. Then came stern efforts to command his misery and make the nerves of his face iron.

By the log of an ancient tree, half buried in dead leaves of past summers, beside a brook, he halted as one who had reached his journey's end. There he discovered he had a companion in Lady Judith's little dog. He gave the friendly animal a pat of recognition, and both were silent in the forest silence.

It was impossible for Richard to return; his heart was surcharged. He must advance; and on he footed, the little dog following.

An oppressive slumber hung about the forest branches. In the dells and on the heights was the same dead heat. Here where the brook tingled, it was no cool-lipped sound, but metallic, and without the spirit of water. Yonder, in the space of moonlight on lush grass, the beams were as white fire to sight and feeling. No haze spread around. The valleys were clear, defined to the shadows of their verges; the distances sharply distinct, and with the colors of day but slightly softened. Richard beheld a roe moving across a slope of sward far out of rifle mark. The breathless silence was significant, yet the moon shone in a broad blue heaven. Tongue out of mouth trotted the little dog after him; couched panting when he stopped an instant; rose wearedly when he started afresh. Now and then a large white night-moth flitted through the dusk of the forest.

On a barren corner of the wooded highland, looking inland, stood gray topless ruins set in nettles and rank grass blades. Richard mechanically sat down on the crumbling flints to rest, and listened to the panting of the dog. Sprinkled at his feet were emerald lights; hundreds of glow-worms studded the dark dry ground.

He sat and eyed them, thinking not at all. His energies were expended in action. He sat as a part of the ruins, and the moon turned his shadow westward from the south. Overhead, as she declined, long ripples of silver cloud were imperceptibly stealing toward her. They were the van of a tempest. He did not observe them, or the leaves beginning to chatter. When he again pursued his course with his face to the Rhine, a huge mountain appeared to rise sheer over him, and he had it in his mind to scale it. He got no nearer to the base of it for all his vigorous outstepping. The ground began to dip; he lost sight of the sky. Then heavy thunder drops struck his cheek, the leaves were singing, the earth breathed, it was black before him and behind. All at once the thunder spoke. The mountain he had marked was bursting over him.

Up started the whole forest in violet fire. He saw the country at the foot

of the hills, to the bounding Rhine, gleam, quiver, extinguished. Then there were pauses: and the lightning seemed as the eye of heaven, and the thunder as the tongue of heaven, each alternately addressing him; filling him with awful rapture. Alone there — sole human creature among the grandeurs and mysteries of storm — he felt the representative of his kind; and his spirit rose and marched and exulted — let it be glory, let it be ruin! Lower down the lightened abysses of air rolled the wrathful crash; then white thrusts of light were darted from the sky, and great curving ferns, seen steadfast in pallor a second, were supernaturally agitated, and vanished. Then a shrill song roused in the leaves and the herbage. Prolonged and louder it sounded, as deeper and heavier the deluge pressed. A mighty force of water satisfied the desire of the earth. Even in this, drenched as he was by the first outpouring, Richard had a savage pleasure. Keeping in motion, he was scarcely conscious of the wet, and the grateful breath of the weeds was refreshing. Suddenly he stopped short, lifting a curious nostril. He fancied he smelled meadow-sweet. He had never seen the flower in Rhineland — never thought of it; and it would hardly be met with in a forest. He was sure he smelled it fresh in dews. His little companion wagged a miserable wet tail some way in advance. He went on slowly, thinking indistinctly. After two or three steps he stooped and stretched out his hand to feel for the flower — having, he knew not why, a strong wish to verify its growth there. Groping about, his hand encountered something warm that started at his touch; and he, with the instinct we have, seized it and lifted it to look at it. The creature was very small, evidently quite young. Richard's eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, were able to discern it for what it was — a tiny leveret; and he supposed that the dog had probably frightened its dam just before he found it. He put the little thing on one hand in his breast, and stepped out rapidly as before.

The rain was now steady; from every tree a fountain poured. So cool and easy had his mind become that he was speculating on what kind of shelter the birds could find, and how the butterflies and moths saved their colored wings from washing. Folded close they might hang under a leaf, he thought. Lovingly he looked into the dripping darkness of the coverts on each side, as one of their children. Then he was musing on a strange sensation he experienced. It ran up one arm with an indescribable thrill, but communicated nothing to his heart. It was purely physical, ceased for a time, and recommenced, till he had it all through his blood, wonderfully thrilling. He grew aware that the little thing he carried in his breast was licking his hand there. The small rough tongue going over and over the palm of his hand produced this strange sensation he felt. Now that he knew the cause, the marvel ended; but now that he knew the cause, his heart was touched and made more of it. The gentle scraping continued without intermission as on he walked. What did it say to him? Human tongue could not have said so much just then.

A pale gray light on the skirts of the flying tempest displayed the dawn.

Richard was walking hurriedly. The green drenched weeds lay all about in his path, bent thick, and the forest drooped glimmeringly. Impelled as a man who feels a revelation mounting obscurely to his brain, Richard was passing one of those little forest chapels, hung with votive wreaths, where the peasant halts to kneel and pray. Cold, still, in the twilight it stood, rain-drops pattering round it. He looked within, and saw the Virgin holding her Child. He moved by. But not many steps had he gone ere his strength went out of him, and he shuddered. What was it? He asked not. He was in other hands. Vivid as lightning the Spirit of Life illumined him. He felt in his heart the cry of his child, his darling's touch. With shut eyes he saw them both. They drew him from the depths; they led him a blind and tottering man. And as they led him, he had a sense of purification so sweet he shuddered again and again.

When he looked out from his trance on the breathing world, the small birds hopped and chirped: warm fresh sunlight was over all the hills. He was on the edge of the forest, entering a plain clothed with ripe corn under a spacious morning sky.

AMINTA TAKES A MORNING SEA-SWIM: A MARINE DUET

From 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta.' Copyright, 1894, by Charles Scribner's Sons

A GLORIOUS morning of flushed open sky and sun on a sea chased all small thoughts out of it. The breeze was from the west; and the Susan, lightly laden, took the heave of smooth rollers with a flowing current-curtsy in the motion of her speed. Foresail and aft were at their gentle strain; her shadow rippled fragmentarily along to the silver rivulet and boat of her wake. Straight she flew to the ball of fire now at spring above the waters, and raining red gold on the line of her bows. By comparison she was an ugly yawl, and as the creature of wind and wave beautiful.

They passed an English defensive fort, and spared its walls, in obedience to Matthew Shale's good counsel that they should forbear from sneezing. Little Collett pointed to the roof of his mother's house twenty paces rearward of a belt of tamarisks, green amid the hollowed yellows of shore banks yet in shade, crumbling to the sands. Weyburn was attracted by a diminutive white tent of sentry-box shape; evidently a bather's, quite as evidently a fair bather's. He would have to walk on some way for his dip. He remarked to little Collett that ladies going into the water half-dressed never have more than half a bath. His arms and legs flung out contempt of that syle of bathing, exactly in old Matey's well-remembered way.

Half a mile off shore, the Susan was put about to flap her sails, and her boat rocked with the passengers. Turning from a final cheer to friendly

Matthew, Weyburn at the rudder espied one of those unenfranchised ladies in marine uniform issuing through the tent-slit. She stepped firmly, as into her element. A plain look at her, and a curious look, and an intent look, fixed her fast, and ran the shock on his heart before he knew of a guess. She waded, she dipped; a head across the breast of the waters was observed: this one of them could swim. She was making for sea, a stone's-throw off the direction of the boat.

Before his wits had grasped the certainty possessing them, fiery envy and desire to be alongside her set his fingers fretting at buttons. A grand smooth swell of the waters lifted her, and her head rose to see her world. She sank down the valley, where another wave was mounding for its onward roll: a gentle scene of the *βάντ' ἐπιόντα* of Weyburn's favorite Sophoclean chorus. Now she was given to him — it was she. How could it ever have been any other! He handed his watch to little Collett, and gave him the ropes, pitched coat and waistcoat on his knees, stood free of boots and socks, and singing out truly enough the words of a popular cry, "White ducks want washing," went over and in.

Aminta soon had to know she was chased. She had seen the dive from the boat, and received an illumination. With a chuckle of delighted surprise, like a blackbird startled, she pushed seaward for joy of the effort, thinking she could exult in imagination of an escape up to the moment of capture, yielding then only to his greater will; and she meant to try it.

The swim was a holiday; all was new — nothing came to her as the same old thing since she took her plunge; she had a sea-mind — had left her earth-mind ashore. The swim, and Matey Weyburn pursuing her, passed up out of happiness, through the spheres of delirium, into the region where our life is as we would have it be: a home holding the quiet of the heavens, if but midway thither, and a home of delicious animation of the whole frame, equal to wings.

He drew on her; but he was distant, and she waved an arm. The shout of her glee sprang from her: "Matey!" He waved; she heard his voice. Was it her name? He was not so drunken of the sea as she: he had not leapt out of bondage into buoyant waters, into a youth without a blot, without an aim, satisfied in tasting; the dream of the long felicity.

A thought brushed by her: How if he were absent?

It relaxed her stroke of arms and legs. He had doubled the salt sea's rapture, and he had shackled its gift of freedom. She turned to float, gathering her knees for the funny sullen kick, until she heard him near. At once her stroke was renewed vigorously; she had the foot of her pursuer, and she called, "Adieu, Matey Weyburn!"

Her bravado deserved a swifter humiliation than he was able to bring down on her; she swam bravely: and she was divine to see as well as overtake.

Darting to the close parallel, he said, "What sea-nymph sang me my name?"

She smote a pang of her ecstasy into him: "Ask mine!"

"Browny!"

They swam; neither of them panted; their heads were water-flowers that spoke at ease.

"We've run from school; we won't go back."

"We've a kingdom."

"Here's a big wave going to be a wall."

"Off he rolls."

"He's like the High Brent broad meadow under Elling Wood."

"Don't let Miss Vincent hear you."

"They're not waves: they're sighs of the deep."

"A poet I swim with! He fell into the deep in his first of May-morning ducks. We used to expect him."

"I never expected to owe them so much."

Pride of the swimmer and the energy of her joy embraced Aminta, that she might nerve all her powers to gain the half-minute for speaking at her ease.

"Who'd have thought of a morning like this? You were looked for last night."

"A lucky accident to our coach. I made friends with the skipper of the yawl."

"I saw the boat. Who could have dreamed — ? Anything may happen now."

For nothing further would astonish her, as he rightly understood her; but he said, "You're prepared for the rites? Old Triton is ready."

"Float, and tell me."

They spun about to lie on their backs. Her right hand, at piano-work of the octave-shake, was touched and taken, and she did not pull it away. Her eyelids fell.

"Old Triton waits."

"Why?"

"We're going to him."

"Yes?"

"Customs of the sea."

"Tell me."

"He joins hands. We say, 'Browny — Matey,' and it's done."

She splashed, crying "Swim," and after two strokes, "You want to beat me, Matey Weyburn."

"How?"

"Not fair!"

"Say what."

"Take my breath. But, yes! we'll be happy in our own way. We're sea-birds. We've said adieu to land. Not to one another. We shall be friends?"

"Always."

"This is going to last?"

"Ever so long."

They had a spell of steady swimming, companionship to inspirit it. Browny was allowed place a little foremost, and she guessed not wherefore, in her flattered emulation.

"I'm bound for France."

"Slue a point to the right: southeast by south. We shall hit Dunquerque."

"I don't mean to be picked up by boats."

"We'll decline."

"You see I can swim."

"I was sure of it."

They stopped their talk — for the pleasure of the body to be savored in the mind, they thought; and so took Nature's counsel to rest their voices awhile.

Considering that she had not been used of late to long immersions, and had not broken her fast, and had talked much for a sea-nymph, Weyburn spied behind him on a shore seeming flat down, far removed.

"France next time," he said: "we'll face to the rear."

"Now?" said she, big with blissful conceit of her powers, and incredulous of such a command from him.

"You may be feeling tired presently."

The musical sincerity of her "Oh no, not I!" sped through his limbs: he had a willingness to go onward still some way.

But his words fastened the heavy land on her spirit, knocked at the habit of obedience. Her stroke of the arms paused. She inclined to his example, and he set it shoreward.

They swam silently, high, low, creatures of the smooth green roller.

He heard the water-song of her swimming. She, though breathing equably at the nostrils, lay deep. The water shocked at her chin, and curled round the under lip. He had a faint anxiety; and not so sensible of a weight in the sight of land as she was, he chattered by snatches, rallied her, encouraged her to continue sportive for this once, letting her feel it was but a once and had its respected limit with him. So it was not out of the world.

Ah, friend Matey! And that was right and good on land; but rightness and goodness flung earth's shadow across her brilliancy here, and any stress on "this once" withdrew her liberty to revel in it, putting an end to a perfect holiday; and silence, too, might hint at fatigue. She began to think her muteness lost her the bloom of the enchantment, robbing her of her heavenly frolic lead, since friend Matey resolved to be as eminently good in salt water as on land. Was he unaware that they were boy and girl again? —

she washed pure of the interevening years, new born, by blessing of the sea; worthy of him here! — that is, a swimmer worthy of him, his comrade in salt water.

"You're satisfied I swim well?" she said.

"It would go hard with me if we raced a long race."

"I really was out for France."

"I was ordered to keep you for England."

She gave him Browny's eyes.

"We've turned our backs on Triton."

"The ceremony was performed."

"When?"

"The minute I spoke of it and you splashed."

"Matey! Matey Weyburn!"

"Browny Farrell!"

"O Matey! she's gone!"

"She's here."

"Try to beguile me, then, that our holiday's not over. You won't forget this hour?"

"No time of mine on earth will live so brightly for me."

"I have never had one like it. I could go under and be happy; go to old Triton and wait for you; teach him to speak your proper Christian name. He hasn't heard it yet — heard 'Matey' — never yet has been taught 'Matthew.'"

"Aminta!"

"O my friend! my dear!" she cried, in the voice of the wounded, like a welling of her blood, "my strength will leave me. I may play — not you: you play with a weak vessel. Swim, and be quiet. How far do you count it?"

"Under a quarter of a mile."

"Don't imagine me tired."

"If you are, hold on to me."

"Matey, I'm for a dive."

He went after the ball of silver and bubbles, and they came up together. There is no history of events below the surface.

She shook off her briny blindness, and settled to the full sweep of the arms, quite silent now. Some emotion, or exhaustion from the strain of the swimmer's breath in speech, stopped her playfulness. The pleasure she still knew was a recollection of the outward swim, when she had been privileged to cast away sex with the push from earth, as few men will believe that women, beautiful women, ever wish to do; and often and ardently during the run ahead they yearn for Nature to grant them their one short holiday truce.

But Aminta forgave him for bringing earth so close to her when there was yet a space of salt water between her and shore; and she smiled at times, that he might not think she was looking grave.

They touched the sand at the first draw of the ebb; and this being earth, Matey addressed himself to the guardian and absolving genii of matter-of-fact by saying, "Did you inquire about the tides?"

Her head shook, stunned with what had passed. She waded to shore, after motioning for him to swim on.

Men, in the comparison beside their fair fellows, are so little sensationally complex, that his one feeling now as to what had passed, was relief at the idea of his presence having been a warrantable protectorship. Aminta's return from sea-nymph to the state of woman crossed annihilation on the way back to sentience, and picked-up meaningless pebbles and shells of life, between the sea's verge and her tent's shelter: hardly her own life to her understanding yet, except for the hammer Memory became to strike her insensible, at here and there a recollected word or nakedness of her soul. What had she done, what revealed, to shiver at for the remainder of her days!

He swam along the shore to where the boat was paddled, spying at her bare feet on the sand, her woman's form. He waved, and the figure in the striped tunic and trousers waved her response, apparently the same person he had quitted.

Dry and clad, and decently formal under the transformation, they met at Mrs. Collett's breakfast table; and in each hung the doubt whether land was the dream, or sea.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY

UNDER yonder beech-tree single on the greensward,
Couched with her arms behind her golden head,
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,
Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow,
Waking in amazement she could not but embrace me:
Then would she hold me and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,
Swift as the swallow along the river's light
Circleting the surface to meet his mirrored winglets,
Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight.
Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,
Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,
She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
More love should I have, and much less care.
When her mother tends her before the lighted mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
I should miss but one for many boys and girls.

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows
Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon.
No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder:
Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon.
Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,
Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal no less:
Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers with hailstones
Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless.

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star.
Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown evejar.
Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting:
So were it with me if forgetting could be willed.
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-spring,
Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled.

Stepping down the hill with her fair companions,
Arm in arm, all against the raying West,
Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she marches,
Brave is her shape, and sweeter unpossessed.
Sweeter, for she is what my heart first awaking
Whispered the world was; morning light is she.
Love that so desires would fain keep her changeless;
Fain would fling the net, and fain have her free.

Happy, happy time, when the white star hovers
Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,
Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,
Threading it with color, like yewberries the yew.
Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens,
Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.
Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is, and secret;
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold seashells.

When at dawn she sighs, and like an infant to the window
  Turns grave eyes craving light, released from dreams,
Beautiful she looks, like a white water-lily
  Bursting out of bud in havens of the streams.
When from bed she rises clothed from neck to ankle
  In her long nightgown sweet as boughs of May,
Beautiful she looks, like a tall garden lily
  Pure from the night, and spendid for the day.

All the girls are out with their baskets for the primrose,
  Up lanes, woods through, they troop in joyful bands.
My sweet leads; she knows not why, but now she loiters,
  Eyes the bent anemones, and hangs her hands.
Such a look will tell that the violets are peeping,
  Coming the rose: and unaware a cry
Springs in her bosom for odors and for color,
  Covert and the nightingale; she knows not why.

Cool was the woodside; cool as her white dairy
  Keeping sweet the cream-pan; and there the boys from school,
Cricketing below, rushed brown and red with sunshine;
  O the dark translucence of the deep-eyed cool!
Spying from the farm, herself she fetched a pitcher
  Full of milk, and tilted for each in turn the beak.
Then a little fellow, mouth up and on tiptoe,
  Said, "I will kiss you"; she laughed and leaned her cheek.

Doves of the fir-wood walling high our red roof
  Through the long noon coo, crooning through the coo.
Loose droop the leaves, and down the sleepy roadway
  Sometimes pipes a chaffinch; loose droops the blue.
Cows flap a slow tail knee-deep in the river,
  Breathless, given up to sun and gnat and fly.
Nowhere is she seen; and if I see her nowhere,
  Lightning may come, straight rains and tiger sky.

O the golden sheaf, the rustling treasure-armful!
  O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced!
O the treasure-tresses one another over
  Nodding! O the girdle slack about the waist!
Slain are the poppies that shot their random scarlet
  Quick amid the wheatears: wound about the waist,
Gathered, see these brides of Earth one blush of ripeness!
  O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced!

Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,
I would speak my heart out; heaven is my need.
Every woodland tree is flushing like the dogwood,
Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying like the reed.
Flushing like the dogwood crimson in October;
Streaming like the flag-reed South-West blown;
Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted whitebeam:
All seem to know what is for heaven alone.

THE LARK ASCENDING

HE rises and begins to round,
He drops the silver chain of sound,
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur, and shake,
All intervolved and spreading wide,
Like water-dimples down a tide
Where ripple ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls;
A press of hurried notes that run
So fleet they scarce are more than one,
Yet changingly the trills repeat
And linger ringing while they fleet,
Sweet to the quick o' the ear, and dear
To her beyond the handmaid ear,
Who sits beside our inner springs,
Too often dry for this he brings,
Which seems the very jet of earth
At sight of sun, her music's mirth,
As up he wings the spiral stair,
A song of light, and pierces air
With fountain ardor, fountain play,
To reach the shining tops of day,
And drink in everything discerned
An ecstasy to music turned,
Impelled by what his happy bill
Disperses; drinking, showering still,
Unthinking save that he may give
His voice the outlet, there to live
Renewed in endless notes of glee,
So thirsty of his voice is he,

For all to hear and all to know
That he is joy, awake, aglow,
The tumult of the heart to hear
Through pureness filtered crystal-clear,
And know the pleasure sprinkled bright
By simple singing of delight,
Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained,
Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained
Without a break, without a fall,
Sweet-silvery, sheer lyrical,
Perennial, quavering up the chord
Like myriad dews of sunny sward
That trembling into fullness shine,
And sparkle dropping argentine;
Such wooing as the ear receives
From zephyr caught in choric leaves
Of aspens when their chattering net
Is flushed to white with shivers wet;
And such the water-spirits' chime
On mountain heights in morning's prime,
Too freshly sweet to seem excess,
Too animate to need a stress;
But wider over many heads
The starry voice ascending spreads,
Awakening, as it waxes thin,
The best in us to him akin;
And every face to watch him raised,
Puts on the light of children praised,
So rich our human pleasure ripes
When sweetness on sincereness pipes,
Though nought be promised from the seas,
But only a soft-ruffling breeze
Sweep glittering on a still content,
Serenity in ravishment.

For singing till his heaven fills,
'Tis love of earth that he instils,
And ever winging up and up,
Our valley is his golden cup,
And he the wine which overflows
To lift us with him as he goes:
The woods and brooks, the sheep and kine,
He is, the hills, the human line,

The meadows green, the fallows brown,
The dreams of labor in the town;
He sings the sap, the quickened veins;
The wedding song of sun and rains
He is, the dance of children, thanks
Of sowers, shout of primrose-banks,
And eye of violets while they breathe;
All these the circling song will wreathe,
And you shall hear the herb and tree,
The better heart of men shall see,
Shall feel celestially, as long
As you crave nothing save the song.

Was never voice of ours could say
Our inmost in the sweetest way,
Like yonder voice aloft, and link
All hearers in the song they drink.
Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,
Our passion is too full in flood,
We want the key of his wild note
Of truthful in a tuneful throat,
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality,
So pure that it salutes the suns
The voice of one for millions,
In whom the millions rejoice
For giving their one spirit voice.

Yet men have we, whom we revere,
Now names, and men still housing here,
Whose lives, by many a battle dint
Defaced, and grinding wheels on flint,
Yield substance, though they sing not, sweet
For song our highest heaven to greet:
Whom heavenly singing gives us new,
Enspheres them brilliant in our blue,
From firmest base to farthest leap,
Because their love of earth is deep,
And they are warriors in accord
With life to serve, and pass reward,
So touching purest and so heard
In the brain's reflex of yon bird:
Wherefore their soul in me, or mine,
Through self-forgetfulness divine,

In them, that song aloft maintains,
To fill the sky and thrill the plains
With showerings drawn from human stores,
As he to silence nearer soars,
Extends the world at wings and dome,
More spacious making more our home,
Till lost on his aërial rings
In light, and then the fancy sings.

FROM 'THE WOODS OF WESTERMAIN'

ENTER these enchanted woods,
You who dare.
Nothing harms beneath the leaves
More than waves a swimmer cleaves.
Toss your heart up with the lark,
Foot at peace with mouse and worm,
Fair you fare.
Only at a dread of dark
Quaver, and they quit their form:
Thousand eyeballs under hoods
Have you by the hair.
Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.

Here the snake across your path
Stretches in his golden bath:
Mossy-footed squirrels leap
Soft as winnowing plumes of Sleep:
Yaffles on a chuckle skim
Low to laugh from branches dim:
Up the pine, where sits the star,
Rattles deep the moth-winged jar.
Each has business of his own;
But should you distrust a tone,
Then beware.
Shudder all the haunted roods,
All the eyeballs under hoods
Shroud you in their glare.
Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.

FROM 'FRANCE, 1870'

WE look for her that sunlike stood
Upon the forehead of our day,
An orb of nations, radiating food
For body and for mind alway.
Where is the Shape of glad array;
The nervous hands, the front of steel,
The clarion tongue? Where is the bold proud face?
We see a vacant place;
We hear an iron heel.

O she that made the brave appeal
For manhood when our time was dark,
And from our fetters struck the spark
Which was as lightning to reveal
New seasons, with the swifter play
Of pulses, and benigner day;
She that divinely shook the dead
From living man; that stretched ahead
Her resolute forefinger straight,
And marched towards the gloomy gate
Of earths Untried, gave note, and in
The good name of Humanity
Called forth the daring vision! she,
She likewise half corrupt of sin,
Angel and Wanton! Can it be?
Her star has foundered in eclipse,
The shriek of madness on her lips;
Shreds of her, and no more, we see.
There is a horrible convulsion, smothered din,
As of one that in a grave-cloth struggles to be free.
Look not on spreading boughs
For the riven forest tree.
Look down where deep in blood and mire
Black thunder plants his feet and plows
The soil for ruin; that is France:
Still thrilling like a lyre,
Amazed to shivering discord from a fall
Sudden as that the lurid hosts recall
Who met in Heaven the irreparable mischance.
O that is France!

The brilliant eyes to kindle bliss,
The shrewd quick lips to laugh and kiss,
Breasts that a sighing world inspire,
And laughter-dimpled countenance
Whence soul and senses caught desire!

. . . . . .

Henceforth of her the Gods are known,
Open to them her breast is laid.
Inveterate of brain, heart-valiant,
Never did fairer creature pant
Before the altar and the blade!

. . . . . .

She shall rise worthier of her prototype
Through her abasement deep; the pain that runs
From nerve to nerve some victory achieves.
They lie like circle-strewn soaked Autumn-leaves
Which stain the forest scarlet, her fair sons!
And of their death her life is: of their blood
From many streams now urging to a flood.
No more divided, France shall rise afresh.
Of them she learns the lesson of the flesh: —
The lesson writ in red since first Time ran
A hunter hunting down the beast in man:
That till the chasing out of its last vice,
The flesh was fashioned but for sacrifice.

. . . . . .

Soaring France!
Now is Humanity on trial in thee:
Now may'st thou gather humankind in fee:
Now prove that Reason is a quenchless scroll;
Make of calamity thine aureole,
And bleeding lead us through the troubles of the sea.

FROM 'MODERN LOVE'

IV

ALL other joys of life he strove to warm,
And magnify, and catch them to his lip;
But they had suffered shipwreck with the ship.
And gazed upon him sallow from the storm.
Or if Delusion came, 'twas but to show

The coming minute mock the one that went.
Cold as a mountain in its star-pitched tent
Stood high philosophy, less friend than foe;
Whom self-caged passion, from its prison-bars,
Is always watching with a wondering hate.
Not till the fire is dying in the grate
Look we for any kinship with the stars.
Oh, Wisdom never comes when it is gold,
And the great price we pay for it full worth;
We have it only when we are half earth:
Little avails that coinage to the old!

XVI

In our old shipwrecked days there was an hour
When, in the firelight steadily aglow,
Joined slackly, we beheld the red chasm grow
Among the clicking coals. Our library-bower
That eve was left to us; and hushed we sat
As lovers to whom Time is whispering.
From sudden-opened doors we heard them sing;
The nodding elders mixed good wine with chat.
Well knew we that Life's greatest treasure lay
With us, and of it was our talk. " Ah, yes!
Love dies! " I said: I never thought it less.
She yearned to me that sentence to unsay.
Then when the fire domed blackening, I found
Her cheek was salt against my kiss, and swift
Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast did lift; —
Now am I haunted by that taste! that sound!

XLIII

Mark where the pressing wind shoots javelin-like
Its skeleton shadow on the broad-backed wave!
Here is a fitting spot to dig Love's grave;
Here where the ponderous breakers plunge and strike,
And dart their hissing tongues high up the sand;
In hearing of the ocean, and in sight
Of those ribbed wind-streaks running into white.
If I the death of Love had deeply planned
I never could have made it half so sure
As by the unblest kisses which upbraid
The full-waked senses; or, failing that, degrade!

'Tis morning; but no morning can restore
What we have forfeited. I see no sin:
The wrong is mixed. In tragic life, God wot
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot.
We are betrayed by what is false within.

XLVII

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
And in the osier-isle we heard them noise.
We had not to look back on summer joys,
Or forward to a summer of bright dye;
But in the largeness of the evening earth
Our spirits grew as we went side by side.
The hour became her husband and my bride.
Love that had robbed us so thus blessed our dearth!
The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
In multitudinous chatterings as the flood
Full brown came from the West and like pale blood
Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.
Love that had robbed us of immortal things,
This little moment mercifully gave,
Where I have seen across the twilight wave
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

L

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat;
The union of this ever-diverse pair!
These two were rapid falcons in a snare,
Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.
Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
They wandered once; clear as the dew on flowers.
But they fed not on the advancing hours:
Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.
Then each applied to each that fatal knife,
Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.
Ah! what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life! —
In tragic hints here see what evermore
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore.

THOMAS HARDY

ON Meredith's death Thomas Hardy succeeded by common consent to the literary leadership of the English-speaking nations, and was duly appointed to fill the vacancy in the Order of Merit which now records the most distinguished names of each generation. It was his good fortune to hold this eminent position for nearly twenty years, with continued and growing public appreciation of his merits as a novelist and a poet. Hardy's novels did not undergo during the twentieth century the falling-off in public favor which befell Meredith's fiction, and his masterpieces show every sign of continuing to endure, not only for the student, but for the general reader. The dark philosophy which forms the background of his novels fell in better with the mood of the British public after the War than did Meredith's buoyant transcendentalism, and the massive art of their construction, almost classical in spirit, seems likely to give them a better hold upon the future than Meredith's witty and highly intellectualized attack upon the social shortcomings of his own time; Hardy's peasants may well prove to be almost as eternal as the soil from which they spring, for they have a firm grip on the main issues of life, they have humor and simplicity. His poetry, like his novels, expressed his constant sympathy for the luckless and oppressed, though with less life and color. The successive volumes which appeared during the last thirty years of his life met with renewed welcome, and in his will Hardy directed his executors to provide a cheap edition of his poems which would bring them within reach of the poorest readers. His death was the occasion for an outburst of national admiration and affection almost without precedent in the history of English literature. The generally expressed desire that the body of Hardy should rest in Westminster Abbey and the no less natural preference of Hardy's relatives and neighbors for the village churchyard near his home in Dorchester were happily reconciled by the arrangement that his heart should lie at Stinsford, the "Mellstock" of his novel 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' and that his ashes should repose in the great Valhalla of national heroes. At the ceremony at Westminster Abbey the pall-bearers were, in addition to delegates of the Government and the University, Rudyard Kipling, James Barrie, Bernard Shaw, Edmund Gosse, John Galsworthy, and A. E. Housman, as representatives of English literature of the period of which Hardy had so long been the Nestor.

THE NOVELS

Thomas Hardy is of that rare fellowship of novel-writers who are actuated in their portrayal of life by a spirit as disinterested and as seemingly unsympathetic as the spirit of nature itself. His realism is indeed less the realism of art than of the raw material of everyday existence. His straightforward account of the changes and chances of this mortal state is unsoftened by optimistic prejudice. But precisely how far his creations are true to the facts of human experience, is a matter of individual rather than of general judgment. An analysis of his most characteristic novels may show that their realism is after all one-sided, and that they are closer exponents of a Hardy theory regarding life, than of life itself.

What is this theory? and how is it embodied in Hardy's novels? Stating it briefly, it is that the law which governs human events is rendered just beyond calculation by an admixture of luck. There is just enough of chance in the moral order to warrant the implication of jugglery in the Ten Commandments. Acknowledging no creed, this most modern of modern novelists is eminently Calvinistic in his portrayal of men and women as predestined to misfortune or failure; as pulled about or tossed about at the impish pleasure of the god Circumstance. The keynote of his work indeed is the effect of circumstance — of luck — upon man's war with the lower elements in his nature. Some foreordained event for which he is in no wise responsible turns the tide of the battle against him; yet he is held accountable for his defeat. He reaps where he has not sown. He is overwhelmed with punishments for sins committed by others. He is literally badgered through life by the modern devil of ill luck. In 'A Pair of Blue Eyes' the heroine Elfride is victimized by circumstances. The adverse star is already risen above her brow when the book opens. She goes artlessly as a child into the hopeless labyrinth of mischance from which death alone can release her. Tess is an innocent sinner, browbeaten by bad luck into a guilty one. So persistent is this evil fortune, this malign spell which might be broken by a word more or less, that Tess becomes well-nigh an irresponsible being, a mere bruised flower floating on an irresistible current of doom.

Between these two heroines, the one standing earliest in Hardy's career as a novelist, the other latest, is a long sequence of men and women, all more or less handicapped by fortune. Their humanity is traceable with greater distinctness in their failures than in their successes. Hardy is perhaps the first novelist except George Eliot who has had the courage to portray failure. What he himself calls "the optimistic grin which ends a story happily" is never present in his work. His stories end much as the little dramas of real life end: in compromise, in the tacit acknowledgment that it is better to make

the best of a bad bargain and so to live on in a semblance of security, than to die for the impossible.

Hardy himself began to undergo life in 1840. At the age of sixteen he entered upon the study of architecture. For several years he vacillated between literary pursuits and his chosen profession. His first novel, 'Desperate Remedies,' published in 1870, showed at least that he was a good story-teller. Characteristically, the persons of the book are all engaged more or less in a tussle with adverse circumstances; but the melodramatic elements in the intricate plot remove it from the sphere of great art. 'Under the Greenwood Tree' followed fast upon 'Desperate Remedies.' In this woodland story, Hardy first exhibits the fairest qualities of his genius. It is free from the taint of the battledore-and-shuttlecock conception of man and the almighty Something in the clutch of which he wriggles. It is an idyl of the fields. That wonderful grasp of rural life which marks Hardy out from his contemporaries and links him at times with Shakespeare, is here shown in its fullness; the smell of the primeval earth is here; between Hardy and the rustic there is a living bond. Few authors have been able to do as he has done, to depict Hodge in his native fields in such a manner that the humorous aspect of the picture will be most apparent.

Hardy's peasantry say nothing which is consciously witty. His art has discovered the unconscious humor of their homely talk. The serenade of the church choir in 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' the gossip of the rustics opening a vault in 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' are rich in this elemental humor. So talk the clowns of Shakespeare; Grandfer Cantle is linked with Dogberry. Yet the clowns of Hardy have a worldly wisdom of their own. In 'The Return of the Native' the question of the advisability of church-going is discussed by the natives of Egdon Heath. "I ha'n't been these three years," said Humphrey; "for I'm so mortal sleepy of a Sunday, and 'tis so mortal far to get there, and when you do get there 'tis such a mortal poor chance that you'll be chose for up above, when so many bain't, that I bide at home and don't go at all."

Here are a few observations on dancing: —

"You be bound to dance at Christmas, because 'tis the time of the year: you must dance at weddings, because it is the time of life. At christenings folks will even smuggle in a reel or two, if 'tis no further on than the first or second chiel. And this is not naming the songs you've got to sing. For my part, I like a good hearty funeral as well as anything. You've as splendid victuals and drink as at other parties, and even better, and it don't wear your legs to stumps in talking over a poor feller's ways as it do to stand up in hornpipes."

In 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' Hardy's third novel, he passes under the domination of the one aspect of life which has impressed him most forcibly. Little Elfride, the blue-eyed heroine, the dainty child of the hills, formed by nature for tenderness and joy, is unlucky enough to have been beloved, before the

story opens, by a village youth in her father's parish. She was not altogether unconscious of his far-off worship. She led him on a little. Through that slight girlish concession to a passing coquetry she blights her life. Her punishment is out of all proportion to her offense. The youth pines away and dies. His mother becomes the active enemy of Elfride. She blackens a thoughtless adventure of the girl's with a subsequent lover into a sin, and by means of this scandal alienates forever the one man above all others whom Elfride really loves. She in her turn tightens the miserable tangle of affairs by an overexaggeration of her imprudence. She makes the mistakes of a schoolgirl, and is punished for the sins of a woman.

In 'The Return of the Native' it is the hero who plays this uneven game with chance; and chance, as so often happens in Hardy's novels, takes the form of a woman. It is Eustacia Vye, "with pagan eyes full of nocturnal mysteries," who leads Clym Yeobright into the wilderness of love, stripped of his ambitions. "Throw a woman into this bargaining matter of life, and its intricacies are increased tenfold," might be Hardy's motto in the treatment of his "dainty heroines." And here a word may be said concerning these heroines. Hardy's women are even more real than his men. He understands woman nature, or rather the nature of the eternal woman as opposed to the woman who is an artificial product of a period or of a system. Sue in 'Jude the Obscure' is the one striking exception to this rule. She is the type of the overcivilized, neurotic female who has unholy shivers over nature's pure ordinance of marriage. Happily she has no predecessors. She has little in common with the warm, bright Bathsheba, with the tender, fair Lady Constantine, with demure little Anne, with the quaint and gentle Elizabeth Jane, with Elfride, or with the frankly human "Group of Noble Dames." Hardy's women are always lovable; and because they are so they make men more or less irresponsible, and thus add to the confusion, the moral disorder, of which Hardy sees so much in the working out of character. In 'Two on a Tower' Lady Constantine draws the eyes of the boy astronomer from the stars to gaze into her own. She enters his life only to render his primitive austere devotion to science forever impossible. Eustacia Vye leads Clym Yeobright a devious dance in the direction of nowhere. Jude is purloined from a possible Oxford career, first by Arabella, then by Sue. But women are not altogether to blame for the mischief which is always brewing in Hardy's novels. 'The Mayor of Casterbridge' is the story of a man hampered by himself. In a fit of drunkenness, he sells his wife and child to the highest bidder. For his hour of dissipation he pays a lifetime of struggle and remorse.

The irony of circumstance is ever present in Hardy's portrayal of the ambitions and good intentions of men and women. Their "hopes and fears, so blind and yet so sweet," have always death about them to Hardy: the trickery of death, its hideous surprises, its untimely interventions. In 'Life's Little Ironies,' a middle-aged man, laboring under the delusion that marriage can

patch up a wrong done to a woman, heroically resolves to take this step after many years of cowardice. His melodramatic self-sacrifice to the woman once sacrificed to him is turned by the irony of circumstance into mere clumsiness, since his appearance in the neglected little family ruins the chances of his daughter to make a match of smug respectability. In 'Fellow-Townsmen,' one of the 'Wessex Tales,' Lucy Saville, a middle-aged widow, says no to the man who has loved her and waited for her through many years, because she does not think it good form to say yes at once. She sends a note after him, however, asking him to call again; but he has taken her at her word, and has left the town forever. Such an incident has a marked resemblance to certain incidents of real life. Hardy has the courage always to tell a thing as it really happened, not as weak-hearted humanity would like it to happen.

In 'Tess' Hardy has written the modern classic of misfortune; in 'Tess' the finest and most characteristic qualities of his art are focused. In the portrayal of this primitive tragedy, this spirit-rending story of a girl's struggle with destiny, Hardy has put forth his consummate effort. In 'Tess' the Calvinistic idea of fate, predestination, the treacherous power outside of ourselves which makes for confusion, as opposed to the rational Greek idea of pursuing punishment for sins committed — in 'Tess' this Calvinistic idea receives its finished embodiment. The subtle poison of the book lies in the theory which actuated its production, not in the working out of the theory. Tess is a pure woman; the defiant sub-title is unnecessary. Only the inexperienced would wag their heads dubiously over it as they read the tale in sheltered and respectable parlors. Hardy to the contrary, it is society, not the Almighty, which is to blame for the moral *gaucherie*, for the malignant blunders which entrap Tess. Nature is non-moral. She herself would have put no obstacles in the way of the recuperation of this fair-souled, high-minded country lass, knocked into the mud by a lustful hoof. The virginal spirit of the maiden would have regained the birthright violently snatched from her, if conventional opinion in the form of Angel Clare had not intervened. This young man, half seraph, half prig, meets Tess at a dairy, miles away from the scene of her trouble. He is a gentleman's son, and the gentle nature in him is drawn to this rare wild flower sprung from the forgotten graves of the D'Urberville knights. He loves the maiden Tess. On their marriage day he confesses a certain folly of his, a three-days' unholy fever for an unworthy woman. Tess gives back confession for confession. Clare, under the spell of false tradition, throws her from the heights which she has regained back into the limbo of the hopeless. He cannot separate her body from her soul. He, the deliberate sinner, passes judgment on her, the sinned against. Rejected by love itself as unclean, Tess drifts on to her tragic doom. The mercifulness of nature and of God are alike unknown to her. Her case is against man. In 'Tess' Hardy has perhaps unconsciously stigmatized the man-made moral order.

The soil which smells of grass and flowers in 'Under the Greenwood Tree,'

in 'Jude the Obscure' sends up a sour odor to the nostrils. If 'Tess' is the classic of the unlucky, 'Jude' is the classic of the neurotic woman. The hero has after all little to do with the working out of the story. His part is to a great degree passive. Like certain other heroes of Hardy, he is born under an evil star. His boyish ambition to become a student at Oxford is thwarted continually by the assertions of his lower nature; but — and this again is essentially in the spirit of Hardy — accident, chance, take sides with his baser elements. He is tricked into marriage with the sensual Arabella. He has the misfortune to run across his cousin Sue at a time when it is most necessary for the accomplishment of his purpose that he should enter into the sexless temper of the scholar. Sue is intellectual, pseudo-passionate, morbidly pure. She belongs to that type of woman, whose intellect is developed at the expense of her earthy nature. The awful innocence of Sue throughout the book is the innocence of the bold thinker whose flights of fancy reach to Mars, but who knows nothing of the soil underfoot. It is futile to call the actions of the two bewildered children Jude and Sue immoral; a new adjective will have to be evolved to meet their essentially modern case. 'Jude' is the book of an era where between one and one there is always "a shadowy third."

Hardy's novels of rustic life will give probably the most pleasure to coming generations. The chapters of the dairy life in 'Tess,' the idyl of the lush green meadows, will save her tragedy from oblivion. 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' with its troop of men and maidens of the fields, will give solace when 'A Laodicean' is well-nigh forgotten. 'The Trumpet-Major' and 'The Return of the Native' are revivingly sweet and clean with the breath of the sea and with the heather-scented wind of the moors. In Hardy's stories of his beloved Wessex country there is the perennial refreshment of nature. His peasantry are primitive. Their quaint humor, their wise saws, their hold upon Mother Earth, might have been characteristic of the homely parents of the race in the first dawn of the world. They are "representative of a magnificent antiquity."

Hardy is as much in sympathy with the natural world as he is with those men and women who seem a part of the soil on which they live. He has the love of genius for the open air. Nature is the perpetual background for the scenes of his novels; and as in Shakespeare, the aspect of nature reflects the moral atmosphere of the scene. The happiest time of Tess's life begins in the flowery months of May and June. Her desolate existence, after she has been forsaken by her husband, coincides with the bitter, barren winter-time upon the upland moors. Elfride's love story seems well-nigh a part of the processes of nature in its interchange of storm and sunshine. The majority of Hardy's people are near to nature: sensitive, passionate lovers of the sea, and of the heath. His genius comprehends at once the natural, primitive man, and man the product of modern hypercultivation. In this wideness of human view lies perhaps his surest claim to greatness.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL

THE MELLSTOCK "WAITS"

From 'Under the Greenwood Tree'

SHORTLY after ten o'clock the singing-boys arrived at the tranter's house, which was invariably the place of meeting, and preparations were made for the start. The older men and musicians wore thick coats, with stiff perpendicular collars, and colored handkerchiefs wound round and round the neck till the end came to hand, over all which they just showed their ears and noses like people looking over a wall. The remainder — stalwart, ruddy men and boys — were mainly dressed in snow-white smock-frocks, embroidered upon the shoulders and breasts in ornamental forms of hearts, diamonds, and zigzags. The cider mug was emptied for the ninth time, the music-books were arranged, and the pieces finally decided upon. The boys in the mean time put the old horn lanterns in order, cut candles into short lengths to fit the lanterns, and a thin fleece of snow having fallen since the early part of the evening, those who had no leggings went to the stable and wound wisps of hay round their ankles to keep the insidious flakes from the interior of their boots.

Old William Dewy, with the violoncello, played the bass; his grandson Dick, the treble violin; and Reuben and Michael Mail, the tenor and second violins respectively. The singers consisted of four men and seven boys, upon whom devolved the task of carrying and attending to the lanterns, and holding the books open for the players. Directly music was the theme, old William ever and instinctively came to the front.

"Now mind, naibors," he said, as they all went out one by one at the door, he himself holding it ajar and regarding them with a critical face as they passed, like a shepherd counting out his sheep. "You two counter-boys, keep your ears open to Michael's fingering, and don't ye go straying into the treble part along o' Dick and his set, as ye did last year; and mind this especially when we be in 'Arise, and hail.' Billy Chimlen, don't you sing quite so raving mad as you fain would; and all o' ye, whatever ye do, keep from making a great scuffle on the ground when we go in at people's gates; but go quietly, so as to strik' up all of a sudden, like spirits."

"Farmer Ledlow's first?"

"Farmer Ledlow's first; the rest as usual."

"And Voss," said the tranter terminatively, "you keep house here till about half-past two; then heat the metheglin and cider in the warmer you'll find turned up upon the copper; and bring it wi' the victuals to church porch, as th'st know."

Just before the clock struck twelve, they lighted the lanterns and started. The moon, in her third quarter, had risen since the snow-storm; but the dense

accumulation of snow-cloud weakened her power to a faint twilight, which was rather pervasive of the landscape than traceable to the sky. The breeze had gone down, and the rustle of their feet and tones of their speech echoed with an alert rebound from every post, boundary stone, and ancient wall they passed, even where the distance of the echo's origin was less than a few yards. Beyond their own slight noises nothing was to be heard, save the occasional howl of foxes in the direction of Yalbury Wood, or the brush of a rabbit among the grass now and then, as it scampered out of their way.

Most of the outlying homesteads and hamlets had been visited by about two o'clock; they then passed across the Home Plantation toward the main village. Pursuing no recognized track, great care was necessary in walking lest their faces should come in contact with the low-hanging boughs of the old trees, which in many spots formed dense overgrowths of interlaced branches.

"Times have changed from the times they used to be," said Mail, regarding nobody can tell what interesting panoramas with an inward eye, and letting his outward glance rest on the ground, because it was as convenient a position as any. "People don't care much about us now! I've been thinking we must be almost the last left in the country of the old string players. Barrel organs, and they next door to 'em that you blow wi' your foot, have come in terribly of late years."

"Ah!" said Bowman, shaking his head; and old William, on seeing him, did the same thing.

"More's the pity," replied another. "Time was — long and merry ago now! — when not one of the varmints was to be heard of; but it served some of the choirs right. They should have stuck to strings as we did, and kept out clarinets, and done away with serpents. If you'd thrive in musical religion, stick to strings, says I."

"Strings are well enough, as far as that goes," said Mr. Spinks.

"There's worse things than serpents," said Mr. Penny. "Old things pass away, 'tis true: but a serpent was a good old note; a deep, rich note was the serpent."

"Clar'nets however be bad at all times," said Michael Mail. "One Christmas — years agone now, years — I went the rounds wi' the Dibbeach choir. 'Twas a hard frosty night, and the keys of all the clar'nets froze — ah, they did freeze! — so that 'twas like drawing a cork every time a key was opened; the players o' 'em had to go into a hedger's and ditcher's chimley-corner, and thaw their clar'nets every now and then. An icicle o' spet hung down from the end of every man's clar'net a span long; and as to fingers — well, there, if ye'll believe me, we had no fingers at all, to our knowledge."

"I can well bring back to my mind," said Mr. Penny, "what I said to poor Joseph Ryme (who took the tribble part in High-Story Church for two-and-forty year) when they thought of having clar'nets there. 'Joseph,' I said, says I,

'depend upon't, if so be you have them tooting clar'nets you'll spoil the whole setout. Clar'nets were not made for the service of Providence; you can see it by looking at 'm,' I said. And what cam o't? Why, my dear souls, the parson set up a barrel organ on his own account within two years o' the time I spoke, and the old choir went to nothing."

"As far as look is concerned," said the tranter, "I don't for my part see that a fiddle is much nearer heaven than a clar'net. 'Tis farther off. There's always a rakish, skampish countenance about a fiddle that seems to say the Wicked One had a hand in making o' en; while angels be supposed to play clar'nets in heaven, or some'at like 'em, if ye may believe picters."

"Robert Penny, you were in the right," broke in the eldest Dewy. "They should ha' stuck to strings. Your brass-man is brass — well and good; your reed-man is reed — well and good; your percussion-man is percussion — good again. But I don't care who hears me say it, nothing will speak to your heart wi' the sweetness of the man of strings!"

"Strings forever!" said little Jimmy.

"Strings alone would have held their ground against all the new-comers in creation." ("True, true!" said Bowman.) "But clar'nets was death." ("Death they was!" said Mr. Penny.) 'And harmoniums," William continued in a louder voice, and getting excited by these signs of approval, "harmoniums and barrel organs" ("Ah!" and groans from Spinks) "be miserable — what shall I call 'em? — miserable — "

"Sinners," suggested Jimmy, who made large strides like the men, and did not lag behind like the other little boys.

"Miserable machines for such a divine thing as music!"

"Right, William, and so they be!" said the choir with earnest unanimity.

By this time they were crossing to a wicket in the direction of the school, which, standing on a slight eminence on the opposite side of a cross-lane, now rose in unvarying and dark flatness against the sky. The instruments were retuned, and all the band entered the inclosure, enjoined by old William to keep upon the grass.

"Number seventy-eight," he softly gave out, as they formed round in a semicircle, the boys opening the lanterns to get clearer light and directing their rays on the books.

Then passed forth into the quiet night an ancient and well-worn hymn, embodying Christianity in words peculiarly befitting the simple and honest hearts of the quaint characters who sang them so earnestly: —

Remember Adam's fall,
O thou man:
Remember Adam's fall
From heaven to hell.

Remember Adam's fall;
How he hath condemn'd all
In hell perpetual
  Therefore to dwell.

Remember God's goodnesse,
  O thou man,
Remember God's goodnesse,
  His promise made.
Remember God's goodnesse;
He sent his Son sinlesse
Our ails for to redress.
  Our hearts to aid.

In Bethlehem he was born,
  O thou man:
In Bethlehem he was born,
  For mankind's sake.
In Bethlehem he was born,
Christmas-day i' the morn,
Our Saviour did not scorn
  Our faults to take.

Give thanks to God alway,
  O thou man:
Give thanks to God alway
  With heartfelt joy.
Give thanks to God alway
On this our joyful day:
Let all men sing and say,
  Holy, Holy!

Having concluded the last note, they listened for a minute or two, but found that no sound issued from the schoolhouse.

"Forty breaths, and then, 'O what unbounded goodness!' number fifty-nine," said William.

This was duly gone through, and no notice whatever seemed to be taken of the performance.

"Surely, 'tisn't an empty house, as befell us in the year thirty-nine and forty-three!" said old Dewy, with much disappointment.

"Perhaps she's jist come from some noble city, and sneers at our doings," the tranter whispered.

"'Od rabbit her!" said Mr. Penny, with an annihilating look at a corner

of the school chimney; "I don't quite stomach her, if this is it. Your plain music well done is as worthy as your other sort done bad, a' b'lieve souls; so say I."

"Forty breaths, and then the last," said the leader authoritatively. "'Rejoice, ye tenants of the earth'; number sixty-four."

At the close, waiting yet another minute, he said in a clear loud voice, as he had said in the village at that hour and season for the previous forty years: —

"A merry Christmas to ye!"

When the expectant stillness consequent upon the exclamation had nearly died out of them all, an increasing light made itself visible in one of the windows of the upper floor. It came so close to the blind that the exact position of the flame could be perceived from the outside. Remaining steady for an instant, the blind went upward from before it, revealing to thirty concentrated eyes a young girl, framed as a picture by the window architrave, and unconsciously illuminating her countenance to a vivid brightness by a candle she held in her left hand, close to her face, her right hand being extended to the side of the window. She was wrapped in a white robe of some kind, while down her shoulders fell a twining profusion of marvelously rich hair, in a wild disorder which proclaimed it to be only during the invisible hours of the night that such a condition was discoverable. Her bright eyes were looking into the gray world outside with an uncertain expression, oscillating between courage and shyness, which, as she recognized the semicircular group of dark forms gathered before her, transformed itself into pleasant resolution.

Opening the window, she said, lightly and warmly: —

"Thank you, singers, thank you!"

Together went the window quickly and quietly, and the blind started downward on its return to its place. Her fair forehead and eyes vanished; her little mouth; her neck and shoulders; all of her. Then the spot of candlelight shone nebulously as before; then it moved away.

"How pretty!" exclaimed Dick Dewy.

"If she'd been rale wexwork she couldn't ha' been comelier," said Michael Mail.

"As near a thing to a spiritual vision as ever I wish to see!" said Tranter Dewy fervently.

"Oh, sich I never, never see!" said Leaf.

All the rest, after clearing their throats and adjusting their hats, agreed that such a sight was worth singing for.

"Now to Farmer Shinar's, and then replenish our insides, father," said the tranter.

"Wi' all my heart," said old William, shouldering his bass-viol.

Farmer Shinar's was a queer lump of a house, standing at the corner of a

lane that ran obliquely into the principal thoroughfare. The upper windows were much wider than they were high, and this feature, together with a broad bay-window where the door might have been expected, gave it by day the aspect of a human countenance turned askance, and wearing a sly and wicked leer. Tonight nothing was visible but the outline of the roof upon the sky.

The front of this building was reached, and the preliminaries arranged as usual.

"Forty breaths, and number thirty-two — 'Behold the morning star,'" said old William.

They had reached the end of the second verse, and the fiddlers were doing the up bow-stroke previously to pouring forth the opening chord of the third verse, when without a light appearing or any signal being given, a roaring voice exclaimed: —

"Shut up! Don't make your blaring row here. A feller wi' a headache enough to split, likes a quiet night."

Slam went the window.

"Hullo, that's an ugly blow for we artists!" said the tranter in a keenly appreciative voice, and turning to his companions.

"Finish the carrel, all who be friends of harmony!" said old William commandingly; and they continued to the end.

"Forty breaths, and number nineteen!" said William firmly. "Give it him well; the choir can't be insulted in this manner!"

A light now flashed into existence, the window opened, and the farmer stood revealed as one in a terrific passion.

"Drown en! drown en!" the tranter cried, fiddling frantically. "Play fortissimy, and drown his spaking!"

"Fortissimy!" said Michael Mail, and the music and singing waxed so loud that it was impossible to know what Mr. Shinar had said, was saying, or was about to say; but wildly flinging his arms and body about in the form of capital X's and Y's, he appeared to utter enough invectives to consign the whole parish to perdition.

"Very unseemly, very!" said old William, as they retired. "Never such a dreadful scene in the whole round o' my carrel practice, never! And he a churchwarden!"

"Only a drap o' drink got into his head," said the tranter. "Man's well enough when he's in his religious frame. He's in his worldly frame now. Must ask en to our bit of a party tomorrer night, I suppose, and so put en in track again. We bear no martel man ill-will."

They now crossed Twenty-acres to proceed to the lower village and met Voss with the hot mead and bread and cheese as they were crossing the churchyard. This determined them to eat and drink before proceeding further, and they entered the belfry. The lanterns were opened and the whole body sat

round against the walls on benches and whatever else was available, and made a hearty meal. In the pauses of conversation could be heard through the floor overhead a little world of undertones and creaks from the halting clockwork, which never spread farther than the tower they were born in, and raised in the more meditative minds a fancy that here lay the direct pathway of Time.

Having done eating and drinking, the instruments were again tuned, and once more the party emerged into the night air. . . .

The gallery of Mellstock Church had a status and sentiment of its own. A stranger there was regarded with a feeling altogether differing from that entertained towards him by the congregation below. Banished from the nave as an intruder whom no originality could make interesting, he was received above as a curiosity that no unfitness could render dull. The gallery, too, looked down upon and knew the habits of the nave to its remotest peculiarity, and had an extensive stock of exclusive information about it; while the nave knew nothing of the gallery people, beyond their loud-sounding minims and chest notes. Such topics as that the clerk was always chewing tobacco except at the moment of crying Amen; that he had a dust-hole in his pew; that during the sermon certain young daughters of the village had left off caring to read anything so mild as the marriage service for some years, and now regularly studied the one which chronologically follows it; that a pair of lovers touched fingers through a knot-hole between their pews in the manner ordained by their great exemplars, Pyramus and Thisbe; that Mrs. Ledlow, the farmer's wife, counted her money and reckoned her week's marketing expenses during the first lesson — all news to those below — were stale subjects here.

Old William sat in the center of the front row, his violoncello between his knees, and two singers on each hand. Behind him, on the left, came the treble singers and Dick; and on the right the tranter and the tenors. Farther back was old Mail, with the altos and supernumeraries.

But before they had taken their places, and while they were standing in a circle at the back of the gallery practising a psalm or two, Dick cast his eyes over his grandfather's shoulder, and saw the vision of the past night enter the porch door as methodically as if she had never been a vision at all. A new atmosphere seemed suddenly to be puffed into the ancient edifice by her movement, which made Dick's body and soul tingle with novel sensations. Directed by Shinar the churchwarden she proceeded to the short aisle on the north side of the chancel, a spot now allotted to a throng of Sunday-school girls, and distinctly visible from the gallery front by looking under the curve of the furthermost arch on that side.

Before this moment the church had seemed comparatively empty — now it was thronged; and as Miss Fancy rose from her knees and looked around her for a permanent place in which to deposit herself, finally choosing the remotest corner, Dick began to breathe more freely the warm new air she had

brought with her; to feel rushings of blood, and to have impressions that there was a tie between her and himself visible to all the congregation.

Ever afterwards the young man could recollect individually each part of the service of that bright Christmas morning, and the minute occurrences which took place as its hours slowly drew along: the duties of that day dividing themselves by a complete line from the service of other times. The tunes they that morning essayed remained with him for years, apart from all others; also the text; also the appearance of the layer of dust upon the capitals of the piers; that the holly-bough in the chancel archway was hung a little out of the center — all the ideas, in short, that creep into the mind when reason is only exercising its lowest activity through the eye.

By chance or by fate, another young man who attended Mellstock Church on that Christmas morning had towards the end of the service the same instinctive perception of an interesting presence in the shape of the same bright maiden, though his emotion reached a far less developed stage. And there was this difference, too: that the person in question was surprised at his condition, and sedulously endeavored to reduce himself to his normal state of mind. He was the young vicar, Mr. Maybold.

SOCIABILITY IN THE MALT-HOUSE

From 'Far from the Madding Crowd'

GABRIEL'S nose was greeted by an atmosphere laden with the sweet smell of the new malt. The conversation (which seemed to have been concerning the origin of the fire) immediately ceased, and everyone ocularly criticized him to the degree expressed by contracting the flesh of their foreheads and looking at him with narrow eyelids, as if he had been a light too strong for their sight. Several exclaimed meditatively, after this operation had been completed: —

"Oh, 'tis the new shepherd, 'a b'lieve."

"We thought we heard a hand pawing about the door for the bobbin, but weren't sure 'twere not a dead leaf blowed across," said another. "Come in, shepherd; sure, ye be welcome, though we don't know yer name."

"Gabriel Oak, that's my name, neighbors."

The ancient maltster sitting in the midst turned at this — his turning being as the turning of a rusty crane.

"That's never Gable Oak's grandson over at Norcombe — never!" he said, as a formula expressive of surprise, which nobody was supposed for a moment to take literally.

"My father and my grandfather were old men of the name of Gabriel," said the shepherd placidly.

" Thought I knowed the man's face as I seed him on the rick! thought I did! And where be ye trading o't to now, shepherd? "

" I'm thinking of biding here," said Mr. Oak.

" Knowed yer grandfather for years and years! " continued the maltster, the words coming forth of their own accord as if the momentum previously imparted had been sufficient.

" Ah, and did you! "

" Knowed yer grandmother."

" And her too! "

" Likewise knowed yer father when he was a child. Why, my boy Jacob there and your father were sworn brothers — that they were, sure, weren't ye, Jacob? "

" Ay, sure," said his son, a young man about sixty-five, with a semi-bald head and one tooth in the left center of his upper jaw, which made much of itself by standing prominent, like a milestone in a bank. " But 'twas Joe had most to do with him. However, my son William must have knowed the very man afore us, didn't ye, Billy, afore ye left Norcombe? "

" No, 'twas Andrew," said Jacob's son Billy, a child of forty or thereabouts, who manifested the peculiarity of possessing a cheerful soul in a gloomy body, and whose whiskers were assuming a chinchilla shade here and there.

" I can mind Andrew," said Oak, " as being a man in the place when I was quite a child."

" Ay; the other day I and my youngest daughter Liddy were over at my grandson's christening," continued Billy. " We were talking about this very family, and 'twas only last Purification Day in this very world, when the use-money is gi'ed away to the second-best poor folk, you know, shepherd, and I can mind the day because they all had to traypse up to the vestry — yes, this very man's family."

" Come, shepherd, and drink. 'Tis gape and swaller with us — a drap of sommit, but not of much account," said the maltster, removing from the fire his eyes, which were vermilion red and bleared by gazing into it for so many years. " Take up the God-forgive-me, Jacob. See if 'tis warm, Jacob."

Jacob stooped to the God-forgive-me, which was a two-handled tall mug standing in the ashes, cracked and charred with heat: it was rather furred with extraneous matter about the outside, especially in the crevices of the handles, the innermost curves of which may not have seen daylight for several years by reason of this incrustation thereon — formed of ashes accidentally wetted with cider and baked hard; but to the mind of any sensible drinker the cup was no worse for that, being incontestably clean on the inside and about the rim. It may be observed that such a class of mug is called a God-forgive-me in Weatherbury and its vicinity for uncertain reasons; probably because its size makes any given toper feel ashamed of himself when he sees its bottom in drinking it empty.

Jacob, on receiving the order to see if the liquor was warm enough, placidly dipped his forefinger into it by way of thermometer, and having pronounced it nearly of the proper degree, raised the cup and very civilly attempted to dust some of the ashes from the bottom with the skirt of his smock-frock, because Shepherd Oak was a stranger.

" A clane cup for the shepherd," said the malster commandingly.

" No, not at all," said Gabriel, in a reproving tone of considerateness. " I never fuss about dirt in its pure state, and when I know what sort it is." Taking the mug, he drank an inch or more from the depths of its contents and duly passed it to the next man. " I wouldn't think of giving such trouble to neighbors in washing up when there is so much work to be done in the world already," continued Oak in a moister tone, after recovering from the stoppage of breath which is occasioned by pulls at large mugs.

" A right sensible man," said Jacob.

" True, true; it can't be gainsaid! " observed a brisk young man — Mark Clark by name, a genial and pleasant gentleman, whom to meet anywhere in your travels was to know, to know was to drink with, and to drink with was, unfortunately, to pay for.

" And here's a mouthful of bread and bacon that mis'ess have sent, shepherd. The cider will go down better with a bit of victuals. Don't ye chaw quite close, shepherd, for I let the bacon fall in the road outside as I was bringing it along, and maybe 'tis rather gritty. There, 'tis clane dirt; and we all know what that is, as you say, and you bain't a particular man, we see, shepherd."

" True, true; not at all," said the friendly Oak.

" Don't let your teeth quite meet, and you won't feel the sandiness at all. Ah! 'tis wonderful what can be done by contrivance! "

" My own mind exactly, neighbor."

" Ah, he's his grandfer's own grandson! his grandfer were just such a nice unparticular man! " said the maltster.

" Drink, Henry Fray, drink," magnanimously said Jan Coggan, a person who held Saint-Simonian notions of share and share alike where liquor was concerned, as the vessel showed signs of approaching him in its gradual revolution among them.

Having at this moment reached the end of a wistful gaze into mid-air, Henry did not refuse. He was a man of more than middle age, with eyebrows high up in his forehead, who laid it down that the law of the world was bad, with a long-suffering look through his listeners at the world alluded to, as it presented itself to his imagination. He always signed his name " Henery " — strenuously insisting upon that spelling; and if any passing schoolmaster ventured to remark that the second " e " was superfluous and old-fashioned, he received the reply that " H-e-n-e-r-y " was the name he was christened and the name he would stick to — in the tone of one to whom orthographical differences were matters which had a great deal to do with personal character.

Mr. Jan Coggan, who had passed the cup to Henery, was a crimson man with a spacious countenance and private glimmer in his eye, whose name had appeared on the marriage register of Weatherbury and neighboring parishes as best man and chief witness in countless unions of the previous twenty years; he also very frequently filled the post of head godfather in baptisms of the subtly jovial kind.

" Come, Mark Clark, come. Ther's plenty more in the barrel," said Jan.

" Ay, that I will; 'tis my only doctor," replied Mr. Clark, who, twenty years younger than Jan Coggan, revolved in the same orbit. He secreted mirth on all occasions for special discharge at popular parties.

" Why, Joseph Poorgrass, ye han't had a drop! " said Mr. Coggan to a self-conscious man in the background, thrusting the cup towards him.

" Such a modest man as he is! " said Jacob Smallbury. " Why, ye've hardly had strength of eye enough to look in our young mis'ess's face, so I hear, Joseph? "

All looked at Joseph Poorgrass with pitying reproach.

" No, I've hardly looked at her at all," simpered Joseph, reducing his body smaller whilst talking, apparently from a meek sense of undue prominence. " And when I seed her, 'twas nothing but blushes with me! "

" Poor feller," said Mr. Clark.

" 'Tis a curious nature for a man," said Jan Coggan.

" Yes," continued Joseph Poorgrass; his shyness, which was so painful as a defect, filling him with a mild complacency now that it was regarded as an interesting study. " 'Twere blush, blush, blush with me every minute of the time when she was speaking to me."

" I believe ye, Joseph Poorgrass, for we all know ye to be a very bashful man."

" 'Tis a' awkward gift for a man, poor soul," said the maltster. " And how long have ye suffered from it, Joseph? "

" Oh, ever since I was a boy. Yes, mother was concerned to her heart about it — yes. But 'twas all naught."

" Did ye ever go into the world to try and stop it, Joseph Poorgrass? "

" Oh ay, tried all sorts o' company. They took me to Greenhill Fair, and into a great large jerry-go-nimble show, where there were women-folk riding round — standing upon horses with hardly anything on but their smocks; but it didn't cure me a morsel. And then I was put errand-man at the Woman's Skittle Alley at the back of the Tailor's Arms in Casterbridge. 'Twas a horrible evil situation, and a very curious place for a good man. I had to stand and look ba'dy people in the face from morning till night; but 'twas no use — I was just as bad as ever after all. Blushes hev been in the family for generations. There, 'tis a happy Providence that I be no worse, and I feel the blessing."

" True," said Jacob Smallbury, deepening his thoughts to a profounder

view of the subject. " 'Tis a thought to look at, that ye might have been worse; but even as you be, 'tis a very bad affliction for ye, Joseph. For ye see, shepherd, though 'tis very well for a woman, dang it all, 'tis awkward for a man like him, poor feller." He appealed to the shepherd by a feeling glance.

" 'Tis, 'tis," said Gabriel, recovering from a meditation. " Yes, very awkward for the man."

" Ay, and he's very timid, too," observed Jan Coggan. " Once he had been working late at Yalbury Bottom, and had had a drap of drink, and lost his way as he was coming home along through Yalbury Wood, didn't ye, Master Poorgrass? "

" No, no, no; not that story! " expostulated the modest man, forcing a laugh to bury his concern.

" And so 'a lost himself quite," continued Mr. Coggan with an impassive face, implying that a true narrative, like time and tide, must run its course and would respect no man. " And as he was coming along in the middle of the night, much afeared, and not able to find his way out of the trees nohow, 'a cried out, ' Man-a-lost! man-a-lost! ' A owl in a tree happened to be crying ' Whoo-whoo-whoo! ' as owls do, you know, shepherd " (Gabriel nodded), " and Joseph all in a tremble said, ' Joseph Poorgrass of Weatherbury, sir! ' "

" No, no, now — that's too much! " said the timid man, becoming a man of brazen courage all of a sudden. " I didn't say *sir*. I'll take my oath I didn't say ' Joseph Poorgrass o' Weatherbury, sir.' No, no; what's right is right, and I never said sir to the bird, knowing very well that no man of a gentleman's rank would be hollering there at that time o' night. ' Joseph Poorgrass of Weatherbury ' — that's every word I said, and I shouldn't ha' said that if 't hadn't been for Keeper Day's metheglin. . . . There, 'twas a mericful thing it ended where it did."

The question of which was right being tacitly waived by the company, Jan went on meditatively: —

" And he's the fearfulest man, bain't ye, Joseph? Ay, another time ye were lost by Lambing-Down Gate, weren't ye, Joseph? "

" I was," replied Poorgrass, as if there were some conditions too serious even for modesty to remember itself under, this being one.

" Yes; that were the middle of the night, too. The gate would not open, try how he would, and knowing there was the Devil's hand in it, he kneeled down."

" Ay," said Joseph, acquiring confidence from the warmth of the fire, the cider, and a perception of the narrative capabilities of the experience alluded to. " My heart died within me, that time; but I kneeled down and said the Lord's Prayer, and then the Belief right through, and then the Ten Commandments, in earnest prayer. But no, the gate wouldn't open; and then I went on with *Dearly Beloved Brethren,* and thinks I, this makes four, and 'tis all I

know out of book, and if this don't do it nothing will, and I'm a lost man. Well, when I got to *Saying After Me,* I rose from my knees and found the gate would open — yes, neighbors, the gate opened the same as ever."

A meditation on the obvious inference was indulged in by all, and during its continuance each directed his vision into the ashpit, which glowed like a desert in the tropics under a vertical sun, shaping their eyes long and liny, partly because of the light, partly from the depth of the subject discussed.

Gabriel broke the silence. "What sort of a place is this to live at, and what sort of a mis'ess is she to work under?" Gabriel's bosom thrilled gently as he thus slipped under the notice of the assembly the innermost subject of his heart.

"We d' know little of her — nothing. She only showed herself a few days ago. Her uncle was took bad, and the doctor was called with his world-wide skill; but he couldn't save the man. As I take it, she's going to keep on the farm."

"That's about the shape o't, 'a b'lieve," said Jan Coggan. "Ay, 'tis a very good family. I'd as soon be under 'em as under one here and there. Her uncle was a very fair sort of man. Did ye know en, shepherd — a bachelor man?"

"Not at all."

"I used to go to his house a-courting my first wife Charlotte, who was his dairymaid. Well, a very good-hearted man were farmer Everdene, and I being a respectable young fellow was allowed to call and see her and drink as much ale as I liked, but not to carry away any — outside my skin I mane, of course."

"Ay, ay, Jan Coggan; we know yer maning."

"And so, you see, 'twas beautiful ale, and I wished to value his kindness as much as I could, and not to be so ill-mannered as to drink only a thimbleful, which would have been insulting the man's generosity — "

"True, Master Coggan, 'twould so," corroborated Mark Clark.

"— And so I used to eat a lot of salt fish afore going, and then by the time I got there I were as dry as a lime-basket — so thorough dry that that ale would slip down — ah, 'twould slip down sweet! Happy times! heavenly times! Such lovely drunks as I used to have at that house! You can mind, Jacob? You used to go wi' me sometimes."

"I can, I can," said Jacob. "That one, too, that we had at Buck's Head on a White Monday was a pretty tipple."

"'Twas. But for a drunk of really a noble class, that brought you no nearer to the Dark Man than you were afore you begun, there was none like those in farmer Everdene's kitchen. Not a single damn allowed; no, not a bare poor one, even at the most cheerful moment when all were blindest, though the good old word of sin thrown in here and there at such times is a great relief to a merry soul."

"True," said the maltster. "Nater requires her swearing at the regular times, or she's not herself; and unholy exclamations is a necessity of life." . . .

Gabriel thought fit to change the subject. "You must be a very aged man, malter, to have sons growed up so old and ancient," he remarked.

"Father's so old that 'a can't mind his age, can ye, father?" interposed Jacob. "And he's growed terrible crooked, too, lately," Jacob continued, surveying his father's figure, which was rather more bowed than his own. "Really, one may say that father there is three-double."

"Crooked folk will last a long while," said the malster grimly, and not in the best humor.

"Shepherd would like to hear the pedigree of yer life, father — wouldn't ye, shepherd?"

"Ay, that I should," said Gabriel, with the heartiness of a man who had longed to hear it for several months. "What may your age be, malter?"

The malster cleared his throat in an exaggerated form for emphasis, and elongating his gaze to the remotest point of the ash-pit said, in the slow speech justifiable when the importance of a subject is so generally felt that any mannerism must be tolerated in getting at it: —

"Well, I don't mind the year I were born in, but perhaps I can reckon up the places I've lived at, and so get it that way. I bode at Upper Longpuddle across there" (nodding to the north) "till I were eleven. I bode seven at Kingsbere" (nodding to the east), "where I took to malting. I went therefrom to Norcombe, and malted there two-and-twenty years, and two-and-twenty years I was there turnip-hoeing and harvesting. Ah, I knowed that old place Norcombe, years afore you were thought of, Master Oak" (Oak smiled a corroboration of the fact). "Then I malted at Durnover four year, and four year turnip-hoeing; and I was fourteen times eleven months at Millpond St. Jude's" (nodding north-west-by-north). "Old Twills wouldn't hire me for more than eleven months at a time, to keep me from being chargeable to the parish if so be I was disabled. Then I was three year at Mellstock, and I've been here one-and-thirty year come Candlemas. How much is that?"

"Hundred and seventeen," chuckled another old gentleman, given to mental arithmetic and little conversation, who had hitherto sat unobserved in a corner.

"Well then, that's my age," said the maltster emphatically.

"Oh no, father!" said Jacob. "Your turnip-hoeing were in the summer and your malting in the winter of the same years, and ye don't ought to count both halves, father."

"Chok' it all! I lived through the summers, didn't I? That's my question. I suppose ye'll say next I be no age at all to speak of?"

"Sure we sha'n't," said Gabriel soothingly.

"Ye be a very old aged person, malter," attested Jan Coggan, also soothingly. "We all know that, and ye must have a wonderful talented constitution to be able to live so long, mustn't he, neighbors?"

"True, true; ye must, malter, wonderful," said the meeting unanimously.

The maltster, being now pacified, was even generous enough to voluntarily

disparage in a slight degree the virtue of having lived a great many years, by mentioning that the cup they were drinking out of was three years older than he.

While the cup was being examined, the end of Gabriel Oak's flute became visible over his smock-frock pocket, and Henery Fray exclaimed, " Surely, shepherd, I seed you blowing into a great flute by now at Casterbridge? "

" You did," said Gabriel, blushing faintly. " I've been in great trouble, neighbors, and was driven to it. I used not to be so poor as I be now."

" Never mind, heart! " said Mark Clark. " You should take it careless-like, shepherd, and your time will come. But we could thank ye for a tune, if ye bain't too tired."

" Neither drum nor trumpet have I heard this Christmas," said Jan Coggan. " Come, raise a tune, Master Oak! "

" Ay, that I will," said Gabriel readily, pulling out his flute and putting it together. " A poor tool, neighbors; but such as I can do ye shall have and welcome."

Oak then struck up ' Jockey to the Fair,' and played that sparkling melody three times through, accenting the notes in the third round in a most artistic and lively manner by bending his body in small jerks and tapping with his foot to beat time.

" He can blow the flute very well, that 'a can," said a young married man, who, having no individuality worth mentioning, was known as " Susan Tall's husband." He continued admiringly, " I'd as lief as not be able to blow into a flute as well as that."

" He's a clever man, and 'tis a true comfort for us to have such a shepherd," murmured Joseph Poorgrass in a soft cadence. " We ought to feel real thanksgiving that he's not a player of ba'dy songs instead of these merry tunes; for 'twould have been just as easy for God to have made the shepherd a loose low man — a man of iniquity, so to speak it — as what he is. Yes, for our wives' and daughters' sakes we should feel real thanksgiving."

" True, true — real thanksgiving! " dashed in Mark Clark conclusively, not feeling it to be of any consequence to his opinion that he had only heard about a word and three-quarters of what Joseph had said.

" Yes," added Joseph, beginning to feel like a man in the Bible; " for evil do thrive so in these times, that ye may be as much deceived in the clanest shaved and whitest shirted man as in the raggedest tramp upon the turnpike, if I may term it so."

" Ay, I can mind yer face now, shepherd," said Henery Fray, criticizing Gabriel with misty eyes as he entered upon his second tune. " Yes, now I see ye blowing into the flute I know ye to be the same man I see play at Casterbridge, for yer mouth were scrimped up and yer eyes a-staring out like a strangled man's — just as they be now."

" 'Tis a pity that playing the flute should make a man look such a scare-

crow," observed Mr. Mark Clark, with additional criticism of Gabriel's countenance, the latter person jerking out, with the ghastly grimace required by the instrument, the chorus of 'Dame Durden': —

'Twas Moll′ and Bet′, and Doll′ and Kate′,
And Dor′-othy Drag′-gle-Tail′.

"I hope you don't mind that young man Mark Clark's bad manners in naming your features?" whispered Joseph to Gabriel privately.

"Not at all," said Mr. Oak.

"For by nature ye be a very handsome man, shepherd," continued Joseph Poorgrass, with winning suavity.

"Ay, that ye be, shepherd," said the company.

"Thank you very much," said Oak, in the modest tone good manners demanded; thinking, however, that he would never let Bathsheba see him playing the flute.

EGDON HEATH

From 'The Return of the Native'

A SATURDAY afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight and the vast tract of unenclosed wild known as Egdon Heath embrowned itself moment by moment. Overhead the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was as a tent which had the whole heath for its floor.

The heaven being spread with this pallid screen and the earth with the darkest vegetation, their meeting-line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such contrast the heath wore the appearance of an instalment of night which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come; darkness had to a great extent arrived hereon, while day stood distinct in the sky. Looking upwards, a furze-cutter would have been inclined to continue work; looking down, he would have decided to finish his fagot and go home. The distant rims of the world and of the firmament seemed to be a division in time no less than a division in matter. The face of the heath by its mere complexion added half an hour to evening; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread.

In fact, precisely at this transitional point of its nightly roll into darkness the great and particular glory of the Egdon waste began, and nobody could be said to understand the heath who had not been there at such a time. It could best be felt when it could not clearly be seen, its complete effect and explanation lying in this and the succeeding hours before the next dawn: then,

and only then, did it tell its true tale. The spot was, indeed, a near relation of night, and when night showed itself an apparent tendency to gravitate together could be perceived in its shades and the scene. The somber stretch of rounds and hollows seemed to rise and meet the evening gloom in pure sympathy, the heath exhaling darkness as rapidly as the heavens precipitated it. And so the obscurity in the air and the obscurity in the land closed together in a black fraternization towards which each advanced half-way.

The place became full of a watchful intentness now; for when other things sank brooding to sleep the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had waited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through the crisis of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis — the final overthrow.

It was a spot which returned upon the memory of those who loved it with an aspect of peculiar and kindly congruity. Smiling champaigns of flowers and fruit hardly do this, for they are permanently harmonious only with an existence of better reputation as to its issues than the present. Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which frequently invest the façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade of a palace double its size lent to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for beauty of the accepted kind are utterly wanting. Fair prospects wed happily with fair times; but alas, if times be not fair! Men have oftener suffered from the mockery of a place too smiling for their reason than from the oppression of surroundings oversadly tinged. Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learnt emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming and fair.

Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new Vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule; human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a somberness distasteful to our race when it was young. The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking among mankind. And ultimately, to the commonest tourist, spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle-gardens of South Europe are to him now; and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand-dunes of Scheveningen.

The most thoroughgoing ascetic could feel that he had a natural right to wander on Egdon; he was keeping within the line of legitimate indulgence when he laid himself open to influences such as these. Colors and beauties so far subdued were, at least, the birthright of all. Only in summer days of highest feather did its mood touch the level of gaiety. Intensity was more usually

reached by way of the solemn than by way of the brilliant, and such a sort of intensity was often arrived at during winter darkness, tempests, and mists. Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity; for the storm was its lover, and the wind its friend. Then it became the home of strange phantoms; and it was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream till revived by scenes like this.

It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man's nature — neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly; neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted and enduring; and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have long lived apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

This obscure, obsolete, superseded country figures in Domesday. Its condition is recorded therein as that of heathy, furzy, briery wilderness — "Bruaria." Then follows the length and breadth in leagues; and, though some uncertainty exists as to the exact extent of this ancient lineal measure, it appears from the figures that the area of Egdon down to the present day has but little diminished. "Turbaria Bruaria" — the right of cutting heath-turf — occurs in charters relating to the district. "Overgrown with heth and mosse," says Leland of the same dark sweep of country.

Here at least were intelligible facts regarding landscape — far-reaching proofs productive of genuine satisfaction. The untamable, Ishmaelitish thing that Egdon now was it always had been. Civilization was its enemy; and ever since the beginning of vegetation its soil had worn the same antique brown dress, the natural and invariable garment of the particular formation. In its venerable one coat lay a certain vein of satire on human vanity in clothes. A person on a heath in raiment of modern cut and colors has more or less an anomalous look. We seem to want the oldest and simplest human clothing where the clothing of the earth is so primitive.

To recline on a stump of thorn in the central valley of Egdon, between afternoon and night, as now, where the eye could reach nothing of the world outside the summits and shoulders of heathland which filled the whole circumference of its glance, and to know that everything around and underneath had been from prehistoric times as unaltered as the stars overhead, gave ballast to the mind adrift on change, and harassed by the irrepressible New. The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim. Who can say of a particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in a day, or in an hour. The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers, the villages, and the people changed, yet Egdon remained. Those surfaces were neither so steep as to be destructible by weather, nor so flat as to be the victims of floods and deposits. With the

exception of an aged highway, and a still more aged barrow presently to be referred to — themselves almost crystallized to natural products by long continuance — even the trifling irregularities were not caused by pickaxe, plow, or spade, but remained as the very finger-touches of the last geological change.

The above-mentioned highway traversed the lower levels of the heath, from one horizon to another. In many portions of its course it overlaid an old vicinal way, which branched from the great Western road of the Romans, the Via Iceniana, or Ikenild Street, hard by. On the evening under consideration it would have been noticed that, though the gloom had increased sufficiently to confuse the minor features of the heath, the white surface of the road remained almost as clear as ever.

QUEEN OF NIGHT

From 'The Return of the Native'

EUSTACIA VYE was the raw material of a divinity. On Olympus she would have done well with a little preparation. She had the passions and instincts which make a model goddess, that is, those which make not quite a model woman. Had it been possible for the earth and mankind to be entirely in her grasp for a while, had she handled the distaff, the spindle, and the shears at her own free will, few in the world would have noticed the change of government. There would have been the same inequality of lot, the same heaping up of favors here, of contumely there, the same generosity before justice, the same perpetual dilemmas, the same captious alternation of caresses and blows that we endure now.

She was in person full-limbed and somewhat heavy; without ruddiness, as without pallor; and soft to the touch as a cloud. To see her hair was to fancy that a whole winter did not contain darkness enough to form its shadow: it closed over her forehead like nightfall extinguishing the western glow.

Her nerves extended into those tresses, and her temper could always be softened by stroking them down. When her hair was brushed she would instantly sink into stillness and look like the Sphinx. If, in passing under one of the Egdon banks, any of its thick skeins were caught, as they sometimes were, by a prickly tuft of the large *Ulex Europæus* — which will act as a sort of hairbrush — she would go back a few steps, and pass against it a second time.

She had Pagan eyes, full of nocturnal mysteries. Their light, as it came and went, and came again, was partially hampered by their oppressive lids and lashes; and of these the under lid was much fuller than it usually is with English women. This enabled her to indulge in reverie without seeming to do

so: she might have been believed capable of sleeping without closing them up. Assuming that the souls of men and women were visible essences, you could fancy the color of Eustacia's soul to be flame-like. The sparks from it that rose into her dark pupils gave the same impression.

The mouth seemed formed less to speak than to quiver, less to quiver than to kiss. Some might have added, less to kiss than to curl. Viewed sideways, the closing-line of her lips formed, with almost geometric precision, the curve so well known in the arts of design as the *cima-recta,* or ogee. The sight of such a flexible bend as that on grim Egdon was quite an apparition. It was felt at once that that mouth did not come over from Sleswig with a band of Saxon pirates whose lips met like the two halves of a muffin. One had fancied that such lip-curves were mostly lurking underground in the South as fragments of forgotten marbles. So fine were the lines of her lips that, though full, each corner of her mouth was as clearly cut as the point of a spear. This keenness of corner was only blunted when she was given over to sudden fits of gloom, one of the phases of the night-side of sentiment which she knew too well for her years.

Her presence brought memories of such things as Bourbon roses, rubies, and tropical midnights; her moods recalled lotus eaters and the march in 'Athalie'; her motions, the ebb and flow of the sea; her voice, the viola. In a dim light, and with a slight rearrangement of her hair, her general figure might have stood for that of either of the higher female deities. The new moon behind her head, an old helmet upon it, a diadem of accidental dewdrops round her brow, would have been adjuncts sufficient to strike the note of Artemis, Athena, or Hera respectively, with as close an approximation to the antique as that which passes muster on many respected canvases.

But celestial imperiousness, love, wrath, and fervor had proved to be somewhat thrown away on netherward Egdon. Her power was limited, and the consciousness of this limitation had biased her development. Egdon was her Hades, and since coming there she had imbibed much of what was dark in its tone, though inwardly and eternally unreconciled thereto. Her appearance accorded well with this smoldering rebelliousness and the shady splendor of her beauty was the real surface of the sad and stifled warmth within her. A true Tartarean dignity sat upon her brow, and not factitiously or with marks of constraint, for it had grown in her with years.

Across the upper part of her head she wore a thin fillet of black velvet, restraining the luxuriance of her shady hair, in a way which added much to this class of majesty by irregularly clouding her forehead. "Nothing can embellish a beautiful face more than a narrow band drawn over the brow," says Richter. Some of the neighboring girls wore colored ribbon for the same purpose, and sported metallic ornaments elsewhere; but if anyone suggested colored ribbon and metallic ornaments to Eustacia Vye she laughed and went on.

Why did a woman of this sort live on Egdon Heath? Budmouth was her native place, a fashionable seaside resort at that date. She was the daughter of the bandmaster of a regiment which had been quartered there — a Corfiote by birth, and a fine musician — who met his future wife during her trip thither with her father the captain, a man of good family. The marriage was scarcely in accord with the old man's wishes, for the bandmaster's pockets were as light as his occupation. But the musician did his best; adopted his wife's name, made England permanently his home, took great trouble with his child's education, the expenses of which were defrayed by the grandfather, and throve as the chief local musician till her mother's death, when he left off thriving, drank, and died also. The girl was left to the care of her grandfather, who, since three of his ribs became broken in a shipwreck, had lived in this airy perch on Egdon, a spot which had taken his fancy because the house was to be had for next to nothing, and because a remote blue tinge on the horizon between the hills, visible from the cottage door, was traditionally believed to be the English Channel. She hated the change; she felt like one banished; but here she was forced to abide.

Thus it happened that in Eustacia's brain were juxtaposed the strangest assortment of ideas, from old time and from new. There was no middle distance in her perspective: romantic recollections of sunny afternoons on an esplanade, with military bands, officers, and gallants around, stood like gilded letters upon the dark tablet of surrounding Egdon. Every bizarre effect that could result from the random intertwining of watering-place glitter with the grand solemnity of a heath, was to be found in her. Seeing nothing of human life now, she imagined all the more of what she had seen.

Where did her dignity come from? By a latent vein from Alcinous' line, her father hailing from Phæacia's isle? — or from Fitzalan and De Vere, her maternal grandfather having had a cousin in the peerage? Perhaps it was the gift of Heaven — a happy convergence of natural laws. Among other things opportunity had of late years been denied her of learning to be undignified, for she lived lonely. Isolation on a heath renders vulgarity well-nigh impossible. It would have been as easy for the heath-ponies, bats, and snakes to be vulgar as for her. A narrow life in Budmouth might have completely demeaned her.

The only way to look queenly without realms or hearts to queen it over is to look as if you had lost them; and Eustacia did that to a triumph. In the captain's cottage she could suggest mansions she had never seen. Perhaps that was because she frequented a vaster mansion than any of them, the open hills. Like the summer condition of the place around her, she was an embodiment of the phrase, "a populous solitude" — apparently so listless, void, and quiet, she was really busy and full.

To be loved to madness — such was her great desire. Love was to her the one cordial which could drive away the eating loneliness of her days. And she

seemed to long for the abstraction called passionate love more than for any particular lover.

She could show a most reproachful look at times, but it was directed less against human beings than against certain creatures of her mind, the chief of these being Destiny, through whose interference she dimly fancied it arose that love alighted only on gliding youth — that any love she might win would sink simultaneously with the sand in the glass. She thought of it with an ever-growing consciousness of cruelty, which tended to breed actions of reckless unconventionality, framed to snatch a year's, a week's, even an hour's passion from anywhere while it could be won. Through want of it she had sung without being merry, possessed without enjoying, outshone without triumphing. Her loneliness deepened her desire. On Egdon, coldest and meanest kisses were at famine prices; and where was a mouth matching hers to be found?

Fidelity in love for fidelity's sake had less attraction for her than for most women: fidelity because of love's grip had much. A blaze of love, and extinction, was better than a lantern glimmer of the same which should last long years. On this head she knew by prevision what most women learn only by experience: she had mentally walked round love, told the towers thereof, considered its palaces; and concluded that love was but a doleful joy. Yet she desired it, as one in a desert would be thankful for brackish water.

She often repeated her prayers; not at particular times, but, like the unaffectedly devout, when she desired to pray. Her prayer was always spontaneous, and often ran, "O deliver my heart from this fearful gloom and loneliness: send me great love from somewhere, else I shall die."

Her high gods were William the Conqueror, Strafford, and Napoleon Bonaparte, as they had appeared in the Lady's History used at the establishment in which she was educated. Had she been a mother she would have christened her boys such names as Saul or Sisera in preference to Jacob or David, neither of whom she admired. At school she had used to side with the Philistines, in several battles, and had wondered if Pontius Pilate were as handsome as he was frank and fair.

Thus she was a girl of some forwardness of mind; indeed, weighed in relation to her situation among the very rearward of thinkers, very original. Her instincts towards social nonconformity were at the root of this. In the matter of holidays, her mood was that of horses who, when turned out to grass, enjoy looking upon their kind at work on the highway. She only valued rest to herself when it came in the midst of other people's labor. Hence she hated Sundays, when all was at rest, and often said they would be the death of her. To see the heathmen in their Sunday condition, that is, with their hands in their pockets, their boots newly oiled, and not laced up (a particularly Sunday sign), walking leisurely among the turves and furze-fagots they had cut during the week, and kicking them critically as if their use were unknown, was a fearful heaviness to her. To relieve the tedium of this untimely day she

would overhaul the cupboards containing her grandfather's old charts and other rubbish, humming Saturday-night ballads of the country people the while. But on Saturday nights she would frequently sing a psalm, and it was always on a week-day that she read the Bible, that she might be unoppressed with a sense of doing her duty.

Such views of life were to some extent the natural begettings of her situation upon her nature. To dwell on a heath without studying its meanings was like wedding a foreigner without learning his tongue. The subtle beauties of the heath were lost to Eustacia; she only caught its vapors. An environment which would have made a contented woman a poet, a suffering woman a devotee, a pious woman a psalmist, even a giddy woman thoughtful, made a rebellious woman saturnine.

HARDY'S POETRY

Although Hardy's preoccupation with the "visible dilemma" of the universe found its earliest expression in lyrics, it was only after the completion of the novels that he began, with the publication of 'Wessex Poems' in 1898, to win his reputation as a poet. In the last thirty years of his life he devoted himself to lyric verse and to the colossal epic-drama, 'The Dynasts.'

The value of Hardy's lyrics is the value of a dignified, sincere, apt, and often felicitous expression of an interesting mind. They are neither conceived by a powerful imagination nor executed by a master of diction. We miss in them the novelist's imaginative treatment of nature. The poet sees in nature only more disheartening hatreds and rivalries than among men. Its message is that of 'Yellham Woods,' "Life offers — to deny." He cannot escape the domination of a scientific formula, although in 'The Darkling Thrush' he almost attains to a poet's freedom.

The metaphysical background of the novels gains clearness and cohesion in the poems and receives its most comprehensive formation in 'The Dynasts.' The representation of the unequal struggle between individuals and the force of destiny — if struggle it may be called when material determinism controls the outcome — is repeated in numerous poems of incident or emotion which reveal, sometimes with a delicate sympathy, sometimes with irony, the poet's pity for mankind. 'In Time of the Breaking of Nations' is characteristic of his gentler mood:

> Yonder a maid and her wight
> Come whispering by.
> War's annals will fade into night
> Ere their story die.

The chief concern of the lyrics, however, is to express the poet's personal sense of the "rote-restricted ways" of life. The futile hopes, the lost chances, the vain regrets and dreams are all his own. He communes with phantoms and they show him the "sad, seared face" of life. He himself has slowly died and guards at best a fading memory for "sick life's antidote." He does not rebel. He forgives Blight and Death because they are, like himself, the slaves of Destiny. His mood is too passive to be called despair. He even dares to think, when the bird flings her song upon the gloom where there was "so little cause for caroling" that there may be

> Some blessed hope whereof she knew
> And I was unaware.

There are moments of light and grace in this somber verse, as in 'Shelley's Skylark' and 'When I set out for Lyonnesse'; stories are sometimes told in a whimsical vein, as in 'Lizbie Browne'; and in some of his later lyrics he seems to have grown less "old in apathy" and to have acquired a more serene outlook as well as a surer touch.

'At a Lunar Eclipse' represents Hardy's prevailing mood and forecasts the metaphysic of 'The Dynasts.' "The curving line of imperturbable serenity" cast by the earth upon the moon excites wonder that "continents of moil and misery" can but "throw so small a shade."

'The Dynasts, a Drama of the Napoleonic Wars' is conceived on a vast scale. It is more than a chronicle play. By the audacity of its plan it challenges comparison with Æschylean trilogy. Yet it throws aside the restraints of all drama, ancient or modern. It has the range of the great epics, and it attempts to do for the "modern cosmogony" what Milton did for the Hebraic. But it is not "an epic with Napoleon for its superman." Its chief purpose is to show that the rôle of demigod is "a part past playing now." Nor is it, as has been said, a "drama of nations." Except for slight touches, like the rage of Prussia, there is no characterization of any of the "wan, weltering nations," not even of France, to compensate for the lack of psychology in the treatment of Napoleon. 'The Dynasts' was obliged to dispense with both. What it does instead is to treat the chronicle of events, the whole sweeping current of the ten-years' period between Napoleon's crowning at Milan and his defeat at Waterloo, as a symbolization of the poet's metaphysical conception of the universe. The drama becomes a vast moving-picture spectacle, three volumes long, with an audience of supernatural spirits who make their comments as the reel unwinds. These spirits, being conceived as emanations of the mind, express the meaning of events. Yet that mind itself, like the actors on the screen, is a figment of material energy.

The splendid setting of the play is announced in the Forescene. The Spirit of the Pities and the Spirit of the Ironies, standing in general for the optimists

and the pessimists, are discussing the state of Europe, with Napoleon ready to invade England, when the Spirit of the Years, who is the upholder of hard fact, bids them watch the spectacle and "count as framework to the stagery Yon architraves of sunbeam-smitten cloud." After which, "The nether sky opens and Europe is disclosed as a prone and emaciated figure, the Alps shaping like a backbone and the branching mountains like ribs, the peninsular plateau forming a head. Broad and lengthy lowlands stretch from the north of France across Russia like a gray-green garment hemmed by the Ural Mountains and the glistening Arctic Ocean."

The "key-scene of the whole" is then laid bare: "A new and penetrating light enduing men and things with a seeming transparency exhibits the organism of life and movement in all humanity and vitalized matter."

The action begins at length with a realistic scene designed to reveal the meaning of "this Corsican mischief" to the inhabitants of the coast of Wessex, where the landing of Napoleon's troops is hourly expected. From the rustics of the heath to the French admiral who says, "An emperor's chide is a command to die," the power of the "Mighty Futility" is reflected in people of every class and country. Through a bewildering succession of scenes in which the men and women of the streets, the toilers and the fighters, play their parts along with the rulers, the statesmen, generals, and queens, while the reader is swept from sea to sea, over broad plains where armies crawl like caterpillars, across rivers that wind like ribands or plunge in torrents as the view is from near or far, into ball-rooms and parliament house and tents and hovels, on the fields of great historic battles or in the thick of sea-fights — through a stupendous variety of incident and scenery a certain unity is maintained by the continued portrayal of the effect of Napoleon's character upon the individuals of the multitude.

The scattered episodes are further united by the action of the chorus, who gather them into symbolic cohesion involving them in one universal force, the Will that has no volition.

> So the Will heaves through Space and molds the times
> With mortals for its fingers. We shall see
> Again men's passions, virtues, visions, crimes,
> Obey resistlessly
> The purposive, unmotived, dominant Thing
> Which sways in brooding dark their wayfaring.

For this gain in unity there is a corresponding loss. Near the beginning, one spirit tells another to imagine for a while that men are responsible for their acts. If this illusion — so valuable for Art — could have been maintained the story would have been more interesting. But it is quickly dispelled; and whenever we become interested in a possible choice of action — as when Napoleon

is reminded of his compact with Liberty — we are told at once that no choice is possible. Moreover, Napoleon is commended for understanding this fact. It enables him to justify himself on all occasions — to Josephine, for example. What might have seemed cowardice becomes a virtue! His remorse, therefore, as typified by his vision of the Duc d'Enghien and the skeletons, has no deep significance.

The "whirlwind of the Will" entails another loss. Nothing is more praiseworthy in 'The Dynasts' than the sense of wide horizons, of unrestricted motion and swift change. Yet the constant insistence upon the "predestined plot" cramps the space and imparts rigidity to the whole. Hardy attempted to relieve this rigidity by the repeated suggestion that the power he calls "It" may one day wake to consciousness. At the close of the Afterscene, the Pities chant the hymn they would have sung if things had been as they are not:

> To Thee whose eye all Nature owns,
> Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones
> And liftest those of low estate,
> We sing, with Her men consecrate.

And then we have this total breaking away from the main theme:

> But a stirring fills the air
> Like to sounds of joyance there
> That the rages
> Of the ages
> Shall be canceled and deliverance offered from the darts that were;
> Consciousness the Will informing till It fashion all things fair.

The end is out of harmony with a plan designed to make clear "the intolerable antilogy of making figments feel." The outcome on the human side is more fittingly expressed: —

> Yet it is but Napoleon who has failed.
> The pale, pathetic peoples still plod on
> Through hoodwinkings to light.

Hardy's treatment of the "pale, pathetic peoples" is more impressive than his treatment of the dynasts. His beacon-keepers and effigy-burners are vital human beings, not related to the "economy of vitality," and they are more real than his kings and diplomats. But when one considers the tragedy of the novels, one understands why Hardy chose Napoleon as the symbol of the tragic reality in the scheme of things. The greatest of puppets, he is of those who "wade across the world to make an epoch" and are in truth,

Like meanest insects on obscurest leaves
But incidents and tools of earth's unfolding
Or as the brazen rod that stirs the fire
Because it must.

He is an ignoble figure from the first. "His gait is defiant rather than dignified and a bluish pallor overspreads his face." Pitt said, after Austerlitz,

Realms, laws, peoples, dynasties
Are churning to a pulp within the maw
Of empire-making lust and personal gain.

Only in his collapse at the end is there a touch of the heroic: —

Most men are meteors that consume themselves
To light the earth. This is my burnt-out hour.

There was needed a mighty singer for so great a venture as 'The Dynasts.' Hardy is at his best in the prose descriptions. His panorama is unforgettable. He has created also a sweep of action that carries one through masses of detail and much indifferent blank verse. He has given us many scenes of great power. And his treatment of the elements of warfare is remarkable. The human elements are all there, the most sordid and the most heroic, and the natural elements as well. The most beautiful lyrical passage is the Chorus that chants, above Waterloo, the consternation of all living things at the welter of war.

GERTRUDE E. T. SLAUGHTER

FROM 'THE DYNASTS'

Act VII, Scene vii

[*The scene is the English position amid the din of battle at Waterloo, the commander of the English forces, the* Duke of Wellington, *being discovered near the middle of the line, surrounded by his staff officers,* Uxbridge, Hill, De Lancey, Gordon, *and others. The end of the eventful day has almost come; the English lines have stood firm under the repeated attacks of the French cavalry, but the issue seems still doubtful. Above the stricken field hover the aërial* Spirits *who comment upon the course of events and their significance.*]

SPIRIT OF RUMOR

IT is a moment when the steadiest pulse
Thuds pit-a-pat. The crisis shapes and nears
For Wellington as for his counter-chief.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

The hour is shaking him, unshakable
As he may seem!

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

Know'st not at this stale time
That shaken and unshaken are alike
But demonstrations from the Back of Things?
Must I again reveal It as It hauls
The halyards of the world?

[*A transparency as in earlier scenes again pervades the spectacle, and the ubiquitous urging of the Immanent Will becomes visualized. The web connecting all the apparently separate shapes includes Wellington in its tissue with the rest, and shows him, like them, as acting while discovering his intention to act. By the lurid light the faces of every row, square, group, and column of men, French and English, wear the expression of that of people in a dream.*]

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES [*tremulously*]

Yea, Sire; I see.
Disquiet me, pray, no more!

[*The strange light passes, and the embattled hosts on the field seem to move independently as usual.*]

Wellington [*to Uxbridge*]. Manœuvering does not seem to animate
Napoléon's methods here. Forward he comes,
And pounds away on us in the ancient style,
Till he is driven back in the ancient style;
And so the see-saw sways!

[*The din increases. Wellington's aide-de-camp, Sir A. Gordon, a little in his rear, falls mortally wounded. The Duke turns quickly.*]

But where is Gordon?
Ah — hit is he! That's bad, that's bad, by God.

[*Gordon is removed. An aide enters.*]

Aide. Your Grace, the Colonel Ompteda has fallen,
And La Haye Sainte is now one pool of blood.
Nothing more can be done there, save with help.
The Rifles suffer sharply!

[*An aide is seen coming from Kempt.*]

Wellington. What says he?
De Lancey. He says that Kempt being riddled through and thinned,
Sends him for reinforcements.
Wellington [*with heat*]. Reinforcements?
And where am I to get him reinforcements
In God's name! I've no reinforcements here,
As he should know.
Aide [*hesitating*]. What's to be done, your Grace?
Wellington. Done? Those he has left him, be they many or few,
Fight till they fall, like others in the field!

[*Exit Aide.*]

[*The Quartermaster-General De Lancey, riding by Wellington, is struck by a lobbing shot that hurls him over the head of his horse. Wellington and others go to him.*]

De Lancey [*faintly*]. I may as well be left to die in peace!
Wellington. He may recover. Take him to the rear,
And call the best attention up to him.

[*De Lancey is carried off. The next moment a shell bursts close to Wellington.*]

Hill [*approaching*]. I strongly feel you stand too much exposed!
Wellington. I know, I know. It matters not one damn!
I may as well be shot as not perceive
What ills are raging here.
Hill. Conceding such,
And as you may be ended momently,
A truth there is no blinking, what commands
Have you to leave me, should fate will it so?
Wellington. These simply: to hold out to the last,
As long as one man stands on one lame leg
With one ball in his pouch! — then end as I.

[*He rides on slowly with the others. Ney's charges, though fruitless so far, are still fierce. His troops are now reduced to one-half. Regiments of the Bachelu division, and the Jamin brigade, are at last moved up to his assistance. They are partly swept down by the Allied batteries, and partly notched away by the infantry, the smoke being now so thick that the position of the battalions is revealed only by the flashing of the priming-pans and muzzles, and by the furious oaths heard behind the cloud. Wellington comes back.*]

[*Enter another aide-de-camp.*]

Aide. We bow to the necessity of saying
That our brigade is lessened to one-third,
Your Grace. And those who are left alive of it
Are so exhausted with fatigue and thirst
That some relief, however temporary,
Becomes sore need.
Wellington. Inform your general
That his proposal asks the impossible!
That he, I, every Englishman afield,
Must fall upon the spot we occupy,
Our wounds in front.
Aide. It is enough, your Grace.
I answer for't that he, those under him,
And I withal, will bear us as you say.

[*Exit Aide.*]

[*The din of battle goes on. Wellington is grave but calm. Like those around him, he is splashed to the top of his hat with partly dried mire, mingled with red spots; his face is soiled in the same way, little courses showing themselves where the sweat has trickled down from his brow and temples.*]

An Officer [*to Hill*]. A rest would do our chieftain no less good,
In faith, than that unfortunate brigade!
He is tried damnably; and much more strained
Than I have ever seen him.
Hill. Endless risks
He's running likewise. What the hell would happen
If he were shot, is more than I can say!
Wellington [*calling to some near*]. At Talavera, Salamanca, boys,
And at Vitoria, we saw smoke together.
And though the day seems wearing doubtfully,
Beaten we must not be! What would they say
Of us at home, if so?
A Cry [*from the French*]. Their center breaks!
Vive l'Empereur!

[*It comes from the Foy and Bachelu divisions, which are rushing forward. Halkett's and Duplat's brigades intercept. Duplat falls, shot dead; but the venturesome French regiments, pierced with converging fires, and cleft with shells, have to retreat.*]

Hill [*rejoining Wellington*]. The French artillery-fire
To the right, still renders regiments restive there
That have to stand. The long exposure galls them.
Wellington. They must be stayed as our poor means afford.
I have to bend attention steadfastly
Upon the center here. The game just now
Goes all against us; and if stanchness fail
But for one moment with these thinning foot,
Defeat succeeds!

[*The battle continues to sway hither and thither with concussions, wounds, smoke, the fumes of gunpowder, and the steam from the hot viscera of grape-torn horses and men. One side of a Hanoverian square is blown away; the three remaining sides form themselves into a triangle. So many of his aides are cut down that it is difficult for Wellington to get reports of what is happening afar. It begins to be discovered at the front that a regiment of hussars, and others without ammunition, have deserted, and that some officers in the rear, honestly concluding the battle to be lost, are riding quietly off to Brussels. Those who are left unwounded of Wellington's staff show gloomy misgivings at such signs, despite their own firmness.*]

SPIRIT SINISTER

One needs must be a ghost
To move here in the midst 'twixt host and host!
Their balls scream brisk and breezy tunes through me
As I were an organ-stop. It's merry so;
What damage mortal flesh must undergo!

[*A Prussian officer enters to* Müffling, *who has again rejoined the Duke's suite. Müffling hastens forward to Wellington.*]

Müffling. Blücher has just begun to operate;
But owing to Gneisenau's stolid stagnancy
The body of our army looms not yet!
As Zieten's corps still plod behind Smohain
Their coming must be late. Blücher's attack
Strikes the remote right rear of the enemy,
Somewhere by Plancenoit.

Wellington. A timely blow;
But would that Zieten sped! Well, better late
Than never. We'll still stand.

[*The point of observation shifts.*]

Scene viii

THE SAME. LATER

[*Ney's long attacks on the center with cavalry having failed, those left of the squadrons and their infantry-supports fall back pell-mell in broken groups across the depression between the armies.*

Meanwhile Bülow *having engaged Lobau's Sixth Corps, carries Plancenoit.*

The artillery-fire between the French and the English continues. An officer comes up to Wellington *and those of his staff that survive.*]

Officer. Our Colonel Canning — coming I know not whence —
Wellington. I lately sent him with important words
To the remoter lines.
Officer. As he returned
A grape-shot struck him in the breast; he fell,
At once a dead man. General Halkett, too,
Has had his cheek shot through, but still keeps going.
Wellington. And how proceeds De Lancey?
Officer. I am told
That he forbids the surgeons waste their time
On him, who well can wait till worse are eased.

Wellington. A noble fellow.

[Napoléon *can now be seen, across the valley, pushing forward a new scheme of some sort, urged to it obviously by the visible nearing of further Prussian corps. The Emperor is as critically situated as Wellington, and his army is now formed in a right angle, the main front to the English, the lesser to as many of the Prussians as have yet arrived. His gestures show him to be giving instructions of desperate import to a general whom he has called up.*]

SPIRIT IRONIC

He bids La Bedoyère to speed away
Along the whole sweep of the battle-line,
And there announce to the breath-shotten bands
Who toil for a chimera trustfully,

With seventy pounds of luggage on their loins,
That the dim Prussian masses seen afar,
Are Grouchy's three-and-thirty thousand, come
To clinch a victory.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

But Ney demurs!

SPIRIT IRONIC

Ney holds indignantly that such a feint
Is not war-worthy. Says Napoléon then,
Snuffing anew, with sour sardonic scowl,
That he is choiceless.

SPIRIT SINISTER

Excellent Emperor!
He tops all human greatness; in that he
To lesser grounds of greatness adds the prime,
Of being without a conscience.

[*La Bedoyère and orderlies start on their mission. The false intelligence is seen to spread, by the excited motion of the columns, and the soldiers can be heard shouting as their spirits revive.*

Wellington is beginning to discern the features of the coming onset, when Colonel Fraser *rides up.*]

Fraser. We have just learnt from a deserting captain,
One of the carabineers who charged of late,
That an assault which dwarfs all instances —
The whole Imperial Guard in welded weight —
Is shortly to be made.
Wellington. For your smart speed
My thanks. My observation is confirmed.
We'll hasten now along the battle-line [*to Staff*],
As swiftest means for giving order out
Whereby to combat this.

[*The speaker, accompanied by* Hill, Uxbridge, *and others — all now looking as worn and besmirched as the men in the ranks — proceed along the lines, and dispose the brigades to meet the threatened shock. The infantry are brought out of the shelter they have recently sought, the cavalry stationed in*

the rear, and the batteries of artillery hitherto kept in reserve, are moved to the front.

The last act of the battle begins.

There is a preliminary attack by Donzelot's columns, combined with swarms of sharpshooters, to the disadvantage of the English and their allies. Wellington has scanned it closely. Fitzroy Somerset, *his military secretary, comes up.*]

Wellington. What casualty has thrown its shade among
The regiments of Nassau, to shake them so?
Somerset. The Prince of Orange has been badly struck —
A bullet through his shoulder — so they tell;
And Kielmansegge has shown some signs of stress.
Kincaird's tried line wanes leaner and more lean —
Whittled to a weak skein of skirmishers;
The Twenty-seventh lie dead.
Wellington. Ah yes — I know!

[*While they watch developments a cannon-shot passes and knocks Somerset's right arm to a mash. He is assisted to the rear.*

Ney and Friant now lead forward the last and most desperate assault of the day, in charges of the Old and Middle Guard, the attack of Donzelot and Allix further east still continuing as a support. It is about a quarter-past eight, and the midsummer evening is fine after the wet night and morning, the sun approaching its setting in a sky of gorgeous colors.

The picked and toughened Guard, many of whom stood in the ranks at Austerlitz and Wagram, have been drawn up in three or four echelons, the foremost of which now advances up the slopes to the Allies' position. The others follow at intervals, the drummers beating the "pas de charge."]

CHORUS OF RUMORS [*aërial music*]

Twice thirty throats of couchant cannonry —
Ranked in a hollow curve, to close their blaze
Upon the advancing files — wait silently,
Like to black bulls at gaze.

The Guard approaches nearer, and most near:
To touch-hole moves each match its smoky sheen:
The ordnance roars: the van-ranks disappear
As if wiped off the scene.

The aged Friant falls as it resounds;
Ney's charger drops — his fifth on this sore day —
Its rider from the quivering body bounds
And forward foots his way.

The cloven columns tread the English height,
Seize guns, repulse battalions rank by rank,
While horse and foot artillery heavily bite
Into their front and flank.

It nulls the power of a flesh-built frame
To live within that zone of missiles. Back
The Old Guard, staggering, climbs to whence it came.
The fallen define its track.

[*The second echelon of the Imperial Guard has come up to the assault. Its columns have fallen upon Halkett's right. Halkett, desperate to keep his wavering men firm, himself seizes and waves the flag of the Thirty-third, in which act he falls wounded. But the men rally. Meanwhile the Fifty-second, covered by the Seventy-first, has advanced across the front, and charges the Imperial Guard on the flank.*

The third echelon arrives at the English lines and squares; rushes through the very focus of their fire, and seeing nothing in front raises a shout.]

Imperial Guard. The Emperor! It's victory!

Wellington. Stand up, Guards!
Form line upon the front face of the square!

[*Two thousand of Maitland's Guards, hidden in the hollow roadway, thereupon spring up, form as ordered, and reveal themselves as a fence of leveled firelocks four deep. The flints click in a multitude, the pans flash, and volley after volley is poured into the bear-skinned figures of the massed French, who kill Colonel d'Oyley in returning the fire.*]

Wellington. Now drive the fellows in! They will not stand.

[*Adam's brigade attacks the French guard, and Vivian's cavalry behind these, and Vendeleur's behind Vivian's.*]

Colborne [*shouting*]. Forward! Right shoulders forward, Fifty-second!
Wellington. Ha, Colborne — you say well! Go on; go on!
You'll do it now!

[*Colborne converges on the French guard with the Fifty-second, and the former splits into two as the climax comes. Adam, Maitland, and Colborne pursue their advantage. The Imperial columns are broken, and their confusion is increased by grape-shot from Bolton's battery.*

Wellington goes in the direction of the hussars with Uxbridge. A cannon-shot hisses past.]

Uxbridge [*starting*]. I have lost my leg, by God!
Wellington. By God, and have you! I felt the wind o' the shot

Blow past the withers of my Copenhagen
Like the foul sweeping of a witch's broom.
Aha — they are giving way!

[*While Uxbridge is being helped to the rear, Wellington makes a sign to* Saltoun, *Colonel of the First Footguards.*]

Saltoun [*shouting*]. Boys, now's your time;
Forward and win!
French voices. The Guard gives way — we are beaten!

[*They recede down the hill, carrying confusion into Napoléon's center just as the Prussians press forward at a right angle from the other side of the field. Napoléon is seen standing in the hollow beyond La Haye Sainte, alone, except for the presence of Count Flahault, his aide-de-camp. His lips move with a sudden exclamation.*]

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

He says "Now all is lost! The clocks of the world
Strike my last empery-hour."

[*Towards La Haye Sainte the French of Danzelot and Allix, who are fighting Kempt, Pack, Kruse, and Lambert, seeing what has happened to the Old and Middle Guard, lose heart and recede likewise; so that the whole French line rolls back like a tide. Simultaneously the Prussians are pressing forward at Papelote and La Haye. The retreat of the French grows into a panic.*]

French voices [*despairingly*]. We are betrayed!

[*Wellington rides at a gallop to the most salient point of the English position, halts, and waves his hat as a signal to all the army. The sign is answered by a cheer along the length of the line.*]

Wellington. No cheering yet, my lads; but bear ahead,
Before the inflamed face of the west out there
Scowls darklier. So you'll round your victory!

[*The few aides that are left unhurt dart hither and thither with this message, and the whole English host and its allies advance in an ordered mass down the hill except some of the artillery, who cannot get their wheels over the bank of corpses in front. Trumpets, drums, and bugles resound with the advance.*

The streams of French fugitives as they run are cut down and shot by their pursuers, whose clothes and contracted features are blackened by smoke and

cartridge-biting, and soiled with loam and blood. Some French blow out their own brains as they fly. The sun drops below the horizon while the slaughter goes on.]

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

Is this the Esdraelon of a moil
For mortal man's effacement?

SPIRIT IRONIC

Warfare mere,
Plied by the Managed for the Managers;
To wit: by fellow-folks who profit nought
For those who profit all!

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

Between the jars
Of these who live, I hear uplift and move
The bones of those who placidly have lain
Within the sacred garths of yon gray fanes —
Nivelles, and Plancenoit, and others nigh,
Where faith is vibrant still — through untold years.
Their dry jaws quake: "What Sabaoth is this,
That shakes us in our unobtrusive shrouds,
As though our tissues did not yet abhor
The fevered feats of life?"

SPIRIT IRONIC

Mere fancy's feints!
How know the coffined what comes after them,
Even though it whirl them to the Pleiades? —
Turn to the real.

SPIRIT OF RUMOR

That hatless, smoke-smirched shape
There in the vale, is still the living Ney,
His saber broken in his hand, his clothes
Slitten with plowing ball and bayonet,
One epaulette shorn away. He calls out "Follow!"

And a devoted handful follow him
Once more into the carnage. Hear his voice.

Ney [*calling*]. My friends, see how a Marshal of France can die!

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

Alas, not here in battle, something hints,
But elsewhere! . . . Who's the sworded brother-chief
Swept past him in the tumult?

SPIRIT OF RUMOR

D'Erlon he.
Ney cries to him: "Be sure of this, my friend,
If we don't perish here at English hands,
Nothing is left us but the halter-noose
The Bourbons will provide!"

SPIRIT IRONIC

A caustic wit,
And apt, to those who deal in adumbrations!

[*The brave remnant of the Imperial Guard repulses the English cavalry for a time, in which Major Howard and Lieutenant Gunning of the Tenth Hussars are shot. But the war-weary French cannot cope with the pursuing infantry, helped by grape-shot from the batteries.*

Napoléon endeavors to rally them. It is his last effort as a warrior; but the rally ends feebly.]

Napoléon. They are crushed! So it has ever been since Crécy!

[*He is thrown violently off his horse, and bids his page bring another, which he mounts, and is lost to sight.*]

SPIRIT OF RUMOR

He loses his last chance of dying well!

[*The three or four heroic battalions of the Old and Middle Guard fall back step by step, halting to re-form in square when they get badly broken and shrunk. At last they are surrounded by the English Guards and other foot, who keep firing on them and smiting them to smaller and smaller numbers.* General Cambronne *is inside the square.*]

Colonel Hugh Halkett [*shouting*]. Surrender! And preserve those heroes' lives!

Cambronne [*with exasperation*]. Merde! . . . You've to deal with desperates, man, today:
Life is a byword here!

[*Hollow laughter, as from people in hell, comes approvingly from the remnant of the Old Guard. The English proceed with their massacre, the devoted bank thins and thins, and a ball strikes Cambronne, who falls, and is trampled over.*]

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

Observe that all wide sight and self-command
Deserts these throngs now driven to demonry
By the Immanent Unrecking. Nought remains
But vindictiveness here amid the strong,
And there amid the weak an impotent rage.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

Why prompts the Will so senseless-shaped a doing?

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

I have told thee that It works unwittingly
As one possessed, not judging.

SEMICHORUS I OF IRONIC SPIRITS

Of Its doings if It knew,
What It does It would not do!

SEMICHORUS II

Since It knows not, what far sense
Speeds Its spinnings in the Immense?

SEMICHORUS I

None; a fixed foresightless dream
Is Its whole philosopheme.

SEMICHORUS II

Just so; by unconscious planning
Like a potter rapt in panning!

CHORUS

Are then, Love and Light Its aim —
Good to praise and Ill to blame?
Nay: to alter evermore
Things from what they were before.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

Your knowings of the Unknowable declared,
Let the last pictures of the Play be bared.

[*Enter, fighting, more English and Prussians against the French. Ney is caught by the throng and borne ahead. Rullière hides an eagle beneath his coat and follows Ney. Napoléon is involved none knows where in the crowd of fugitives.*

Wellington and Blücher come severally to the view. They meet in the dusk and salute warmly. The Prussian bands strike up "God save the King" as the two shake hands. From his gestures of assent it can be seen that Wellington accepts Blücher's offer to pursue.

The reds disappear from the sky, and the dusk grows deeper. The action of the battle degenerates to a hunt, and recedes further and further into the distance southward. When the tramplings and shouts of the combatants have dwindled, the lower sounds are noticeable that come from the wounded: hopeless appeals, cries for water, elaborate blasphemies, and impotent execrations of heaven and hell. In the vast and dusky shambles black slouching shapes begin to move, the plunderers of the dead and dying.

The night grows clear and beautiful, and the moon shines musingly down. But instead of the sweet smell of green herbs and dewy rye as at her last shining upon these fields, there is now the stench of gunpowder and a muddy stew of crushed crops and gore.]

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

So hath the Urging Immanence used today
Its inadvertent might to field this fray;
And Europe's wormy dynasties rerobe
Themselves in their old gilt, to daze anew the globe!

[*The scene is curtained by a night-mist.*]

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ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

EARLY in the eighties, there were living in England six great poets, whose work had given to the later Victorian era of English song a splendor almost comparable to that of the Elizabethan and later Georgian periods. Five of those eminent poets passed away before 1897 (Rossetti in 1882, Arnold in 1888, Browning in 1889, Tennyson in 1892, and Morris in 1896), while Swinburne survived until 1909. In the year of the Queen's Jubilee he was left with no possible rival among the living; and stood as the Victorian poet *par excellence* in a peculiarly literal sense, for he was born in the year of her Majesty's accession to the throne, which made his sixty years conterminous with the sixty years of her reign. So little has been made public concerning that life, that his personality has remained even more closely veiled than was that of Tennyson; and the facts at the command of the biographer are of the most meager description. He was the son of a distinguished officer of the Royal Navy; and on his mother's side, descended from the third Earl of Ashburnham. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, but left in 1860 without taking a degree. A journey to Italy followed; made chiefly for the purpose of paying a tribute of affectionate admiration to the old poet Landor, then nearing the close of his days in Florence. The greater part of Swinburne's life was passed in England: for a time he lived in London with the Rossetti brothers and George Meredith; but for many years he made his home at Wimbledon, where he had for a companion Theodore Watts-Dunton, the distinguished critic and the closest of his friends.

Born in 1837, Swinburne made an early appearance in literature as a dramatic poet; and published in rapid succession the four dramas — 'Rosamond' (1861), 'The Queen Mother' (1861), 'Atalanta in Calydon' (1865), and 'Chastelard' (1865). The first of these works has for its subject the tragic love affair of Henry II at Woodstock, the second the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the last an episode in the early life of Mary Stuart at the French court. 'Atalanta in Calydon' is a noble tragedy upon a Greek theme, and written in as close a reproduction of the Greek manner as it is likely to be given to any modern poet to achieve. These four works gained for their author a considerable reputation with cultivated readers, yet made no direct appeal to the wider public. But the situation became changed in the year that followed the appearance of 'Chastelard' — the year of the famous 'Poems and Ballads' (1866). It is hardly an exaggeration to say that no other volume of English poetry published before or since ever created so great a sensation as this. If Byron awoke to find himself famous the day after the first

cantos of 'Childe Harold' made their appearance, Swinburne awoke to find himself both famous and notorious. For the 'Poems and Ballads' not only showed that a new poet had arisen with a voice of his own, and possessed of an absolutely unexampled command of the resources of English rhythm, but they also showed that the author deemed fit for poetical treatment certain passional aspects of human life concerning which the Victorian attitude had hitherto been one of reticence. The unerring instinct of sensational journalism at once sought out for discussion these poems (perhaps a dozen in number) of questionable propriety; and before the year was over, the volume had become the subject of a discussion so ample and so heated that a parallel is hardly to be found in the history of English literature.

The even-minded critic of Swinburne's poetry fifty years ago (and there were such, notable among them being Richard Grant White and Stedman) might discern from an examination of the five works already mentioned the leading traits that so many other volumes were to develop. There were already then evident the astonishing virtuosity in the use of English meters; the linguistic faculty, by virtue of which the poet composed Greek, Latin, and French verses with as much apparent readiness as English; the imitative power which made it possible for him to write like Chaucer, or the poets of the old ballad and the miracle play; the spiritual insight which made 'Atalanta' so much more than a mere imitation of Greek tragedy; the hero-worship which is so generous a trait of his character; the defense of religion against theology and priestcraft; and the intense love of liberty that breathes through all his work.

From the year which made Swinburne's name familiar to all lovers of English poetry, his activity became unceasing. Productions in prose and verse emanated from his pen at the rate of about a volume annually; the complete list of his works embracing upwards of thirty volumes, about one third of which are studies in literary criticism. Although these latter volumes form an important section of his writings, they must be dismissed with a few words. There are three collections of miscellaneous critical essays; separate monographs of considerable bulk upon Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Victor Hugo, and William Blake, briefer monographs upon George Chapman and Charlotte Brontë; a highly controversial examination of certain literary reputations, 'Under the Microscope'; and several pamphlets more or less polemical in character. 'A Year's Letters,' a sort of prose novelette, written for periodical publication under the pseudonym "Mrs. Horace Manners," has never been reprinted. There are also many critical studies to be found in the pages of the English monthly reviews; notable among them being a nearly complete series of papers which examine in close detail the work of the Elizabethan dramatists, and constitute, together with the published volumes on Shakespeare, Jonson, and Chapman, an important commentary upon that body of English poetry. The style of these prose writings is *sui generis,* and as aston-

ishing in its way as that of Carlyle. It defies imitation; which is probably fortunate, since it is not an altogether admirable style. But with all its vehemence, its verbosity, and its recondite allusiveness, it has somehow the power to carry the reader with it, sweeping away his critical sense for the time being, and compelling him to share in both the occasional prejudices and the frequent enthusiasms of the writer.

In dealing with the volumes of poetry — about a score in number — of which nothing has yet been said, we are confronted with an *embarras de richesses*. Perhaps the first thing that should be said about them is that whatever taint of sensuality clung to the productions of the poet's youth, the work of his manhood is singularly free from anything of this sort. In its dramatic portions, it handles the noblest of themes with superb creative power, and deals with them in grave harmonious measures; in its lyrical portions, it clothes an almost austere ideal of conduct in melodies whose beauty is everlasting. The dramatic poems include 'Erechtheus,' a Greek tragedy fully as fine as 'Atalanta,' and exhibiting more of artistic restraint; the two works, 'Bothwell' and 'Mary Stuart,' which complete the magnificent trilogy begun by 'Chastelard'; 'Marino Faliero,' a Venetian subject treated with splendid effect; 'Locrine,' a tragedy suggested by Milton's 'Comus,' and upon a theme dealt with by an unknown Elizabethan dramatist; and 'The Sisters,' a comparatively unimportant domestic tragedy. Strongly dramatic in spirit, although in form a narrative in rhymed couplets, the tale of 'Tristram of Lyonesse' completes the list of Swinburne's longer poetical works down to 'The Tale of Balen,' which is essentially a verse paraphrase of a section of the 'Morte Darthur' of Malory. The lyrical division of Swinburne's work includes two additional series of 'Poems and Ballads'; the impassioned volume of 'Songs Before Sunrise,' inspired by the Italian revolutionary movement, and dedicated to Mazzini — a work which is probably the highest and most sustained expression of the poet's lyrical powers; the 'Songs of Two Nations,' which includes the great 'Song of Italy,' the superb 'Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic,' and the fierce sonnets called 'Diræ'; the 'Songs of the Springtides,' whereof 'Thalassius' — a sort of spiritual autobiography, in which the poet pays the noblest of his many tributes to the memory of Landor — is the first and the greatest; the 'Studies in Song,' which includes the wonderful lyrical group entitled 'By the North Sea'; the 'Tristram' volume, which contains, besides the titular poem, many other pieces — among them 'A Dark Month,' the group of songs which has made Swinburne one of the great English poets of childhood; 'A Century of Roundels'; 'A Midsummer Holiday'; and 'Astrophel.' Mention should also be made, as illustrating the lighter aspect of Swinburne's genius, of the anonymously published 'Heptalogia; or The Seven against Sense,' a collection of the cleverest parodies ever written, in which the poet travesties his own style with no less glee than the style of half a dozen of his contemporaries. If one would seek

for further indications of his sense of humor, they may be found in the poem 'Disgust,' which parodies Tennyson's 'Despair,' and in the 'Report of the Proceedings on the First Anniversary Session of the Newest Shakespeare Society.'

The mere enumeration of Swinburne's works requires so much space that little remains for any general comment upon them. It should be said that he early outgrew the doctrine of "art for art's sake," and made his verse more and more the ally of great and worthy causes. Such ardent and whole-souled admiration of man for man as finds expression in his many poems to Landor, Hugo, and Mazzini, to say nothing of his many tributes to lesser men, is hardly paralleled in literature. And the sweep of his lyre becomes even more impressive when its strings are plucked in behalf of France crushed beneath the heel of the usurper, of Italy struggling to be free. The fierce indignation with which he inveighs against all the social, political, and religious forces that array themselves against the freedom of the body and soul of man, the glowing patriotism which fires his song when its theme is the proud heritage of achievement to which every Englishman is born, and the prophetic inspiration which imparts to him the vision of a regenerated humanity, and all the wonder that shall be when "the world's great age begins anew" and "the golden years return" — these are indeed subjects for the noblest sort of poetical expression; and they are the very warp and woof of the many-colored verbal fabric that has come from Swinburne's loom. And with these great words spoken for mankind in the abstract there comes also a personal message, exalting the virtues of heroism, and sacrifice of self, and steadfast devotion to high impersonal ends — a message that finds its highest embodiment in such poems as 'Super Flumina Babylonis,' and 'The Pilgrims,' and 'Thalassius'; a message that enforces as fine an ethical ideal of individual conduct as may be found anywhere in English literature. Swinburne's latest publications were 'Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards' (1899), 'The Duke of Gardia' (1908), and 'The Age of Shakespeare' (1909). He died on April 9, 1909.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

CHORUSES FROM 'ATALANTA IN CALYDON'

CHORUS

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;

And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
  The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
  Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
  With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
  Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
  Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
  Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
  And the southwest-wind, and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
  And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
  The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
  Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
  Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
  From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes
  The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
  Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
  The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
  The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
  Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
  Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
  The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

CHORUS

Before the beginning of years
  There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
  Grief, with a glass than ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
  Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
  And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
  Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
  And life, the shadow of death.
And the high gods took in hand
  Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
  From under the feet of the years
And froth and drift of the sea;
  And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
  In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
  And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
  And death beneath and above,

For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

CHORUS

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
Thy feet are as winds that divide the stream of the sea;
Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire;
And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;
Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath:
But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.

For an evil blossom was born
Of sea-foam and the frothing of blood,
Blood-red and bitter of fruit,
And the seed of it laughter and tears,

And the leaves of it madness and scorn;
A bitter flower from the bud,
Sprung of the sea without root,
Sprung without graft from the years.

The weft of the world was untorn
That is woven of the day on the night,
The hair of the hours was not white
Nor the raiment of time overworn,
When a wonder, a world's delight,
A perilous goddess was born;
And the waves of the sea as she came
Clove, and the foam at her feet,
Fawning, rejoiced to bring forth
A fleshly blossom, a flame
Filling the heavens with heat
To the cold white ends of the north.

And in air the clamorous birds,
And men upon earth that hear
Sweet articulate words
Sweetly divided apart,
And in shallow and channel and mere
The rapid and footless herds,
Rejoiced, being foolish of heart.

For all they said upon earth,
She is fair, she is white like a dove,
And the life of the world in her breath
Breathes, and is born at her birth;
For they knew thee for mother of love,
And knew thee not mother of death.

What hadst thou to do being born,
Mother, when winds were at ease,
As a flower of the springtime of corn,
A flower of the foam of the seas?
For bitter thou wast from thy birth,
Aphrodite, a mother of strife;
For before thee some rest was on earth,
A little respite from tears,
A little pleasure of life;

For life was not then as thou art,
But as one that waxeth in years
Sweet-spoken, a fruitful wife;
Earth had no thorn, and desire
No sting, neither death any dart;
What hadst thou to do amongst these,
Thou, clothed with a burning fire,
Thou girt with sorrow of heart,
Thou, sprung of the seed of the seas
As an ear from a seed of corn,
As a brand plucked forth of a pyre,
As a ray shed forth of the morn,
For division of soul and disease,
For a dart and a sting and a thorn?
What ailed thee then to be born?

Was there not evil enough,
Mother, and anguish on earth
Born with a man at his birth,
Wastes underfoot, and above
Storm out of heaven, and dearth
Shaken down from the shining thereof,
Wrecks from afar overseas
And peril of shallow and firth,
And tears that spring and increase
In the barren places of mirth,
That thou, having wings as a dove,
Being girt with desire for a girth,
That thou must come after these,
That thou must lay on him love?

Thou shouldst not so have been born:
But death should have risen with thee,
Mother, and visible fear,
Grief, and the wringing of hands,
And noise of many that mourn;
The smitten bosom, the knee
Bowed, and in each man's ear
A cry as of perishing lands,
A moan as of people in prison,
A tumult of infinite griefs;
And thunder of storm on the sands,
And wailing of wives on the shore;

And under thee newly arisen
Loud shoals, and shipwrecking reefs,
Fierce air and violent light;
Sail rent and sundering oar,
Darkness, and noises of night;
Clashing of streams in the sea,
Wave against wave as a sword,
Clamor of currents, and foam;
Rains making ruin on earth,
Winds that wax ravenous and roam
As wolves in a wolfish horde;
Fruits growing faint in the tree,
And blind things dead in their birth;
Famine, and blighting of corn,
When thy time was come to be born.

All these we know of; but thee
Who shall discern or declare?
In the uttermost ends of the sea
The light of thine eyelids and hair,
The light of thy bosom as fire
Between the wheel of the sun
And the flying flames of the air?
Wilt thou turn thee not yet nor have pity,
But abide with despair and desire
And the crying of armies undone,
Lamentation of one with another
And breaking of city by city;
The dividing of friend against friend,
The severing of brother and brother;
Wilt thou utterly bring to an end?
Have mercy, mother!

For against all men from of old
Thou hast set thine hand as a curse,
And cast out gods from their places.
These things are spoken of thee.
Strong kings and goodly with gold
Thou hast found out arrows to pierce,
And made their kingdoms and races
As dust and surf of the sea.

All these, overburdened with woes
And with length of their days waxen weak,
Thou slewest; and sentest moreover
Upon Tyro an evil thing,
Rent hair and a fetter and blows
Making bloody the flower of the cheek,
Though she lay by a god as a lover,
Though fair, and the seed of a king.
For of old, being full of thy fire,
She endured not longer to wear
On her bosom a saffron vest,
On her shoulder an ashwood quiver;
Being mixed and made one through desire,
With Enipeus, and all her hair
Made moist with his mouth, and her breast
Filled full of the foam of the river.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

HERE, where the world is quiet;
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labor,
Weak ships and spirits steer:

They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
  And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
  No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
  Green grapes of Proserpine;
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes,
Save this whereout she crushes
  For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
  In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
  All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
  Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
  He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
  Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
  In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
  Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
  With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her,
To men that mix and meet her
  From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
  She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
  The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her, and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
  And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
  The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
  And all disastrous things:
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
  Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
  And joy was never sure;
Today will die tomorrow;
  Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
  Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
  From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
  Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
  Winds somewhere safe to sea.

That star nor sun shall waken,
  Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken
  Nor any sound or sight:
Nor winter leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
  In an eternal night.

HERTHA

I AM that which began;
Out of me the years roll;
Out of me God and man;
I am equal and whole;
God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily; I am the soul.

Before ever land was,
Before ever the sea,
Or soft hair of the grass,
Or fair limbs of the tree,
Or the flesh-colored fruit of my branches, I was, and thy soul was in me.

First life on my sources
First drifted and swam;
Out of me are the forces
That save it or damn;
Out of me, man and woman, and wild-beast and bird; before God was, I am.

Beside or above me
Naught is there to go;
Love or unlove me,
Unknow me or know,
I am that which unloves me and loves; I am stricken, and I am the blow.

I the mark that is missed
And the arrows that miss,
I the mouth that is kissed
And the breath in the kiss.
The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul and the body that is.

I am that thing which blesses
My spirit elate;
That which caresses
With hands uncreate
My limbs unbegotten that measure the length of the measure of fate.

But what thing dost thou now,
Looking Godward, to cry
"I am I, thou art thou,
I am low, thou art high?"
I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him; find thou but thyself, thou art I.

I the grain and the furrow,
The plow-cloven clod
And the plowshare drawn thorough,
The germ and the sod,
The deed and the doer, the seed and the sower, the dust which is God.

Hast thou known how I fashioned thee,
Child, underground?
Fire that impassioned thee,
Iron that bound,
Dim changes of water, what thing of all these hast thou known of or found?

Canst thou say in thine heart
Thou hast seen with thine eyes
With what cunning of art
Thou wast wrought in what wise,
By what force of what stuff thou wast shapen, and shown on my breast to the skies?

Who hath given, who hath sold it thee,
Knowledge of me?
Hath the wilderness told it thee?
Hast thou learnt of the sea?
Hast thou communed in spirit with night? have the winds taken counsel with thee?

Have I set such a star
To show light on thy brow
That thou sawest from afar
What I show to thee now?
Have ye spoken as brethren together, the sun and the mountains and thou?

What is here, dost thou know it?
What was, hast thou known?
Prophet nor poet
Nor tripod nor throne
Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but only thy mother alone.

Mother, not maker,
Born, and not made;
Though her children forsake her,
Allured or afraid,
Praying prayers to the God of their fashion, she stirs not for all that have prayed.

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life as the light.

I am in thee to save thee,
As my soul in thee saith;
Give thou as I gave thee,
Thy life-blood and breath,
Green leaves of thy labor, white flowers of thy thought, and red fruit of thy death.

Be the ways of thy giving
As mine were to thee;
The free life of thy living,
Be the gift of it free;
Not as servant to lord, nor as master to slave, shalt thou give thee to me.

O children of banishment,
Souls overcast,
Were the lights ye see vanish meant
Always to last,
Ye would know not the sun overshining the shadows and stars overpast.

I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light;
But the morning of manhood is risen, and the shadowless soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted
That swells to the sky
With frondage red-fruited
The life-tree am I;
In the buds of your lives is the sap of my leaves: ye shall live and not die.

But the gods of your fashion
That take and that give,
In their pity and passion
That scourge and forgive,
They are worms that are bred in the bark that falls off, they shall die and not live.

My own blood is what stanches
The wounds in my bark;
Stars caught in my branches
Make day of the dark,
And are worshiped as suns till the sunrise shall tread out their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under
The live roots of the tree,
In my darkness the thunder
Makes utterance of me;
In the clash of my boughs with each other ye hear the waves sound of the sea.

That noise is of Time,
As his feathers are spread
And his feet set to climb
Through the boughs overhead,
And my foliage rings round him and rustles, and branches are bent with his tread.

The storm-winds of ages
Blow through me and cease,
The war-wind that rages,
The spring-wind of peace,
Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses, ere one of my blossoms increase.

All sounds of all changes,
All shadows and lights
On the world's mountain-ranges,
And stream-riven heights,
Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and language of storm-clouds on earth-shaking nights;

All forms of all faces,
All works of all hands
In unsearchable places
Of time-stricken lands,
All death and all life, and all reigns and all ruins, drop through me as sands.

Though sore be my burden
And more than ye know,
And my growth have no guerdon
But only to grow,
Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above me or death-worms below.

These too have their part in me,
As I too in these;
Such fire is at heart in me,
Such sap is this tree's,
Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets of infinite lands and of seas.

In the spring-colored hours
When my mind was as May's,
There brake forth of me flowers
By centuries of days,
Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood, shot out from my spirit as rays.

And the sound of them springing
And smell of their shoots
Were as warmth and sweet singing,
And strength to my roots;
And the lives of my children made perfect with freedom of soul were my fruits.

I bid you but be;
I have need not of prayer;
I have need of you free
As your mouths of mine air;
That my heart may be greater within me, beholding the fruits of me fair.

More fair than strange fruit is
Of faiths ye espouse;
In me only the root is
That blooms in your boughs;
Behold now your god that ye made you, to feed him with faith of your vows.

In the darkening and whitening
Abysses, adored,
With dayspring and lightning
For lamp and for sword,
God thunders in heaven, and his angels are red with the wrath of the Lord.

O my sons, O too dutiful
Towards gods not of me,
Was not I enough beautiful?
Was it hard to be free?
For behold, I am with you, am in you and of you; look forth now and see.

Lo, winged with world's wonders,
With miracles shod,
With the fires of his thunders
For raiment and rod,
God trembles in heaven, and his angels are white with the terror of God.

For his twilight is come on him,
His anguish is here;
And his spirits gaze dumb on him,
Grown gray from his fear;
And his hour taketh hold on him stricken, the last of his infinite year.

Thought made him and breaks him,
Truth slays and forgives;
But to you, as time takes him,
This new thing it gives,
Even love, the belovèd Republic, that feeds upon freedom and lives.

For truth only is living,
Truth only is whole,
And the love of his giving
Man's polestar and pole;
Man, pulse of my center, and fruit of my body, and seed of my soul.

One birth of my bosom;
One beam of mine eye;
One topmost blossom
That scales the sky;
Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of me, man that is I.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

IN a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.

A girdle of brushwood and thorn incloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed,
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
So long have the gray bare walks lain guestless,
Through branches and briers if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled,
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken —
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath;
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
Did he whisper? — "look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam flowers endure when the rose blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die — but we?"
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went thither?
And were one to the end; but what end who knows?
Love deep as the sea, as a rose must wither —
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them,
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea
Not a breath of the time that has been, hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;
Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing —
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink.
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

OF such is the kingdom of heaven":
No glory that ever was shed
From the crowning star of the seven
That crown the north world's head,

No word that ever was spoken
Of human or godlike tongue,
Gave ever such godlike token
Since human harps were strung.

No sign that ever was given
To faithful or faithless eyes,
Showed ever beyond clouds riven
So clear a Paradise.

Earth's creeds may be seventy times seven,
And blood have defiled each creed:
If of such be the kingdom of heaven,
It must be heaven indeed.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

IF childhood were not in the world,
But only men and women grown;
No baby-locks in tendrils curled,
No baby-blossoms blown;

Though men were stronger, women fairer,
And nearer all delights in reach,
And verse and music uttered rarer
Tones of more godlike speech;

Though the utmost life of life's best hours
Found, as it cannot now find, words;
Though desert sands were sweet as flowers,
And flowers could sing like birds:

But children never heard them, never
They felt a child's foot leap and run —
This were a drearier star than ever
Yet looked upon the sun.

A CHILD'S FUTURE

WHAT will it please you, my darling, hereafter to be?
Fame upon land will you look for, or glory by sea?
Gallant your life will be always, and all of it free.

Free as the wind when the heart of the twilight is stirred
Eastward, and sounds from the springs of the sunrise are heard;
Free — and we know not another as infinite word.

Darkness or twilight or sunlight may compass us round,
Hate may arise up against us, or hope may confound;
Love may forsake us: yet may not the spirit be bound.

Free in oppression of grief as in ardor of joy,
Still may the soul be, and each to her strength as a toy;
Free in the glance of the man as the smile of the boy.

Freedom alone is the salt and the spirit that gives
Life, and without her is nothing that verily lives:
Death cannot slay her; she laughs upon death, and forgives.

Brightest and hardiest of roses anear and afar,
Glitters the blithe little face of you, round as a star;
Liberty bless you and keep you to be as you are.

England and liberty bless you and keep you to be
Worthy the name of their child and the sight of their sea:
Fear not at all; for a slave, if he fears not, is free.

ÉTUDE RÉALISTE

I

A BABY'S feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

II

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world —
A baby's hands.

III

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
And sleep flows out and in,
Lies perfect in their paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb the wise;
By mute glad godhead felt within
A baby's eyes.

WILLIAM MORRIS

WILLIAM MORRIS was a man of such varied activities and exuberant vitality, that an account of his career as a man of letters can give but an inadequate impression of his personality. The present sketch, however, must be restricted to the single aspect of his life by virtue of which he won a place among the great English writers of the nineteenth century; and may mention, thereafter only to ignore them, his epoch-making work as a decorative designer, his revival of the well-nigh lost art of printing beautiful books, and the socialist propaganda which he carried on for so many years, and with so much of fiery energy. All of these things belong to the character of the man rather than of the poet; and it is with the poet alone that we are now concerned.

With a volume entitled 'The Defense of Guenevere, and Other Poems,' published in 1858, Morris made his first appearance in literature at the age of twenty-four. At this time the fame of Tennyson as the greatest of Victorian poets was fully established; the fame of Browning, with fifteen volumes already to his credit, was rapidly growing; and the chief poetical work of Matthew Arnold had already been produced. The affinities of the new poet were, however, with none of these masters, but rather with two men whose voices were yet to be heard. It was not until 1861 that Swinburne published 'The Queen Mother' and 'Rosamond,' to be followed in 1864 by 'Atalanta in Calydon,' in 1865 by 'Chastelard,' and in 1866 by the famous first series of 'Poems and Ballads.' As for Rossetti, while it is true that some of the most characteristic of his youthful pieces had appeared in the Germ as early as 1850, yet it was not until 1870 that the manuscript collection of his 'Poems' was exhumed from the grave of his wife, and given to the world.

Thus we see that Morris must be considered the pioneer of the poetical movement with which these three men are chiefly identified. Whether we give them the vague title of Pre-Raphaelites, or of apostles of medievalism, or of representatives of the stained-glass school of poetry, it is evident that they were united, at least in their earlier years, by the possession of common ideals and a common inspiration. The fact is also worth noting that 'The Defense of Guenevere,' a considerable section of which deals with material taken from the cycle of Arthurian legend, was published in the year that gave birth to the first group of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.' A comparison of these two volumes is instructive; for it shows how divergent were the aims of Tennyson's exquisite but sophisticated art and the simpler and bolder art of the new poet. In diction, in emotional color, and in envisagement of the period with which

both are concerned, the two works are very sharply contrasted: that of Tennyson embodies the last and most subtle refinement of a continuous literary tradition, while that of Morris harks back to earlier modes of thought and expression, and sacrifices the conventional trappings of modern song in order to reproduce with more of vital truthfulness the spirit of a vanished past. This point must be insisted upon, because it differentiates, not merely the two singers that have been named, but the two groups to which they respectively belong; and because it offers what justification there may be for the epithet "Pre-Raphaelite" so frequently applied to one of the groups. As the genius of Morris developed, his art became far finer; but it retained to the last those qualities of simplicity and sincerity that had informed it in its beginnings.

The distinctive achievement of Morris in English poetry is that of a story-teller by right divine — such a story-teller as Chaucer alone had been before him. But although the poet himself pays tribute to

> That mastery
> That from the rose-hung lanes of woody Kent
> Through these five hundred years such songs have sent
> To us, who, meshed within this smoky nèt
> Of unrejoicing labor, love them yet,

yet the parallel may not be carried very far. Morris lacks the wit, the shrewdness, the practical good sense, and the dramatic faculty of Chaucer: he has instead the sentiment of romance in a heightened degree, the sense of pure beauty in nature and in life, the melancholic strain of a "dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time," and taking refuge in an idealized golden age of the past from a vain effort "to set the crooked straight" in this modern workaday world. As a story-teller in verse, Morris conquered the public with 'The Life and Death of Jason' (1867), and 'The Earthly Paradise' (1868–70). 'The Earthly Paradise' is a cycle of twenty-four narrative poems with a prologue. "Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway," so runs the argument, "having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it: and after many troubles and the lapse of many years, came old men to some Western land, of which they had never before heard; there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honored of the strange people." The land in which these "mariners of Norway" found their final haven was inhabited by a people descended from the ancient Greeks, and inheriting the poetical traditions of their race. After their guests had tarried with them for a while, they were thus addressed by the chief priest of the land: —

> Dear guests, the year begins today;
> And fain are we, before it pass away,
> To hear some tales of that now altered world,
> Wherefrom our fathers in old time were hurled

By the hard hands of fate and destiny.
Nor would ye hear perchance unwillingly
How we have dealt with stories of the land
Wherein the tombs of our forefathers stand;
Wherefore henceforth two solemn feasts shall be
In every month, at which some history
Shall crown our joyance.

The scheme is thus provided for the story-telling; and for a whole year the elders of the land alternate with the wanderers in recounting legendary tales. The former choose for their themes such stories as those of Atalanta, Alcestis, Cupid and Psyche, and Pygmalion and Galatea; the latter explore the rich fields of medieval romance, and tell of Ogier the Dane, Gudrun and her lovers, the search for "the land east of the sun and west of the moon," and the fateful history of Tannhäuser. The twenty-four tales thus linked together are given in a variety of poetical forms, and differ greatly in length. They are "full of soft music and familiar olden charm," to use Stedman's felicitous phrase; they blend clearness of poetic vision with the sense of wonder; they are fresh, pathetic, vividly picturesque, and the loveliness of their best passages is beyond all praise. Of the earlier 'Life and Death of Jason' it should be said that the poem was originally planned to fill a place in 'The Earthly Paradise,' but so outgrew the author's purpose as to make a volume of itself.

The poetical work subsequently produced by Morris comprises the following volumes: 'Love Is Enough, a Morality' (1872), 'The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs' (1876), and 'Poems by the Way' (1892). In the opinion of Morris himself, as well as in that of most of his critics, the epic of 'Sigurd' is the greatest of his works. William Sharp has written of this poem in the following terms:

"In this great work we come upon William Morris as the typical sagaman of modern literature. The breath of the North blows across these billowy lines as the polar wind across the green waves of the North Sea. The noise of waters, the splashing of oars, the whirling of swords, the conflict of battle, cries and heroic summons to death, re-echo in the ears. All the romance which gives so wonderful an atmosphere to his earlier poems, all the dreamy sweetness of 'The Earthly Paradise' and creations such as 'Love is Enough,' are here also; but with them are a force, a vigor and intensity, of which, save in his translation of the Odyssey, there are few prior indications."

The eight or ten volumes of imperishably beautiful verse thus far described, constitute one of the chief glories of the Victorian era; but they still represent only a part of the prodigious literary achievement of William Morris. Another phase of his genius, second in importance only to the one just under discussion, is illustrated by the series of romances in prose and verse that were produced during the last seven years of his life. Having lived so long in the world

of medieval romancers and sagamen, he began in 1889 to write sagas and medieval romances of his own; and may almost be said to have enriched English literature with a new form of composition. The more important of these works are — 'The House of the Wolfings' (1889), 'The Roots of the Mountains' (1890), 'The Story of the Glittering Plain' (1890), 'The Wood Beyond the World' (1894), and 'The Well at the World's End' (1896). Two others — 'The Water of the Wondrous Isles' and 'The Sundering Flood' — were left for posthumous publication. These romances show, even better than his poetry, how deeply Morris penetrated into the essential spirit of medievalism. As far as material goes, they are pure inventions; and the reader marvels at the imaginative wealth which they display. Sometimes, as in 'The House of the Wolfings' (1889), they afford an insight into that early life of our Teutonic ancestors of which Tacitus gives us a few glimpses; but their scenes for the most part are laid in some land "east of the sun and west of the moon," to which the poet alone has access. They take us back to the springtime of the world, as the sagamen and the romancers conceived of it; and unfold to us vistas of sheer delight. They tell us of noble men and lovely women, of perilous guests and heroic deeds; they are tinged with the melancholy that must ever be a residuum in the contemplative modern mind, however objective its grasp; but the subtle perplexities of modern life are left far behind. In form, they mingle actual verse with a sort of poetic prose that is not marred by cæsuric effects; having, as Watts-Dunton says, "the concrete figures and impassioned diction that are the poet's vehicle," but entering into no competition with works of acknowledged metrical structure.

If Morris were not a great original poet and romancer, his fame would still be secure as one of the greatest of English translators. He gave us the Æneid in 1876, the Odyssey in 1887, 'Beowulf' in 1895, and a long series of Icelandic sagas during the last quarter-century of his life. He held with Pope that "the fire of a poem is what a translator should principally regard"; and in dealing with a foreign masterpiece, he felt that his first duty was to convert it into an English poem. Hence his Vergil has little value as a "crib," and his Homer is almost as free as Chapman's version. But he was more completely in his element when dealing with Teutonic materials, and his 'Beowulf' and Icelandic sagas must be reckoned among the classics of English translation. In these translations we have a fortunate union of Professor Eirikr Magnusson's exact scholarship with the literary instinct of Morris — an instinct trained by long association with Icelandic themes, and long practice in the semi-archaic diction which is so happily made use of in these remarkable versions. Besides these translations, mention must be made, among the poet's miscellaneous writings, of 'Hopes and Fears for Art' (1881), 'A Dream of John Ball' (1888), 'News from Nowhere' (1891), and the work called 'Socialism, its Growth and Outcome,' which was written in conjunction with Belfort Bax.

In the creative work which constitutes, after all, the great bulk of the literary output of William Morris, one is most impressed by the insistence with which the note of pure beauty is sounded. The poet was not insensible of "problems," as his socialistic writing amply shows; but literature took him clean away from them, and into a world which he might shape "nearer to the heart's desire" than this modern world of restless striving after more or less ignoble ends. When we get into the region of 'The Earthly Paradise' or of the prose romances, it is, to use Whitman's fine phrase, "as if no artifice of business, fashion, politics, had ever been." It is a world in which we may find the beguilement of all weariness, and refresh our faith in the simpler virtues and the unsophisticated life. It is good for the spirit to take refuge at times in such a world; and those who have once breathed its healing airs will not fail in gratitude to the magician who led them to its confines, and bade them enter into its delights.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

INTRODUCTION TO 'THE EARTHLY PARADISE'

OF heaven or hell I have no power to sing;
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die —
Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names rememberèd,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an idle day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
  Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
  Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
  Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folks say, a wizard to a northern king
  At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
  And through another saw the summer glow,
  And through a third the fruited vines arow,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
  If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
  Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
  Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

KIARTAN BIDS FAREWELL TO GUDRUN

From 'The Lovers of Gudrun'

So passed away
Yule-tide at Herdholt, cold day following day,
  Till spring was gone, and Gudrun had not failed
To win both many days where joy prevailed,
And many a pang of fear; till so it fell
That in the summer whereof now we tell,
Upon a day in blithe mood Kiartan came
To Bathstead not as one who looks for blame,
And Bodli with him, sad-eyed, silent, dull,
Noted of Gudrun, who no less was full
Of merry talk — yea, more than her wont was.
But as the hours toward eventide did pass,
Said Kiartan: —
  "Love, make we the most of bliss,

For though, indeed, not the last day this is
Whereon we twain shall meet in such a wise,
Yet shalt thou see me soon in fighting guise,
And hear the horns blow up our *Loth to go;*
For in White-River — "
" Is it even so,"
She broke in, " that these feet abide behind?
Men call me hard, but thou hast known me kind;
Men call me fair — my body give I thee;
Men call me dainty — let the rough salt sea
Deal with me as it will, so thou be near!
Let me share glory with thee, and take fear
That thy heart throws aside! "
Hand joined to hand,
As one who prays, and trembling, did she stand
With parted lips, and pale and weary-faced.
But up and down the hall-floor Bodli paced
With clanking sword, and brows set in a frown,
And scarce less pale than she. The sun low down
Shone through the narrow windows of the hall,
And on the gold upon her dress did fall,
And gilt her slim clasped hands.
There Kiartan stood
Gazing upon her in strange wavering mood,
Now longing sore to clasp her to his heart,
And pray her, too, that they might ne'er depart.
Now well-nigh ready to say such a word
As cutteth love across as with a sword;
So fought love in him with the craving vain
The love of all the wondering world to gain,
Though such he named it not. And so at last
His eyes upon the pavement did he cast,
And knit his brow as though some word to say:
Then fell her outstretched hands; she cried,
" Nay, nay!
Thou need'st not speak: I will not ask thee twice
To take a gift, a good gift, and be wise;
I know my heart, thou know'st it not: farewell —
Maybe that other tales the Skalds shall tell
Than of thy great deeds."
Still her face was pale,
As with a sound betwixt a sigh and wail
She brushed by Bodli, who aghast did stand

With open mouth and vainly stretched-out hand;
But Kiartan followed her a step or two,
Then stayed, bewildered by his sudden woe;
But even therewith, as nigh the door she was,
She turned back suddenly, and straight did pass,
Trembling all over, to his side, and said
With streaming eyes: —
" Let not my words be weighed
As man's words are! O fair love, go forth
And come thou back again — made no more worth
Unto this heart, but worthier it may be
To the dull world, thy worth that cannot see.
Go forth, and let the rumor of thee run
Through every land that is beneath the sun;
For know I not, indeed, that everything
Thou winnest at the hands of lord or king,
Is surely mine, as thou art mine at last? "
Then round about his neck her arms she cast,
And wept right sore: and, touched with love and shame,
Must Kiartan offer to leave hope of fame,
And noble life; but 'midst her tears she smiled —
" Go forth, my love, and be thou not beguiled
By woman's tears — I spake but as a fool;
We of the north wrap not our men in wool,
Lest they should die at last: nay, be not moved
To think that thou a faint-heart fool hast loved! "

For now his tears fell too; he said, " My sweet,
Ere the ship sails we yet again shall meet
To say farewell, a little while; and then,
When I come back to hold my place 'mid men,
With honor won for thee — how fair it is
To think on now, the sweetness and the bliss! "

Some little words she said no pen can write,
Upon his face she laid her fingers white,
And 'midst of kisses with his hair did play;
Then, smiling through her tears, she went away.
Nor heeded Bodli aught.
Men say the twain,
Kiartan and Gudrun, never met again
In loving wise; that each to each no more
Their eyes looked kind on this side death's dark shore;
That 'midst their tangled life they must forget,
Till they were dead, that ere their lips had met.

THE DAY IS COMING

COME hither lads and hearken,
for a tale there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a-coming,
when all shall be better than well.

And the tale shall be told of a country,
a land in the midst of the sea,
And folk shall call it England
in the days that are going to be.

There more than one in a thousand,
in the days that are yet to come,
Shall have some hope of the morrow,
some joy of the ancient home.

For then — laugh not, but listen
to this strange tale of mine —
All folk that are in England
shall be better lodged than swine.

Then a man shall work and bethink him,
and rejoice in the deeds of his hand;
Nor yet come home in the even
too faint and weary to stand.

Men in that time a-coming
shall work and have no fear
For tomorrow's lack of earning,
and the hunger-wolf anear.

I tell you this for a wonder,
that no man then shall be glad
Of his fellow's fall and mishap,
to snatch at the work he had.

For that which the worker winneth
shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing
by him that sowed no seed.

Oh, strange new wonderful justice!
But for whom shall we gather the gain?
For ourselves and for each of our fellows,
and no hand shall labor in vain.

Then all Mine and all Thine shall be Ours,
and no more shall any man crave
For riches that serve for nothing
but to fetter a friend for a slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us,
when none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market,
and pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city,
and the little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till;

And the homes of ancient stories,
the tombs of the mighty dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels,
and the poet's teeming head;

And the painter's hand of wonder,
and the marvelous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music:
all those that do and know.

For all these shall be ours and all men's;
nor shall any lack a share
Of the toil and the gain of living,
in the days when the world grows fair.

Ah! such are the days that shall be!
But what are the deeds of today,
In the days of the years we dwell in,
that wear our lives away?

Why, then, and for what are we waiting?
There are three words to speak:
We will it, and what is the foeman
but the dream-strong wakened and weak?

Oh, why and for what are we waiting,
while our brothers droop and die,
And on every wind of the heavens
a wasted life goes by?

How long shall they reproach us,
where crowd on crowd they dwell —
Poor ghosts of the wicked city,
the gold-crushed hungry hell?

Through squalid life they labored,
in sordid grief they died —
Those sons of a mighty mother,
those props of England's pride.

They are gone; there is none can undo it,
nor save our souls from the curse:
But many a million cometh,
and shall they be better or worse?

It is we must answer and hasten,
and open wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror,
and the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched,
and their unlearned discontent —
We must give it voice and wisdom
till the waiting-tide be spent.

Come then, since all things call us,
the living and the dead,
And o'er the weltering tangle
a glimmering light is shed.

Come then, let us cast off fooling,
and put by ease and rest,
For the Cause alone is worthy
till the good days bring the best.

Come, join in the only battle
wherein no man can fail,
Where whoso fadeth and dieth,
yet his deed shall still prevail.

Ah! come, cast off all fooling,
for this, at least, we know:
That the dawn and the day is coming,
and forth the banners go.

LEWIS CARROLL
(CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON)

THAT the author of the best nonsense-writing in the language should have been a professional mathematician and logician, is not a paradox but a sequence. A gymnast cannot divert us by pretending to lose his balance unless perfectly able to keep his balance. Actors who counterfeit insanity must be acutely sane. Only a competent classical scholar can write good macaronics; only a good poet can write clever doggerel. The only ones who can use slang effectively are those who do not need to use it at all. Nor is the tone and temper of mind evinced by these dry and severe studies out of keeping with the airiest play of fancy or the maddest fun. The one is indeed a frequent relief from the other, and no intellectual bent is related in the least to any special temperament. Extravagant drollery can be mated to an aptitude for geometry or a passion for analysis as well as to a love of pictures or of horses.

But the parentage of 'Alice in Wonderland' and its fellows is closer to their creator's intellectual being even than this. A very slight glance at their matter and mechanism shows that they are the work of one trained to use words with the finest precision, to teach others to use them so, to criticize keenly any inconsistency or slovenliness in their use, and to mock mercilessly any vagueness or incoherence in thought or diction. The fantastic framework and inconsequent scenes of these wonder-stories mask from the popular view the qualities which give them their superlative rank and enduring charm.

The mere machinery, ingenious and amusing as it is, would not entertain beyond a single reading; it can be and has often been imitated, along with the incarnated nursery rhymes and old saws. Yet these grotesque chimeras, under Lewis Carroll's touch, are as living to us as any characters in Dickens and even more so to the elders than the children. Who does not know and delight in the King and Queen and Knave of Hearts, the elegant White Rabbit and the conceited and monosyllabic Caterpillar, the Cheshire Cat and the Mock-Turtle, the March Hare and the Hatter and the Dormouse; or the chess White King and the Queens and the White Knight, the Walrus and the Carpenter, of Looking-Glass Land?

The very genesis of many of these is the logical analysis of a popular comparison into sober fact, as "grinning like a Cheshire cat," "mad as a hatter" or "March hare," "sleeping like a dormouse," etc.; and a large part of their wit and fun consists in plays on ambiguous terms in current use, like the classic

" jam every other day," " French, music, and washing," " The name of the song is called — " or in parodies on familiar verses (or on the spirit of ballads rather than the wording, as in ' Jabberwocky '), or in heaps of versified *non-sequiturs,* like the exquisite " poem " read at the trial of the Knave of Hearts. The analyst and the logician is as patent in ' Alice ' as in the class lectures the author gave or the technical works he published; only turning his criticism and his *reductiones ad absurdum* into bases for witty fooling instead of serious lessons or didactic works. Hence, while his wonder-books are nominally for children, and please the children through their cheaper and commoner qualities, their real audience is the most cultivated and keen-minded part of the mature world; to whom indeed he speaks almost exclusively in such passages as the Rabelaisian satire of the jury trial in ' Alice in Wonderland,' or the mob in ' Sylvie and Bruno ' yelling " Less bread! More taxes! " before the Lord Chancellor's house, or the infinitely touching pathos of the Outlandish Watch.

' Alice in Wonderland ' appeared in 1865; it received universal admiration at once, and was translated into many languages. By the rarest of good fortune, it was illustrated by an artist (John Tenniel) who entered into its spirit so thoroughly that the characters in popular memory were long identified with his pictures as much as with Lewis Carroll's text. ' Through the Looking-Glass ' followed in 1871; its prose matter was almost equal to that of its predecessor — the chapter of the White Knight is fully equal to the best of the other — and its verse is superior. Part of the first book was based on the game of cards; the whole setting of the second is based on chess moves, and Alice's progress to queenship along the board. He later published several books of humorous prose and verse; some of the verse equal to the best of his two best books, but the prose generally spoiled by conscious didacticism, as in ' Sylvie and Bruno,' which, however, contains some of his happiest nonsense verse. ' The Hunting of the Snark ' is a nonsense tale in verse, but oddly the best things in it are his prose tags. ' Rhyme and Reason ' is a collection of verse, some of it of high merit in its kind: ' The Three Voices ' is spun out and ill-ended, but has some passages which deserve to be classic.

Lewis Carroll was in fact the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who (disliking publicity) lived in retirement at Oxford, and the world knew little of him. He was born in 1833 and received his degree in Christ Church, Oxford, with high honors in mathematics. In 1861 he took orders in the Church of England. From 1855 to 1881 he was mathematical lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford. He published several works on mathematics, including ' Euclid and His Modern Rivals,' and ' Mathematica Curiosa,' a very valuable work. ' A Tangled Tale,' ' Pillow Problems,' and a ' Game of Logic ' are scientific and humorous, but are only appreciated by experts in mathematics and logic. Delighted with ' Alice in Wonderland ' on its appearance, Queen Victoria asked Mr. Dodgson for his other works; and in response " Lewis Carroll " sent her his ' Elementary Treatise on Determinants ' and other mathematical works.

His death occurred in Guildford, Surrey, January 17, 1898. His love for children was a marked feature of his character, and it was to amuse the children of Dean Liddell that he began the tale which developed into the delightful child's book which brought him fame. "Alice," wearing a long sable coat and looking like a typically gracious Victorian figure, sat at Sotheby's famous London auction rooms on the afternoon of April 3, 1928, while Lewis Carroll's manuscript of his story of her adventures, 'Alice in Wonderland,' was sold to Dr. S. W. Rosenbach, a Philadelphia dealer and collector, for the amazing price of £15,400 (approximately $75,000). This is the highest price up to that time given in an English auction room for either a manuscript or a printed book. The previous salesroom maximum price for a manuscript was £11,000, given in 1919 for Yates Thompson's manuscript of 'La Sainte Abbaye,' while the record for a printed book stands at £15,000, paid for the unique Britwell Court copy of the fourth edition of Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' 1599. Dr. Rosenbach also gave £1500 for a copy of the 1866 edition of 'Alice in Wonderland' inscribed by the author to Alice Pleasance Liddell, now Mrs. Hargreaves.

ALICE, THE PIG-BABY, AND THE CHESHIRE CAT

From 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'

HERE! you may nurse it a bit, if you like!" said the Duchess to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke. "I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen," and she hurried out of the room. The cook threw a frying-pan after her as she went, but it just missed her.

Alice caught the baby with some difficulty, as it was a queer-shaped little creature, and held out its arms and legs in all directions — "just like a star-fish," thought Alice. The poor little thing was snorting like a steam-engine when she caught it, and kept doubling itself up and straightening itself out again; so that altogether, for the first minute or two, it was as much as she could do to hold it.

As soon as she had made out the proper way of nursing it (which was to twist it up into a sort of knot, and then keep tight hold of its right ear and left foot, so as to prevent its undoing itself), she carried it out into the open air. "If I don't take this child away with me," thought Alice, "they're sure to kill it in a day or two: wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?" She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). "Don't grunt," said Alice: "that's not at all the proper way of expressing yourself."

The baby grunted again, and Alice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a *very*

turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose; also its eyes were getting extremely small, for a baby: altogether, Alice did not like the look of the thing at all — "but perhaps it was only sobbing," she thought, and looked into its eyes again, to see if there were any tears.

No, there were no tears. "If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear," said Alice, seriously, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!" The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

Alice was just beginning to think to herself, "Now, what am I to do with this creature when I get it home?" when it grunted again, so violently that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be *no* mistake about it: it was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite absurd for her to carry it any further.

So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have been a dreadfully ugly child: but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might do very well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, "If one only knew the right way to change them —" when she was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began — rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on: "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to walk from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't much care where —" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you walk," said the Cat.

"— so long as I get *somewhere*," Alice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter; and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat: "we are all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on, "And how do you know that you're mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well then," the Cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now *I* growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"*I* call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Do you play croquet with the Queen today?"

"I should like it very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so well used to queer things happening. While she was still looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

"By-the-by, what became of the baby?" said the Cat. "I'd nearly forgotten to ask."

"It turned into a pig," Alice answered very quietly, just as if the Cat had come back in a natural way.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before," she said to herself: "the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps as this is May it won't be raving mad — at least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

"Did you say pig, or fig?" said the Cat.

"I said pig," replied Alice; "and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy."

"All right," said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! — it's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life!"

THE MOCK-TURTLE'S EDUCATION

From 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'

"WHEN we were little," the Mock-Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle — we used to call him Tortoise —"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock-Turtle angrily; "really you are very dull!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock-Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words: —

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it —"

"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

"You did," said the Mock-Turtle.

"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock-Turtle went on.

"We had the best of educations — in fact, we went to school every day —"

"*I've* been to a day-school too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock-Turtle a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice, "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock-Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

"Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock-Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, 'French, music, *and washing* — extra.'"

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock-Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock-Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of 'Uglification,'" Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice, doubtfully; "it means — to — make — anything — prettier."

"Well then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock-Turtle and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock-Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers — "Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling — the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week; *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you, myself," the Mock-Turtle said: "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learned it."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon: "I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

"I never went to him," the Mock-Turtle said with a sigh: "he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn, and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock-Turtle: "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock-Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone.

A CLEAR STATEMENT

From 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'

THEY told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true);
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
  Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
  Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
  (Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
  Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
  For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
  Between yourself and me.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

From 'Through the Looking-Glass'

THE sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
  Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
  After the day was done —
"It's very rude of him," she said,
  "To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
  The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
  No cloud was in the sky.
No birds were flying overhead —
  There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar beside
Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on *us!*" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said:
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but —
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said;
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

THE BAKER'S TALE

From 'The Hunting of the Snark'

THEY roused him with muffins — they roused him with ice —
They roused him with mustard and cress —
They roused him with jam and judicious advice —
They set him conundrums to guess.

When at length he sat up and was able to speak,
His sad story he offered to tell;
And the Bellman cried "Silence! Not even a shriek!"
And excitedly tingled his bell.

There was silence supreme! Not a shriek, not a scream,
Scarcely even a howl or a groan,
As the man they called "Ho!" told his story of woe
In an antediluvian tone.

"My father and mother were honest, though poor —"
"Skip all that!" cried the Bellman in haste.
"If it once becomes dark, there's no chance of a Snark —
We have hardly a minute to waste!"

"I skip forty years," said the Baker, in tears,
"And proceed without further remark
To the day when you took me aboard of your ship
To help you in hunting the Snark.

"A dear uncle of mine (after whom I was named)
Remarked when I bade him farewell —"
"Oh, skip your dear uncle!" the Bellman exclaimed,
As he angrily tingled his bell.

"He remarked to me then," said the mildest of men —
"'If your Snark be a Snark that is right,
Fetch it home by all means — you may serve it with greens,
And it's handy for striking a light.

"'You may seek it with thimbles — and seek it with care;
You may hunt it with forks and hope;
You may threaten its life with a railway share;
You may charm it with smiles and soap —'"

("That's exactly the method," the Bellman bold
In a hasty parenthesis cried: —
"That's exactly the way I have always been told
That the capture of Snarks should be tried!")

"'But oh, beamish nephew! beware of the day
If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again!'

"It is this, it is this, that oppresses my soul
When I think of my uncle's last words;
And my heart is like nothing so much as a bowl
Brimming over with quivering curds!

"It is this, it is this" — "We have had that before!"
The Bellman indignantly said.
And the Baker replied: "Let me say it once more;
It is this, it is this that I dread!

"I engage with the Snark — every night after dark —
In a dreamy delirious fight;
I serve it with greens in those shadowy scenes,
And I use it for striking a light:

"But if ever I meet with a Boojum, that day,
In a moment (of this I am sure),
I shall softly and silently vanish away —
And the notion I cannot endure!"

YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM

From 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak:
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

" You are old," said the youth; " one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever:
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever? "

" I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; " don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs! "

SAMUEL BUTLER

"IF I die prematurely, at any rate I shall be saved from being bored by my own success." Perhaps death at sixty-seven years of age can hardly be called premature; but Samuel Butler died none too soon. In the decade and a half since his death, the success denied him — or spared him — has been piling up. His ideas, which shocked his own generation, are no longer shocking. They seem even tame as compared with the audacities of his own disciple, Bernard Shaw, with whom, by the way, he may be said to compare as light with its own reflection in polished brass.

Butler liked to regard himself as an amateur in whatever he did. He did for a while try to paint for a living, but good-humoredly admitted failure. But to be an amateur did not mean for him to be irresponsible. On the contrary, "there is no excuse," he said, "for amateur work being bad." The professional works under compulsions, the amateur at his own sweet will. More than all but a very few writers, Butler throughout his life worked at his own sweet will. "Butler used to declare," notes his friend R. A. Streatfeild, "that he wrote his books so that he might have something to read in his old age, knowing what he liked better than anyone else could do."

Butler believed not only in the amateur spirit, but also in a reticence that refuses to break silence except under inner compulsion. He says in a note on his books:

"I never make them: they grow; they come to me and insist on being written, and on being such and such. I did not want to write 'Erewhon,' I wanted to go on painting and found it an abominable nuisance being dragged willy-nilly into writing it. So with all my books — the subjects were never of my own choosing; they pressed themselves upon me with more force than I could resist. If I had not liked the subjects I should have kicked, and nothing would have got me to do them at all. As I did like the subjects and the books came and said they were to be written, I grumbled a little and wrote them."

This may be playfully put, but it is not pose. Butler meant to say that live ideas strive to get themselves expressed very much as live germs strive to get themselves born. As he put it, "a hen is only an egg's way of making another egg." And again he writes that the "base" of reproduction "must be looked for not in the desire of the parents to reproduce but in the discontent of the germs with their surroundings inside their parents, and a desire on their part to have a separate existence."

As Butler's ideas pre-eminently germinated spontaneously out of his experi-

ence, it is more than usually necessary to know his life and personality if we are to understand his books.

Samuel Butler was born December 4, 1835, at Langar Rectory, Nottingham. His father, the Rev. Thomas Butler, was the son of Dr. Samuel Butler, Headmaster of Shrewsbury School from 1798 to 1836, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield. It was to Shrewsbury School that the younger Samuel went at thirteen. The Headmaster at that time was the grammarian, Benjamin Hall Kennedy, who was the original of Dr. Skinner in 'The Way of All Flesh.' It is only fair to add, however, that Butler's references to Dr. Kennedy in his memoir of his grandfather would suggest a far less repellent personage, and that Butler's own school days were by no means unhappy. In 1854 he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, where, beginning with a mathematical course, he later changed to the classics, and graduated creditably enough, but not brilliantly.

While still at college, he already showed his satiric bent. There has been recovered a skit in verse at the expense of the Deans of St. John's which is already in Butler's characteristic manner. The two Deans are on their way to morning chapel.

> *Junior Dean.* Brother, I am much pleased with Samuel Butler,
> I have observed him mightily of late;
> Methinks that in his melancholy walk
> And air subdued whene'er he meeteth me
> Lurks something more than in most other men.
>
> *Senior Dean.* It is a good young man. I do bethink me
> That once I walked behind him in the cloister,
> He saw me not, but whispered to his fellow:
> "Of all men who do dwell beneath the moon
> I love and reverence most the senior Dean."

It is unnecessary to quote the ironic catastrophe. The tone is set; the satiric point made. He also parodied the tracts of the Simeonites, evangelical agitators, who nevertheless powerfully moved him for a time even like his ectype Ernest Pontifex in 'The Way of All Flesh.'

After graduation Butler prepared for ordination in a poor London parish. He was rather expected, than called, to enter the ministry. It was the family tradition. The particular doubt that deterred him may well have been therefore but the last straw. He says, however, that it occurred to him that the unbaptized boys in his night-school were on the whole as well disposed as those that had been sacramentally purified in infancy. His faith too much shaken for further thought of taking orders, Butler desired to become an artist, but as his

family would not hear of that, he compromised on sheep-farming in New Zealand.

For five years, 1859–64, he led a healthy outdoor life among downright and virile pioneer folk. The impressions gained powerfully affected him, especially on his return to the over-sophisticated and conventional life of Victorian London. Meanwhile, in New Zealand itself he had far from rusticated mentally. Especially, the just published 'Origin of Species' gripped his imagination, and gave a new turn to his thinking. He laid aside a pamphlet he had begun on "the evidence for the Resurrection," and wrote the brilliant skit entitled 'Darwin Among the Machines.' This was published in the Christchurch Press, 1863. The idea is the gradual evolution of super-machines that with ever-increasing complexity of organism have, like the higher animals, developed a consciousness, and with their irresistible might dominate their creator man. The biological analogies are ingeniously worked out. Besides the cleverness of the skit, it can also be taken as a sermon on the industrial age when men and women are literally slaves of the machine.

On his return to England in 1864 with the proceeds of his sheep run in his pocket, Butler settled himself in modest quarters at 15 Clifford's Inn, London. Apart from vacation-journeys to Italy, he stayed in Clifford's Inn the rest of his life. At first he seems not to have taken up writing in any serious way. "My study is art," he wrote Darwin, "and anything else I may indulge in is only by-play." In fact, however, until the death of his father in 1886, his financial support came from the profits of his sheep and a small reversionary bequest from his grandfather.

In spite of himself, however, he could not, as he says, help writing. In 1865 he contributed, again to the Christchurch Press, a pendant and corrective of 'Darwin Among the Machines' entitled 'Lucubratio Ebria.' Machines are now considered as "extra-corporaneous limbs" and so "extensions of the personality of him who uses them," and who may thus be said to have "become not only a vertebrate mammal, but a vertebrate machinate mammal into the bargain." Machines are not enemies of mankind, but "are to be regarded as the mode of development by which the human organism is most especially advancing, and every fresh invention is to be considered as an additional member of the resources of the human body." These new "machinate" extensions of personality are likely to be costly; accordingly, the right differentiation of civilized man is not by race but by purse. Mankind has two essential categories — the rich and the poor. "He who can tack a portion of one of the P. and O. boats on to his identity is a much more highly organized being than one who cannot."

These two essays, half playful, half serious, but shrewdly reasoned, were, as Butler himself declared, the germs of 'Erewhon,' his first, and in the opinion of his contemporaries, his only important book. In the Erewhonians Butler discovered a people wise enough to realize the peril latent in machines, and so

to make the possession of even an innocent watch a criminal offense. On the other hand, the Erewhonians frankly admitted the real superiority conferred by the possession of the greatest of tools — wealth. They exempted from taxation anyone with an income of over £20,000 a year.

'Erewhon, or Over the Range' (1872) is partly, but only partly, a Utopia in More's sense. The title implies the same idea: Utopia means "nowhere," and 'Erewhon' is "nowhere" written backwards. But Utopia for More meant very nearly an ideal commonwealth — a place in which "there are many things that I rather wish, than hope, to see followed out in our governments." 'Erewhon' is a far more subtle conception. Butler approved the Erewhonian manners and customs in a sense, but only in a sense, and not always. Often his sympathy is ironical. He might himself at times have been puzzled to say whether he approved or not. He probably would have said it did not very much matter. He thought it "a bad sign for a man's peace in his own convictions when he cannot stand turning the canvas of his life occasionally upside down, or reversing it in a mirror, as painters do with their pictures that they may judge the better concerning them." Such "spiritual outings" give relish to one's "normal opinions." It is the same notion as that which William James was to express later in his "moral holidays." All of Butler's works are full of "spiritual outings," and he never tells us when they are going to happen. His mood is protean, and his reader must be at once sympathetic and quick-witted to keep up with its changes. So anyone who ventures to expound his views must beware of too downright statements. He must be ready to point out that the opposite opinion has weight with Butler also. For perhaps the most nearly positive of Butler's opinions may be expressed in the word moderation, the gospel of the mean. He abhorred the zealot, and one of his principal counts against his countrymen was their excess of zeal. "God," he said, "does not intend people, and does not like people, to be too good. He likes them neither too good nor too bad, but a little too bad is more venial with him than a little too good." And so it is, Butler thought, with truth. "Whenever we push truth hard, she runs to earth in contradiction in terms, that is to say, in falsehood."

This moderation in conduct and belief the Erewhonians certainly showed. In practical terms moderation comes close to the spirit of compromise. The Erewhonians unashamedly preached and practised compromise. "A man must be a mere tyro in the arts of Erewhonian polite society, unless he instinctively suspects a hidden 'yea' in every 'nay' that meets him." The obvious business of any society is to "get on" with itself. Conformity, conventionality, respectability — all within reason — are principles in accord with which sensible people find they "get on" best. So the most substantial citizens of "Erewhon" were worshipers — more or less on the side — of the goddess Ydgrun. And although Butler is here of course hitting at British deference to Mrs. Grundy, he was himself not altogether averse to her limited

sovereignty. For after all, her court is very largely made up of "nice people," and Butler believed in "nice people" — people, that is, with "good health, good looks, good sense, experience, a kindly nature, and a fair balance of cash in hand." Yram in 'Erewhon Revisited' was that kind of person, and every reader will agree that she was thoroughly nice.

The Erewhonians set particular store by physical well-being — "good health, good looks." They regarded sickness as a crime against society and punished it as such. One of their judges, in summing up the case in a trial of a man for pulmonary consumption, says:

"You may say that it is not your fault. The answer is ready enough to hand, and it amounts to this — that if you had been born of healthy and well-to-do parents, and been well taken care of when you were a child, you would never have offended against the laws of your country, nor found yourself in your present disgraceful position. If you tell me that you had no hand in your parentage and education, and that it is therefore unjust to lay these things to your charge, I answer that whether your being in a consumption is your fault or no, it is a fault in you, and it is my duty to see that against such faults as this the commonwealth shall be protected. You may say that it is your misfortune to be criminal; I answer that it is your crime to be unfortunate."

If Butler may not intend this decision with absolute literalness, yet he would certainly assert that there was something in that point of view. A poisonous snake might urge that it could not help being poisonous, but we kill it nevertheless — for being a snake.

What is usually called crime, on the other hand — the deliberate breaking of laws made for the general good — is so atrocious a proceeding that it can only be explained as a kind of mental obliquity, an astigmatism of the mind's eye. And that is a case calling not for punishment but correction. For criminals, accordingly, the Erewhonians provide "moral straighteners," whose procedure is substantially like that of our physicians.

The social importance of individual health is recognized by the Erewhonians especially from a eugenic point of view. They hold to a kind of mythology of birth, according to which the Unborn, already existing in an organized and conscious world of their own, get themselves born out of a certain unrest and curiosity about the temporal world. They are indeed told of the risks they run — how it is a matter of lot what dispositions, parents, prospects may be assigned to them. Furthermore, each must sign an affidavit assuming entire responsibility. Naturally, only the more foolish insist. These then become a kind of blind impulse harassing two married people until they get themselves born. Apparently, indeed, they sometimes harass even unmarried people. Thus Butler has a note on the importunities of his unborn son.

"I have often told my son that he must begin by finding me a wife to become his mother who shall satisfy both himself and me. But this is only one of the many rocks on which we have hitherto split. We should never have got on

together; I should have had to cut him off with a shilling either for laughing at Homer, or for refusing to laugh at him, or both, or neither, but still cut him off. So I settled the matter long ago by turning a deaf ear to his importunities and sticking to it that I would not get him at all. Yet his thin ghost visits me at times, and, though he knows that it is no use pestering me further, he looks at me so wistfully and reproachfully that I am half-inclined to turn tail, take my chance about his mother and ask him to let me get him after all. But I should show a clean pair of heels if he said 'Yes.' — Besides, he would probably be a girl."

(This is certainly a fit *scherzo* to go with the *andante* of Elia's 'Dream-Children.') In truth, children are bound to be more or less a nuisance to their parents, as parents to their children, but either less so in proportion as they are well and strong. And this is another reason for the Erewhonian insistence on physical well-being.

It was ideas like these, maybe quizzically phrased but at bottom serious, that "got themselves born" in 'Erewhon.' The romantic setting and action were mostly afterthought, imperfectly worked out. Indeed, when George Meredith reported to the publishers, Chapman and Hall, that 'Erewhon,' was overphilosophical and unlikely to interest the public, he was wrong only in the second clause. The first half of the book, in which is told how Higgs got "over the range" and what happened to him in 'Erewhon,' is a narrative as stirring and graphic and real as Defoe could have written. But later the story grows perfunctory; long essays are patched in, interesting in themselves, but artistically quite out of scale. In this respect, 'Erewhon Revisited,' the sequel appearing thirty years later, is far more of an artistic piece, if it lacks in variety and audacity compared with the original.

'Erewhon' succeeded. A year after publication, it was translated into Dutch; in 1879 into German. The British public clamored for more — of the same kind. Butler characteristically balked. Another idea in his brain was pestering him for expression, and prevailed. This idea, which had to do with the evidence for the Resurrection, he had already begun to treat in New Zealand, but had laid aside the unfinished essay. He now took up the matter afresh, and produced 'The Fair Haven' (1873) anonymously.

If 'Erewhon' had puzzled, 'The Fair Haven' bewildered and angered. If the ideas in 'Erewhon' sometimes seemed unorthodox, even revolutionary, they might be excused as witty fooling. But 'The Fair Haven' trifled with sacred subjects. Moreover irony is more offensive to most people than a direct attack. Ostensibly the book was a serious defense for the Resurrection, but in making that defense covertly absurd Butler, in the eyes of pious people, showed himself not merely a sceptic, but worse — a blasphemer. For he revealed his authorship in a second edition.

Indeed, there was still another count against the book. To give verisimilitude to the ironically conceived defense of the faith, Butler created for its author

a certain John Pickard Owen, a literal-minded evangelical religionist, whose life and character are discussed in a prefatory memoir by his brother, William Bickersteth Owen. From a disinterested point of view of art the full-length portrait of an authentic prig is delightful. The brother William is hardly less real, if intensely disagreeable. But to the pious it was all an outrageous parody of piety. Almost the only exceptions to the chorus of disapproval were the act of a prominent clergyman, who sent the book to a friend whom he wished to convert, and the reviews of several evangelical journals that mistook 'The Fair Haven' for a genuine piece of Christian apologetics, and were greatly impressed by the edifying life of the supposed author. Naturally, when these people discovered their mistake, they more than most held the name of Butler in anathema.

Having so arraigned the clergy against him, Butler now proceeded to invite the hostility of the British scientific world by attacking its idol, Charles Darwin. Such an attack by an amateur was audacious but not necessarily impious, until unfortunately Butler injected personal charges into it. He accused Darwin not only of bad science but also of dishonorable conduct in failing to give due recognition of precursors, including his own grandfather, Erasmus Darwin. The quarrel was never made up, but Darwin's son, Sir Francis, has taken the opportunity to express before the British Association generous recognition of Butler's important contributions to the theory of Evolution.

Certainly, recognition was conspicuous by its absence during his lifetime. Professional men of science refused to take seriously this amateur who made biological heresy amusing. His first foray was in the work called 'Life and Habit' (1877). This was followed up by 'Evolution Old and New' (1879; second edition, 1882); 'Unconscious Memory' (1880), and 'Luck or Cunning' (1887).

The essence of Butler's amendment to Darwin's theory is implied in the last named title. Luck? or Cunning? — Is development, as Darwin thought, by the perpetuation of "small fortuitous variations," and so at bottom blindly mechanical? Or is there foresight in development? Are changes brought about by response to need? Butler vehemently urged the latter, vitalistic, conception as against Darwin's mechanistic. Successful organs, effective habits, produced in response to need, are propagated by what he called "unconscious memory," that is, the impulse of an organism, which is substantially a prolongation in life of its ancestors, to react as they reacted to similar conditions.

The germ of this view in Butler's mind was the fanciful 'Elucubratio Ebria' and its echo in 'Erewhon.' "I proposed, to myself," wrote Butler, "to see not only machines as limbs, but also limbs as machines." A machine is a contrivance consciously contrived to meet a need: why may not a limb be? No reason, replied Butler; and science today appears to be making the same reply.

Butler was continually revolving, recombining, rephrasing his notions. That

is one reason why it is never safe to dismiss as mere fantasy his most fancifully expressed ideas. Thus the mythology of the Unborn in 'Erewhon,' which reads like a Swiftian satirical allegory, really hangs together in principle with the sober biological theories of 'Life and Habit' and 'Unconscious Memory.' Butler, like Weissmann, held to the view that the germ has an existence independent of the organism in which it inheres and continuous from generation to generation. The organism, then, is the germ's means of subsistence, and of getting itself propagated.

In close analogy with the same biological tenet is Butler's notion of "vicarious immortality," a very precious notion with him. He elaborated it fully in chapter eleven of 'Erewhon Revisited,' but also epitomized it in many notes and some poems.

Life does not consist in the mere possession of organs or tools, but in the use of them. The more tools or organs we have the more complex and extended is our personality. But the more we master our tools the more our use of them is spontaneous or "unconscious." The fingers of a master-pianist play *for* him, leaving his mind free to meditate the effects produced by *them*. The healthy stomach digests for its owner without his being aware of what is going on. Similarly, other people work for us, carry out the ideas they have got from us, even in our absence, even — if we have made our lives count — after we are dead. So far as we live by a great man's ideas, he may be said to live in us. Butler's most perfect expressions of this noble, if not wholly satisfying, conception are in the epitaph to the nameless old lady in 'Erewhon Revisited' and in the sonnet Μέλλοντα ταῦτα. They may be quoted as good specimens of Butler's graver manner and mood: —

I fall asleep in the full and certain hope
That my slumber shall not be broken;
And that though I be all-forgetting,
Yet shall I not be all-forgotten,
But continue that life in the thoughts and deeds
Of those I loved,
Into which, while the power to strive was yet vouchsafed me,
I fondly strove to enter.

Not on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear sheen
Of far Elysian plain, shall we meet those
Among the dead whose pupils we have been,
Nor those great shades whom we have held as foes;
No meadow of asphodel our feet shall tread,
Nor shall we look each other in the face
To love or hate each other being dead,
Hoping some praise, or fearing some disgrace.

We shall not argue saying " 'Twas thus " or " Thus,"
Our argument's whole drift we shall forget;
Who's right, who's wrong, 'twill be all one to us;
We shall not even know that we have met.
Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men.

A further extension of the idea leads Butler to his conception of God. As others may function for us, entering thus into our personality, as it were, to constitute it in its fullness, so we and they and all living things function together to form a total personality that may be called God. This conception Butler developed in an essay for the Examiner (1879) entitled 'God the Known and God the Unknown.'

In 1881 appeared 'Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Canton Ticino,' quizzically labeled on the title-page 'Op. 6.' This was an account of Butler's holidays in Italy with digressive meditations on many things. The volume was illustrated by himself, with some collaboration by his friends, Charles Gogin and H. F. Jones.

It is a fascinating book for anyone who already cares for Samuel Butler. He is in it at his kindliest. His humor is, for the most part, without its usual mordant edge. In his beloved " second country," in the Italy not of art and antiquity but of homely hamlet and rugged alp, out of sight of " the science-ridden, art-ridden, culture-ridden, afternoon-tea-ridden cliffs of old England," his mood was holiday. Indeed his Italians were to him altogether a holiday people. He saw them as gracious children, without consciousness or priggishness — perhaps " sometimes one comes upon a young Italian who wants to learn German, but not often." They seemed to him to be forever clapping their hands, and crying out " *Oh bel!* " The genius of their language even confirmed the Erewhonian association of ill-being with guilt. Italians say of a person who has met with an accident or a misfortune, that he has been " *disgraziato.*" Take it all in all, Italians realized for Butler more nearly than any other people his own gracious gospel of grace, true spirit and reward of human redemption, although not as Paul understood grace. Butler defines this gospel of grace in 'Life and Habit,' and with a lyric fervor unusual for his habitually rather plain style:

" And grace is best, for where grace is, love is not distant. Grace! the old Pagan ideal whose charm even unlovely Paul could not withstand, but, as the legend tells us, his soul fainted within him, his heart misgave him, and, standing alone on the seashore at dusk, he 'troubled deaf heaven with his bootless cries,' his thin voice pleading for grace after the flesh. The waves came in one after another, the sea-gulls cried together after their kind, the wind rustled among the dried canes upon the sand-banks, and there came a voice from heaven saying, 'Let My grace be sufficient for thee.' Whereon, failing of the

thing itself, he stole the word and strove to crush its meaning to the measure of his own limitations. But the true grace, with her groves and high places, and troops of young men and maidens crowned with flowers, and singing of love and youth and wine — the true grace he drove out into the wilderness — high up, it may be, into Piora, and into such-like places." (Piora is an Italian alpine hamlet described in 'Alps and Sanctuaries.')

'Alps and Sanctuaries' is a "sentimental journey" by a philosophic traveler as sensitively responsive as Sterne, and more clean-minded. But there was no hope for it, or for any book by Butler, in England in the last two decades of the century. "The clerical and scientific people rule the roost between them," he said; and he was anathema to both. "What is the good," he wrote in 1883, "of addressing people who will not listen? I have addressed the next generation and have therefore said many things which want time before they become palatable." Such a declaration on the part of an unsuccessful author is rather commonly an expression of hurt pride, and means little. In Butler's case, it was apparently quite sincere, and certainly "the next generation" has justified him to an extraordinary extent. But even this admiring "next generation" boggled at Butler's next pronouncement. In 1897 appeared 'The Authoress of the Odyssey, where and when she wrote, who she was, the use she made of the Iliad, and how the poem grew under her hands.' The clairvoyant promise is fully redeemed. We learn with stupefaction that young Nausicaa really wrote the great epic — Nausicaa, the sweet and sportive maiden who was so discreetly hospitable to the shipwrecked Ulysses. And we learn also precisely where she lived and wrote, to wit, at Trapani on the Sicilian coast. It is a charming fancy but too strong for even the generation of Shaw and Chesterton. At the same time, if Butler's discovery seems as fabulous as that other "fountain of youth," at least he, like Ponce de Leon, opens up new prospects almost as valuable. He reintroduces us to the Iliad and the Odyssey almost as if they were published yesterday. He does this both by keen and humor-full criticism and by racy colloquial translation. For as by-work, he translated both poems. Perhaps at times he leans too far away from the stilted solemnity of such translations as Butcher and Lang's, as when he makes Nausicaa say: "Papa, dear," said she, "could you manage to let me have a good big wagon? I want to take all our dirty clothes to the river and wash them. You are the chief man here, so it is only proper that you should have a clean shirt when you attend meetings of the council." But this is an extreme instance. In general, Butler's versions are at least prophylactic to the sense of frigid remoteness given by most renderings of established classics.

As fanciful as the feminine authorship of the Odyssey was the identification of "W. H." which Butler proposed in 'Shakespeare's Sonnets reconsidered and in part rearranged' (1899). "W. H." is found to be a certain William Hughes, who, being in want of money, sold the sonnets addressed to him to a bookseller. The idea has not so far been taken seriously. Butler himself at any

rate took his investigation seriously enough to learn the sonnets by heart in the process.

In 1901, a year before his death, he published 'Erewhon Revisited.' As has been said, the sequel is, in point of artistic unity, an advance on the original. Its plot is interesting and well-handled; its characters are clear-cut and original; it has striking situations; it contains piquant ideas; yet it lacks somehow the vision, the surprise, of 'Erewhon.' Possibly, Butler for once was pushing his idea, instead of his idea pushing him. In any case, 'Erewhon Revisited' is to some slight degree what Butler calls an "academy piece."

Its plot ingeniously hinges on to that of 'Erewhon.' At the end of 'Erewhon' Higgs, the intruder, had escaped with an Erewhonian maiden in an improvised balloon. At the beginning of 'Erewhon Revisited' we find him in England in possession of a large inheritance. Arowhena is dead; their son is a young man. Possessed with a desire to revisit Erewhon, he returns there. But it is no longer the same, and he himself is responsible for the change. His ascent in the balloon had been taken as an ascension into heaven, and himself deified. A religious cult had developed around his legendary person as the Sunchild, and most of the old institutions had been superseded — for the worst. Higgs's brain reels under the shock. Aided by Yram, his former love in 'Erewhon,' and their son, he escapes a second time, but only to die presently of softening of the brain.

The characters in 'Erewhon Revisited' are interesting, but the highest triumph of Butler in pure art are the characters in his posthumous novel, 'The Way of All Flesh' (1903). In a way they are Dickens-like, yet, though satirically emphasized, not so much caricatured out of reality. Their creator had lived with them a long time — from early in the seventies, when he conceived also John Pickard Owen. Indeed, Butler may be said to have lived with most of them longer still, for these are drawn from his own family and youthful acquaintance. 'The Way of All Flesh' is largely autobiographical, though its author breaks away from fact when and as much as he likes.

The commandment "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother" ranked in Victorian England high among the established respectabilities. But the family tie, institutionalized, proved, Butler thought, a source often of the most refined tyranny and cruelty. And this might be, even when all parties concerned are actuated, like Christina in 'The Way of All Flesh,' by high and unselfish motives. Christina is a spiritual vampire with her little son, even while she is striving devotedly towards sainthood, and is really good-hearted. The Rev. Theobald is a moral clam, to be sure, always, but he becomes still worse trying to live up to what he conceives to be the duties of a father. Butler would indict the institution, not the individual. "I believe," he writes in a Note, "that more unhappiness comes from this source [the Family] than from any other — I mean from the attempt to make people hang together artificially who would never naturally do so. The mischief among the lower classes is not so great, but

among the middle and upper classes it is killing a large number daily. And the old people do not really like it much better than the young." The youth of Ernest Pontifex is an elaborated illustration of this reflection.

On the other hand, Butler fully accepted the saying that "blood is thicker than water." In so far, 'The Way of All Flesh' itself is an illustration of this. Ernest does not merely take after his ancestors, he is literally a prolongation of them, as Butler had explained in 'Life and Habit.' That is why the novel begins with the fourth generation back. Old John Pontifex, the village carpenter who married a "Gothic woman" and built himself an organ, as passed through traveled and worldly George and parochial and hypocritical Theobald, with suitable modifications from their women, *is* Ernest. Ernest is purged of the vices of the stock only by moral overthrow, by enforced revolt against all the sanctities of his house. Incidentally, he is aided by his Aunt Alethea, arch-enemy of all humbug and provider of his necessary financial independence.

What escaped the blighting institution of the Victorian pious family in Ernest was nearly spoiled by those other institutions of school, of university, of church. Roughborough is no hall of physical torture like Dotheboys Hall. Its rack was subtle and spiritual. Dr. Skinner, the headmaster, was not a bad man. He was merely an institutionalized egotist. His manner of accepting a summons to supper reveals him — and Butler's art. The great man is playing chess with Overton, the supposed narrator of the story, and Ernest's later guardian.

"The game had been a long one, and at half-past nine, when supper came in, we had each of us a few pieces remaining. 'What will you take for supper, Dr. Skinner?' said Mrs. Skinner in a silvery voice.

"He made no answer for some time, but at last in a tone of almost superhuman solemnity, he said, first, 'Nothing,' and then, 'Nothing whatever.'

"By and by, however, I had a sense come over me as though I were nearer the consummation of all things than I had ever yet been. The room seemed to grow dark, as an expression came over Dr. Skinner's face, which showed that he was about to speak. The expression gathered force, the room grew darker and darker. 'Stay,' he at length added, and I felt that here at any rate was an end to a suspense which was rapidly becoming unbearable. 'Stay — I may presently take a glass of cold water — and a small piece of bread and butter.'

"As he said the word 'butter' his voice sank to a hardly audible whisper; then there was a sigh as though of relief when the sentence was concluded, and the universe this time was safe.

"Another ten minutes of solemn silence finished the game. The Doctor rose briskly from his seat and placed himself at the supper-table. 'Mrs. Skinner,' he exclaimed jauntily, 'what are those mysterious-looking objects surrounded by potatoes?'

"'Those are oysters, Dr. Skinner.'

"'Give me some, and give Overton some.'

"And so on till he had eaten a good plate of oysters, a scallop shell of

minced veal nicely browned, some apple tart, and a hunk of bread and cheese. This was the small piece of bread and butter.

" The cloth was now removed and tumblers with teaspoons in them, a lemon or two, and a jug of boiling water were placed upon the table. Then the great man unbent. His face beamed.

" ' And what shall it be to drink? ' he exclaimed persuasively. ' Shall it be brandy and water? No. It shall be gin and water. Gin is the more wholesome liquor.'

" So gin it was, hot and stiff too."

Influences at Cambridge are shown as rather lateral than vertical. We see Ernest molded less by tutors and professors than by associates. Full-drawn are Gideon Hawke, the Simeonite, and the machiavellian Pryer, and the " nice chap " Towneley. For Ernest, however, foreordained by father and mother to ordination, not academicism but clericism is the bogey. Of what gradually overthrew that bogey, of his extraordinary " break " with Miss Maitland and the disgrace which followed, of his still more extraordinary evangelical marriage with the drunken prostitute Ellen, of his awakening sense of fact, of Aunt Alethea's timely bequest, of his triumphant home-coming, well-dressed, calm, and prosperous — a prodigal against all precedent and to the secret scandal of his family — of these climactic steps in the story I have not space to speak in detail. The very last of the novel is somewhat doctrinaire rather than dramatic.

' The Way of All Flesh ' is an interesting story about interesting people, though hardly for the most part people one would care to meet; it is a masterly arraignment of the defects of the Victorian qualities, and a mordant commentary on the perennial frailties of human nature; but, as usual with Butler's work, far from perfect as a work of art. It goes on after it is properly ended; it is too often disquisitional; it has an annoying way of continuing to lead up to the point for some time after the reader has arrived there. Although it is the one of Butler's writings that has since his death been most talked of, and is no doubt the weightiest, there may be question whether his quality is not more transparently discernible in ' Erewhon,' ' Alps and Sanctuaries,' and the ' Note-Books ' taken collectively. Christina, Dr. Skinner, Mrs. Jupp, even disagreeable Theobald, are real additions to the world of the best fictitious characters, but in general the lasting things about Butler are his flashes of intellectual wit and quizzical humor. And most of all the authentic Butlerian — for there is a growing tribe of such — will turn to the ' Note-Books,' as published in selection by the author's friend, Henry Festing Jones (1912). Here Butler does not betray his imperfect powers of construction. His genius is happiest in the " happy thought," the pithy epigram, that paradox that is not merely paradoxical, the graphic thumbnail sketch, sudden illuminations of dark places in men and things. It is a book for the understanding, but only the understanding, to live by.

This is a sketch of Samuel Butler's literary work. He was also painter and composer. And doubtless a more thorough analysis might reveal important interaction between his several arts. But he himself has said the best things about himself — for instance, this: "I had to steal my own birthright. I stole and was bitterly punished. But I saved my soul alive."

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

A PSALM OF MONTREAL

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THE City of Montreal is one of the most rising and, in many respects, most agreeable on the American continent, but its inhabitants are as yet too busy with commerce to care greatly about the masterpieces of old Greek Art. In the Montreal Museum of Natural History I came upon two plaster casts, one of the Antinous and the other of the Discobolus — not the good one, but in my poem, of course, I intend the good one — banished from public view to a room where were all manner of skins, plants, snakes, insects, etc., and, in the middle of these, an old man stuffing an owl.

"Ah," said I, "so you have some antiques here; why don't you put them where people can see them?"

"Well, sir," answered the custodian, "you see they are rather vulgar."

He then talked a great deal and said his brother did all Mr. Spurgeon's printing.

The dialogue — perhaps true, perhaps imaginary, perhaps a little of the one and a little of the other — between the writer and this old man gave rise to the lines that follow: —

Stowed away in a Montreal lumber room
The Discobolus standeth and turneth his face to the wall;
Dusty, cobweb-covered, maimed and set at naught,
Beauty crieth in an attic and no man regardeth:
O God! O Montreal!

Beautiful by night and day, beautiful in summer and winter,
Whole or maimed, always and alike beautiful —
He preacheth gospel of grace to the skin of owls
And to one who seasoneth the skins of Canadian owls:
O God! O Montreal!

When I saw him I was wroth and I said, " O Discobolus!
Beautiful Discobolus, a Prince both among gods and men!
What doest thou here, how camest thou hither, Discobolus,
Preaching gospel in vain to the skins of owls? "
O God! O Montreal!

And I turned to the man of skins and said unto him, " O thou man of skins,
Wherefore hast thou done thus to shame the beauty of the Discobolus? "
But the Lord had hardened the heart of the man of skins
And he answered, " My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
O God! O Montreal!

" The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar —
He has neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs;
I, Sir, am a person of most respectable connections —
My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
O God! O Montreal!

Then I said, " O brother-in-law to Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher,
Who seasonest also the skins of Canadian owls,
Thou callest trousers ' pants,' whereas I call them ' trousers,'
Therefore thou art in hell-fire and may the Lord pity thee! "
O God! O Montreal!

" Preferrest thou the gospel of Montreal to the gospel of Hellas,
The gospel of thy connection with Mr. Spurgeon's haberdashery to the gospel of the Discobolus? "
Yet none the less blasphemed he beauty saying, " The Discobolus hath no gospel,
But my brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
O God! O Montreal!

THE BOOK OF THE MACHINES

From ' Erewhon '

THE writer commences: — " There was a time, when the earth was to all appearance utterly destitute both of animal and vegetable life, and when according to the opinion of our best philosophers it was simply a hot round ball with a crust gradually cooling. Now if a human being had existed while the earth was in this state and had been allowed to see it as

though it were some other world with which he had no concern, and if at the time he were entirely ignorant of all physical science, would he not have pronounced it impossible that creatures possessed of anything like consciousness should be evolved from the seeming cinder which he was beholding? Would he not have denied that it contained any potentiality of consciousness? Yet in the course of time consciousness came. Is it not possible then that there may be even yet new channels dug out for consciousness, though we can detect no signs of them at present?

" Again. Consciousness, in anything like the present acceptation of the term, having been once a new thing — a thing, as far as we can see, subsequent even to an individual center of action and to a reproductive system (which we see existing in plants without apparent consciousness) — why may not there arise some new phase of mind which shall be as different from all present known phases, as the mind of animals is from that of vegetables?

" It would be absurd to attempt to define such a mental state (or whatever it may be called), inasmuch as it must be something so foreign to man that his experience can give him no help towards conceiving its nature; but surely when we reflect upon the manifold phases of life and consciousness which have been evolved already, it would be rash to say that no others can be developed, and that animal life is the end of all things. There was a time when fire was the end of all things: another when rocks and water were so."

The writer, after enlarging on the above for several pages, proceeded to inquire whether traces of the approach of such a new phase of life could be perceived at present; whether we could see any tenements preparing which might in a remote futurity be adapted for it; whether, in fact, the primordial cell of such a kind of life could be now detected upon earth. In the course of his work he answered this question in the affirmative and pointed to the higher machines.

" There is no security " — to quote his own words — " against the ultimate development of mechanical consciousness, in the fact of machines possessing little consciousness now. A mollusc has not much consciousness. Reflect upon the extraordinary advance which machines have made during the last few hundred years, and note how slowly the animal and vegetable kingdoms are advancing. The more highly organized machines are creatures not so much of yesterday, as of the last five minutes, so to speak, in comparison with past time. Assume for the sake of argument that conscious beings have existed for some twenty million years: see what strides machines have made in the last thousand! May not the world last twenty million years longer? If so, what will they not in the end become? Is it not safer to nip the mischief in the bud and to forbid them further progress?

" But who can say that the vapor engine has not a kind of consciousness? Where does consciousness begin, and where end? Who can draw the line? Who can draw any line? Is not everything interwoven with everything? Is not

machinery linked with animal life in an infinite variety of ways? The shell of a hen's egg is made of a delicate white ware and is a machine as much as an egg-cup is: the shell is a device for holding the egg, as much as the egg-cup for holding the shell: both are phases of the same function; the hen makes the shell in her inside, but it is pure pottery. She makes her nest outside of herself for convenience' sake, but the nest is not more of a machine than the egg-shell is. A 'machine' is only a 'device.'"

Then returning to consciousness, and endeavoring to detect its earliest manifestations, the writer continued: —

"There is a kind of plant that eats organic food with its flowers: When a fly settles upon the blossom, the petals close upon it and hold it fast till the plant has absorbed the insect into its system; but they will close on nothing but what is good to eat; of a drop of rain or a piece of stick they will take no notice. Curious! that so unconscious a thing should have such a keen eye to its own interest. If this is unconsciousness, where is the use of consciousness?

"Shall we say that the plant does not know what it is doing merely because it has no eyes, or ears, or brains? If we say that it acts mechanically, and mechanically only, shall we not be forced to admit that sundry other and apparently very deliberate actions are also mechanical? If it seems to us that the plant kills and eats a fly mechanically, may it not seem to the plant that a man must kill and eat a sheep mechanically?

"But it may be said that the plant is void of reason, because the growth of a plant is an involuntary growth. Given earth, air, and due temperature, the plant must grow: it is like a clock, which being once wound up will go till it is stopped or run down: it is like the wind blowing on the sails of a ship — the ship must go when the wind blows it. But can a healthy boy help growing if he have good meat and drink and clothing? Can anything help going as long as it is wound up, or go on after it is run down? Is there not a winding up process everywhere?

"Even a potato [1] in a dark cellar has a certain low cunning about him which serves him in excellent stead. He knows perfectly well what he wants and how to get it. He sees the light coming from the cellar window and sends his shoots crawling straight thereto: they will crawl along the floor and up the wall and out at the cellar window; if there be a little earth anywhere on the journey he will find it and use it for his own ends. What deliberation he may exercise in the matter of his roots when he is planted in the earth is a thing unknown to us, but we can imagine him saying, 'I will have a tuber here and a tuber there, and I will suck whatsoever advantage I can from all my surroundings. This neighbor I will overshadow, and that I will undermine; and what I can do

[1] The root alluded to is not the potato of our own gardens, but a plant so near akin to it that I have ventured to translate it thus. Apropos of its intelligence, had the writer known Butler he would probably have said —

"It knows what's what, and that's as high as metaphysic wit can fly."

shall be the limit of what I will do. He that is stronger and better placed than I shall overcome me, and him that is weaker I will overcome.'

"The potato says these things by doing them, which is the best of languages. What is consciousness if this is not consciousness? We find it difficult to sympathize with the emotions of a potato; so we do with those of an oyster. Neither of these things makes a noise on being boiled or opened, and noise appeals to us more strongly than anything else, because we make so much about our own sufferings. Since, then, they do not annoy us by any expression of pain we call them emotionless, and so *quâ* mankind they are; but mankind is not everybody.

"If it be urged that the action of the potato is chemical and mechanical only, and that it is due to the chemical and the mechanical effects of light and heat, the answer would seem to lie in an inquiry whether every sensation is chemical and mechanical in its operation? Whether those things which we deem most purely spiritual are anything but disturbances of equilibrium in an infinite series of levers, beginning with those that are too small for microscopic detection, and going up to the human arm and the appliances which it makes use of? Whether there be not a molecular action of thought, whence a dynamical theory of the passions shall be deducible? Whether strictly speaking we should not ask what kind of levers a man is made of rather than what is his temperament? How are they balanced? How much of such and such will it take to weigh them down so as to make him do so and so?"

The writer went on to say that he anticipated a time when it would be possible, by examining a single hair with a powerful microscope, to know whether its owner could be insulted with impunity. He then became more and more obscure, so that I was obliged to give up all attempt at translation; neither did I follow the drift of his argument. On coming to the next part which I could construe, I found that he had changed his ground.

"Either," he proceeds, "a great deal of action that has been called purely mechanical and unconscious must be admitted to contain more elements of consciousness than has been allowed hitherto (and in this case germs of consciousness will be found in many actions of the higher machines) — or (assuming the theory of evolution but at the same time denying the consciousness of vegetable and crystalline action) the race of man has descended from things which had no consciousness at all. In this case there is no *a priori* improbability in the descent of conscious (and more than conscious) machines from those which now exist, except that which is suggested by the apparent absence of anything like a reproductive system in the mechanical kingdom. This absence, however, is only apparent, as I shall presently show.

"Do not let me be misunderstood as living in fear of any actually existing machine; there is probably no known machine which is more than a prototype of future mechanical life. The present machines are to the future as the

early Saurians to man. The largest of them will probably greatly diminish in size. Some of the lowest vertebrata attained a much greater bulk than has descended to their more highly organized living representatives, and in like manner a dimunition in the size of machines has often attended their development and progress.

"Take the watch, for example; examine its beautiful structure; observe the intelligent play of the minute members which compose it: yet this little creature is but a development of the cumbrous clocks that preceded it; it is no deterioration from them. A day may come when clocks, which certainly at the present time are not diminishing in bulk, will be superseded owing to the universal use of watches, in which case they will become as extinct as ichthyosauri, while the watch, whose tendency has for some years been to decrease in size rather than the contrary, will remain the only existing type of an extinct race.

"But returning to the argument, I would repeat that I fear none of the existing machines; what I fear is the extraordinary rapidity with which they are becoming something very different to what they are at present. No class of beings have in any time past made so rapid a movement forward. Should not that movement be jealously watched, and checked while we can still check it? And is it not necessary for this end to destroy the more advanced of the machines which are in use at present, though it is admitted that they are in themselves harmless?

"As yet the machines receive their impressions through the agency of man's senses: one traveling machine calls to another in a shrill accent of alarm and the other instantly retires; but it is through the ears of the driver that the voice of one has acted upon the other. Had there been no driver, the callee would have been deaf to the caller. There was a time when it must have seemed highly improbable that machines should learn to make their wants known by sound, even through the ears of man; may we not conceive, then, that a day will come when those ears will be no longer needed, and the hearing will be done by the delicacy of the machine's own construction? — when its language shall have been developed from the cry of animals to a speech as intricate as our own?

"It is possible that by that time the children will learn the differential calculus — as they learn now to speak — from their mothers and nurses, or that they may talk in the hypothetical language, and work rule of three sums as soon as they are born; but this is not probable; we cannot calculate on any corresponding advance in man's intellectual or physical powers which shall be a set-off against the far greater development which seems in store for the machines. Some people may say that man's moral influence will suffice to rule them; but I cannot think it will ever be safe to repose much trust in the moral sense of any machine.

"Again, might not the glory of the machine consist in their being without

this same boasted gift of language? 'Silence,' it has been said by one writer, 'is a virtue which renders us agreeable to our fellow-creatures.' . . .

"It is said by some with whom I have conversed upon this subject, that the machines can never be developed into animate or *quasi*-animate existences, inasmuch as they have no reproductive system, nor seem ever likely to possess one. If this be taken to mean that they cannot marry, and that we are never likely to see a fertile union between two vapor engines with the young ones playing about the door of the shed, however greatly we might desire to do so, I will readily grant it. But the objection is not a very profound one. No one expects that all the features of the now existing organizations will be absolutely repeated in an entirely new class of life. The reproductive system of animals differs widely from that of plants, but both are reproductive systems. Has nature exhausted her phases of this power?

"Surely if a machine is able to reproduce another machine systematically, we may say that it has a reproductive system. What is a reproductive system, if it be not a system for reproduction? And how few of the machines are there which have not been produced systematically by other machines? But it is man that makes them do so. Yes; but is it not insects that make many of the plants reproductive, and would not whole families of plants die out if their fertilization was not effected by a class of agents utterly foreign to themselves? Does anyone say that the red clover has no reproductive system because the humblebee (and the humblebee only) must aid and abet it before it can reproduce? No one. The humblebee is a part of the reproductive system of the clover. Each one of ourselves has sprung from minute animalcules whose entity was entirely distinct from our own, and which acted after their kind with no thought or heed of what we might think about it. These little creatures are part of our own reproductive system; then why not we part of that of the machines?

"But the machines which reproduce machinery do not reproduce machines after their own kind. A thimble may be made by machinery, but it was not made by, neither will it ever make, a thimble. Here, again, if we turn to nature we shall find an abundance of analogies which will teach us that a reproductive system may be in full force without the thing produced being of the same kind as that which produced it. Very few creatures reproduce after their own kind; they reproduce something which has the potentiality of becoming that which their parents were. Thus the butterfly lays an egg, which egg can become a caterpillar, which caterpillar can become a chrysalis, which chrysalis can become a butterfly; and though I freely grant that the machines cannot be said to have more than the germ of a true reproductive system at present, have we not just seen that they have only recently obtained the germs of a mouth and stomach? And may not some stride be made in the direction of true reproduction which shall be as great as that which has been recently taken in the direction of true feeding?

"It is possible that the system when developed may be in many cases a vicarious thing. Certain classes of machines may be alone fertile, while the rest discharge other functions in the mechanical system, just as the great majority of ants and bees have nothing to do with the continuation of their species, but get food and store it, without thought of breeding. One cannot expect the parallel to be complete or nearly so; certainly not now, and probably never; but is there not enough analogy existing at the present moment, to make us feel seriously uneasy about the future, and to render it our duty to check the evil while we can still do so? Machines can within certain limits beget machines of any class, no matter how different to themselves. Every class of machines will probably have its special mechanical breeders, and all the higher ones will owe their existence to a large number of parents and not to two only.

"We are misled by considering any complicated machine as a single thing; in truth it is a city or society, each member of which was bred truly after its kind. We see a machine as a whole, we call it by a name, and individualize it; we look at our own limbs, and know that the combination forms an individual which springs from a single center of reproductive action; we therefore assume that there can be no reproductive action which does not arise from a single center; but this assumption is unscientific, and the bare fact that no vapor engine was ever made entirely by another, or two others, of its own kind, is not sufficient to warrant us in saying that vapor engines have no reproductive system. The truth is that each part of every vapor engine is bred by its own special breeders, whose function it is to breed that part, and that only, while the combination of the parts into a whole forms another department of the mechanical reproductive system, which is at present exceedingly complex and difficult to see in its entirety.

"Complex now, but how much simpler and more intelligibly organized may it not become in another hundred thousand years? or in twenty thousand? For man at present believes that his interest lies in that direction; he spends an incalculable amount of labor and time and thought in making machines always better and better; he has already succeeded in effecting much that at one time appeared impossible, and there seem no limits to the results of accumulated improvements if they are allowed to descend with modification from generation to generation. It must always be remembered that man's body is what it is through having been molded into its present shape by the chances and changes of many millions of years, but that his organization never advanced with anything like the rapidity with which that of the machines is advancing. This is the most alarming feature in the case, and I must be pardoned for insisting on it so frequently."

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

DEAN STANLEY, on reading one of Green's first literary productions, said: "I see you are in danger of becoming picturesque. Beware of it. I have suffered from it." Though Green was then at an age when advice from such a source might well have had some influence, his natural bent was even then too strong to be affected by the warning. Born in Oxford in 1837, he entered Jesus College, where he showed the same remarkable power of reconstructing the life of the past that marked his historical writings in after years, and where his preference for historical chronicles over the classics, and his lack of verbal memory, puzzled his tutor and prevented his winning especial distinction in the studies of his college course. On graduating in 1859 he entered the Church, and in 1866 became vicar of Stepney in East London. Here, besides preaching and visiting, he was a leader in the movement for improving the condition of the East Side, and in the organization of an effective system of charitable relief. Nearly the whole of his meager income being expended on his parish, he was obliged to make up the deficit by writing articles for the Saturday Review. These were mainly brief historical reviews and essays, but some were of a light character dealing with social topics. Hastily written, but incisive and original, many of them have permanent value, and they were emended and published in a separate volume under the title of 'Stray Studies in England and Italy,' after his 'Short History of the English People' had made him famous.

His health was fast breaking under the strain of his parish work; and this, combined with the growing spirit of scepticism, induced him to withdraw from active clerical work and accept an appointment as librarian at Lambeth, where he was able to give much of his time to historical study. He had at first planned a treatise on the Angevin kings, but was urged by his friends to undertake something of wider scope and more general interest. Accordingly he set to work on his 'Short History of the English People.' The task before him was difficult. He wished to make a book that would entertain the general reader and at the same time be suggestive and instructive to the scholar, and to compress it all within the limits of an "outline" — a term usually associated with those bare, crabbed summaries which are sometimes inflicted by teachers upon the young and defenseless, but are avoided by general reader and scholar alike. How far he succeeded appears from the fact that with the exception of Macaulay's work, no treatise on English history has ever met with such prompt and complete success among all classes of readers. The vivid, picturesque style made it exceedingly popular, while the originality of method and of interpretation won

for it the praise of men like Freeman and Stubbs. As to its accuracy, there is some difference of opinion. When the book first came out (1874), sharp reviewers caught the historian in many slips, usually of a kind not to affect his general conclusions, but serious enough to injure his reputation for accuracy. Most of these errors were corrected in later editions, and are not to be found in the longer 'History of the English People' (4 vols.), which contains the material of the earlier work in an expanded, but as some think, in a less interesting form.

His next work was in a field in which none could refuse him credit for original research. 'The Making of England,' dealing with the early part of the Anglo-Saxon period, and 'The Conquest of England,' which carried the narrative down to 1052, show extraordinary skill in handling the scanty historical materials of those times. He was at work on 'The Conquest' at the time of his death, which occurred in 1883. During the last years of his life his illness had frequently interrupted his work; and but for the aid of his wife in historical research as well as in the mechanical labor of amanuensis, he would not have accomplished what he did. As it was, his friends regarded his actual achievements as slight compared to what his talents promised had he lived. Still, these achievements entitle him to a high place among modern historians. In accuracy he has many superiors; but in brilliancy of style, in human sympathy, and above all in the power to make the past present and real, he has few equals. "Fiction," he once said, "is history that didn't happen." His own books have the interest of novels without departing in essentials from the truth.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

From 'History of the English People'

ON the fourteenth of October, William led his men at dawn along the higher ground that leads from Hastings to the battle-field which Harold had chosen. From the mound of Telham the Normans saw the host of the English gathered thickly behind a rough trench and a stockade on the height of Senlac. Marshy ground covered their right; on the left, the most exposed part of the position, the hus-carles or body-guard of Harold, men in full armor and wielding huge axes, were grouped round the Golden Dragon of Wessex and the Standard of the King. The rest of the ground was covered by thick masses of half-armed rustics, who had flocked at Harold's summons to the fight with the stranger. It was against the center of this formidable position that William arrayed his Norman knighthood, while the mercenary forces he had gathered in France and Brittany were ordered to attack its flanks. A general charge of the Norman foot opened the battle; in front rode the min-

strel Taillefer, tossing his sword in the air and catching it again, while he chanted the song of Roland. He was the first of the host who struck a blow, and he was the first to fall. The charge broke vainly on the stout stockade, behind which the English warriors plied axe and javelin with fierce cries of "Out! out!" and the repulse of the Norman footmen was followed by a repulse of the Norman horse. Again and again the duke rallied and led them to the fatal stockade. All the fury of fight that glowed in his Norseman's blood, all the headlong valor that spurred him over the slopes of Val-ès-dunes, mingled that day with the coolness of head, the dogged perseverance, the inexhaustible faculty of resource, which shone at Mortemer and Varaville. His Breton troops, entangled in the marshy ground on his left, broke in disorder; and as panic spread through the army, a cry arose that the duke was slain. William tore off his helmet: "I live," he shouted, "and by God's help I will conquer yet!" Maddened by a fresh repulse, the duke spurred right at the Standard; unhorsed, his terrible mace struck down Gyrth, the King's brother; again dismounted, a blow from his hand hurled to the ground an unmannerly rider who would not lend him his steed. Amidst the roar and tumult of the battle, he turned the flight he had arrested into the means of victory. Broken as the stockade was by his desperate onset, the shield-wall of the warriors behind it still held the Normans at bay, till William by a feint of flight drew a part of the English force from their post of vantage. Turning on his disorderly pursuers, the duke cut them to pieces, broke through the abandoned line, and made himself master of the central ground. Meanwhile the French and Bretons made good their ascent on either flank. At three the hill seemed won; at six the fight still raged around the Standard, where Harold's hus-carles stood stubbornly at bay, on a spot marked afterwards by the high altar of Battle Abbey. An order from the duke at last brought his archers to the front. Their arrow-flight told heavily on the dense masses crowded around the King, and as the sun went down, a shaft pierced Harold's right eye. He fell between the royal ensigns, and the battle closed with a desperate melly over his corpse.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY

LECKY, whose rank among English historians is well assured, was born in the neighborhood of Dublin, Ireland, March 26, 1838. Trinity College, Dublin, which gave him his first degree in 1859, has since united with Oxford and other universities in crowning him with the highest honors. His inclination to historical literature was pronounced while he was still in college; and found its first public expression in 1861 when he published anonymously 'The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland,' four elaborate studies of Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell. The secret of his authorship was not well kept; and the book attracted so much attention, read in the light of current Irish politics, that it was republished in 1871 under Lecky's name, with an important introduction from his hand. This maiden book had much of the promise of his later writing in its face. Without reading into it what is not there, it is easy to divine that the writer's predilection was for history rather than for biography, for causes and relations rather than for mere events, and for history as literature, not as a catalogue or grouping of things exactly verified. Moreover, in this early book we have that warm humanity which has been the dominant note of Lecky's literary work, and which has proved quite as attractive as his streaming and pellucid style.

The years from 1861 to 1865 must have been exceedingly laborious, including as they did the preparation for the 'History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe,' two large volumes full of such matter as must have required a vast amount of careful study and research for its separation from the innumerable documents in which it was imbedded. Without a sign of Buckle's wanton display of his authorities, both text and notes revealed a marvelous patience and persistency in the search for even the smallest farthing candle that might shed a ray of light upon his theme. The only deduction from this aspect of the work was the comparatively limited extent of the demand made on German sources, which were no doubt incomparably rich. No historical work since Buckle's 'History of Civilization in Europe' (1857) had attracted so much attention. It was like Buckle's book in the clarity though not in the quality of its style, and also like it in a more important sense, in that it was a history after the manner of Montesquieu's 'Spirit of Laws' and Voltaire's 'Essay on Manners.' It was a philosophic history, not an annalist's. It was, moreover, the work of a historical essayist rather than a historian. The subjects treated made this a necessity; but either the writing of this book made the

historical essay the habit of Lecky's mind or his instinctive tendency to it was not to be escaped. We have first an essay on 'Magic and Witchcraft,' next one on 'Church Miracles,' then a more extended one on 'Æsthetic, Scientific, and Moral Developments of Rationalism,' a still more extended one on 'Persecution,' one on 'The Secularization of Politics,' and one on 'The Industrial History of Rationalism.' All of these subjects are treated with a fascinating directness and simplicity, which is the more remarkable because the essays take up into themselves such a multitude of facts and observations. The text is not impoverished to enrich the notes, but a sure instinct seems to decide what can be assimilated and what had better be left in the rough.

The object of the work, as declared in the introduction, was to trace the history of the Spirit of Rationalism, not as a class of definite doctrines, "but rather as a certain cast of thought, or bias of reasoning, which has during the last three centuries gained a marked ascendancy in Europe"; which "leads men on all occasions to subordinate dogmatic theology to the dictates of reason and conscience, and as a necessary consequence, greatly to restrict its influence upon life. It predisposes men, in history, to attribute all kinds of phenomena to natural rather than miraculous causes; in theology, to esteem succeeding systems the expressions of the wants and aspirations of that religious sentiment which is planted in all men; and in ethics, to regard as duties only those which conscience reveals to be such."

Lecky traced this history with a fairness that went far to disarm the prejudices of those least disposed to go along with him. He exhibited a remarkable power of entering sympathetically into states of mind entirely foreign to his own, and of disengaging in particular characters — that of Voltaire, for example — the better elements from the worse. But he could not be content to trace a process, however congenial to his sympathies. He had a doctrine to maintain, as definite as Buckle's doctrines of the determinism of natural conditions and the unprogressive character of morality. It was, that the progress of rationalism was "mainly silent, unargumentative, and insensible"; that it "appeared first of all in those least subject to theological influences, soon spread through the educated laity, and last of all took possession of the clergy." Indeed, the rationalistic spirit seemed to have for him the realistic character which ideas had for the schoolmen before the Nominalists won their victory. If his doctrine had been as true as he imagined it, much of his book would have been superfluous. His great thinkers would have been merely marking time, not leading the advance. The truth which it contained was, that the effect of argument is not immediate; that it falls into the ground and dies, and afterward bears fruit. Fortunately the value of his work was quite as independent of his pet theory as was that of Buckle's of his. It contains many tributes to the influence of one thinker or another which are widely at variance with the doctrine of their practical inefficiency; the tribute to Voltaire for "having done

more to destroy the greatest of human curses [persecution] than any other of the sons of men " being one of the most eloquent.

Lecky's 'History of European Rationalism' is the work which has done more than any other for his immediate reputation and to perpetuate his fame; but hardly less significant was his 'History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne,' which appeared in 1869. Had not his previous studies put him on the track of many things which here are hunted down, four years would have been all too short for the making of a book which covers so much ground. Surely something of Lecky's praise of Gibbon's diligence may be credited to his own account, when what he did in four years is compared with what Gibbon did in twenty-four; especially when we remember that what he has remarked as true of Gibbon must have been true of his own methods of investigation. " Some of his most valuable materials will be found in literatures that have no artistic merit; in writers who without theory, and almost without criticism, simply relate the facts which they have seen, and express in unsophisticated language the beliefs and impressions of their time." Such literatures and writers must have been the main region of Lecky's studies for his 'European Morals.' In this book, as in the 'Rationalism,' he had a thesis to maintain. Here it was the intuitive character of morality; and it was maintained at great length, its discussion consuming more than one third of his first volume. It was an essay which was not intimately related to the matters following; and while many of its criticisms of utilitarian ethics were well conceived as against its earlier and grosser forms, they lost their point when turned against such writers as Sidgwick and Stephen and others of the present generation. In this preliminary discussion the formal character of the whole work was foreshadowed. Again we have a series of historical essays and not a continuous history. But these essays are remarkable for their scope, and for their intelligent appreciation of different systems of morality, pagan and Christian. One of them, on the Pagan Empire, had for an essay within an essay a thoroughly sympathetic study of Stoicism. The bias of Lecky's intuitive morality was shown in his less adequate appreciation of what was best in the Epicureans. Subsequent studies have done something to modify the conclusions which he draws concerning the corruption of the Empire.

Another essay in this book is on the 'Conversion of Rome.' This was the essay which did more than any other to make the book a subject of wide popular interest, and much scholarly and theological debate. It coincided with the famous chapters of Gibbon on the same subject; and while finding operative and important all the causes which Gibbon named, found them inadequate to account for the conversion of the Empire as it was actually accomplished. At the same time Lecky finds this great event, or series of events, " easily explicable " by purely natural causes. " The apparent anomalies of history are not inconsiderable, but they must be sought in other quarters. . . . Never before was a religious transformation so manifestly inevitable. No other reli-

gion ever combined so many forms of attraction as Christianity, both from its intrinsic excellence and from its manifest adaptation to the special wants of the time."

The stress of the second volume, excepting a concluding chapter on the 'Position of Women,' was upon the growth of asceticism and the monastic orders. With a full appreciation of the distinctive excellences of the ascetic period, and the contributions that it made to European civilization, Lecky has been thought by certain critics to fail in comprehension of the "saints of the desert"; and it must be admitted that where a saint had not washed himself for thirty years, he found it difficult to identify his body as the temple of God or to see the light of heaven shining in his face: but in general he is remarkable for his sympathetic realization of the most various manifestations of the religious spirit. He sees with equal clearness what was most beautiful and noble in the pagan ethics, and what was more tender and compassionate in the ethics of Christianity in its earlier course. In the chapter on the 'Position of Women,' a tentative argument for the public control of sexual vice excited much contemporary discussion. The argument was strangely utilitarian for an intuitive moralist, and many averred that it was not soundly utilitarian. For once at least Lecky waxed sentimental when he said of the prostitute, "Herself the supreme type of vice, she is ultimately the most efficient guardian of virtue. . . . She remains, while creeds and civilizations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people."

Nine years elapsed after the publication of 'European Morals' before Lecky again challenged the attention of the reading world. In 1878 he published the first two volumes of his 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century.' Six more volumes, completing the work, appeared in the course of the next ten years. It was now more evident than ever before that Lecky's habit as a historical essayist rather than a historian was inherent in the constitution of his mind, and not in the particular subjects to which he might happen to apply himself. His object was, as he states it, "to disengage from the great mass of facts those which relate to the permanent forces of the nation, or which indicate some of the more enduring features of national life." To this object in the earlier volumes he was earnestly devoted; with distinct and admirable success discussing in separate chapters, which were virtually separate essays, such questions as the nature and power of the monarchy, the aristocracy, the growth of democracy, the history of political ideas, the increasing power of Parliament and the press, amusements, manners, and beliefs. One of the best of these monographs was on religious liberty; another on the causes of the French Revolution, which he declared was not inevitable; another on the rise of Methodism, so sympathetic as to be more flattering than such a Methodist history as that of Tyerman. In the early volumes certain chapters were devoted to Ireland; but midway of the sixth he returned to this subject and did not again leave it. In all we have about three volumes devoted to Ireland, which

were afterwards printed separately in five smaller volumes as a history of Ireland. In these volumes Lecky appears more distinctly as a historian than anywhere else. The period covered, barring a brief introduction, is only five years long: from 1795 to 1800, the period of the Rebellion and the Union. Even here he cares much less for dramatic personalities and the regular succession of events than for the analysis of the policies and motives that were at work in that unhappy time. Here his work stands in as vivid contrast with that of Froude, treating the same subjects, as his severe impartiality with Froude's blind and brutal partisanship. But Froude is nothing if not picturesque, while Lecky hardly sees the circumstances, so bent is he on the ideas they involve. His fairness is the more remarkable because before his history was finished he had left the Liberals and joined the Unionists, at the time of the schism in 1886. Yet only a few passages bear any trace of party spirit. The failure of England to govern Ireland wisely and successfully is not in the least disguised; and it is compared with her success in governing India, with a population of 200,000,000 over against Ireland's 5,000,000. The key of the enigma is found in the fact that "Irish affairs have been in the very vortex of English party politics, while India has hitherto lain outside their sphere."

In 1891 Lecky published a volume of poems which added nothing to his reputation; and in 1896 a two-volume work, 'Democracy and Liberty.' A seat in Parliament had proved for him "the seat of the scorner" so far as democracy is concerned. The work provokes comparison with Sir Henry Sumner Maine's 'Popular Government.' Like that, it is more of a political pamphlet than a dispassionate study of the great subjects with which it is concerned; and it is related to Lecky's 'History of Rationalism' and 'European Morals' very much as Maine's 'Popular Government' is related to his 'Ancient Law.' It contains much wholesome and important criticism on democratic institutions and tendencies; but it has a much keener eye for their defects than for their advantages, and it measures them rather by the standard of an ideal Utopia than by that of any political success which has been as yet accomplished. 'The Map of Life: Conduct and Character' appeared in 1899, and a volume of 'Historical and Political Essays' was published posthumously in 1908.

Lecky's place is neither with the annalists nor with the political historians, but with those for whom the philosophy of history has had a perennial fascination. And while it is pre-eminently with such literary historians as Macaulay and Froude and Green — in so far as he has written to the end of being read, in a style which has merits of its own comparing favorably with theirs — he is widely separated from these respectively: with less continuity than Macaulay, far less dramatic energy than Froude, and nothing of Green's architectonic faculty. But few historians have excelled his diligence or carefulness, or chosen greater themes, or handled them with a more evident desire to bring the truth of history to bear upon our personal and social life.

Lecky's last years were full of honors. He was made a Privy Councilor in

1897, and was one of the original members of the British Academy, founded in 1902; he was also one of the first twelve recipients of the Order of Merit, established the same year, and was elected a member of the French Institute. He resigned his seat in Parliament in December 1902, and died the following October.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE SEXES

From 'History of European Morals.' By permission of D. Appleton & Co., publishers

THERE are few more curious subjects of inquiry than the distinctive differences between the sexes, and the manner in which those differences have affected the ideal types of different ages, nations, philosophies, and religions. Physically, men have the indisputable superiority in strength, and women in beauty. Intellectually, a certain inferiority of the female sex can hardly be denied when we remember how almost exclusively the foremost places in every department of science, literature, and art have been occupied by men, how infinitesimally small is the number of women who have shown in any form the very highest order of genius, how many of the greatest men have achieved their greatness in defiance of the most adverse circumstances, and how completely women have failed in obtaining the first position even in music or painting, for the cultivation of which their circumstances would appear most propitious. It is as impossible to find a female Raphael or a female Handel as a female Shakespeare or Newton. Women are intellectually more desultory and volatile than men; they are more occupied with particular instances than with general principles; they judge rather by intuitive perceptions than by deliberate reasoning or past experience. They are, however, usually superior to men in nimbleness and rapidity of thought, and in the gift of tact or the power of seizing speedily and faithfully the finer inflections of feeling; and they have therefore often attained very great eminence in conversation, as letter-writers, as actresses, and as novelists.

Morally, the general superiority of women over men is, I think, unquestionable. If we take the somewhat coarse and inadequate criterion of police statistics, we find that while the male and female populations are nearly the same in number, the crimes committed by men are usually rather more than five times as numerous as those committed by women; and although it may be justly observed that men, as the stronger sex, and the sex upon whom the burden of supporting the family is thrown, have more temptations than

women, it must be remembered, on the other hand, that extreme poverty which verges upon starvation is most common among women, whose means of livelihood are most restricted, and whose earnings are smallest and most precarious. Self-sacrifice is the most conspicuous element of a virtuous and religious character; and it is certainly far less common among men than among women, whose whole lives are usually spent in yielding to the will and consulting the pleasures of another. There are two great departments of virtue — the impulsive, or that which springs spontaneously from the emotions; and the deliberative, or that which is performed in obedience to the sense of duty; and in both of these I imagine women are superior to men. Their sensibility is greater, they are more chaste both in thought and act, more tender to the erring, more compassionate to the suffering, more affectionate to all about them. On the other hand, those who have traced the course of the wives of the poor, and of many who though in narrow circumstances can hardly be called poor, will probably admit that in no other class do we so often find entire lives spent in daily persistent self-denial, in the patient endurance of countless trials, in the ceaseless and deliberate sacrifice of their own enjoyments to the well-being or the prospects of others. Women, however, though less prone than men to intemperance and brutality, are in general more addicted to the petty forms of vanity, jealousy, spitefulness, and ambition; and they are also inferior to men in active courage. In the courage of endurance they are commonly superior; but their passive courage is not so much fortitude which bears and defies, as resignation which bears and bends. In the ethics of intellect they are decidedly inferior. To repeat an expression I have already employed, women very rarely love truth; though they love passionately what they call "the truth" — or opinions they have received from others — and hate vehemently those who differ from them. They are little capable of impartiality or of doubt; their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though very generous in their acts, they are rarely generous in their opinions or in their judgments. They persuade rather than convince, and value belief rather as a source of consolation than as a faithful expression of the reality of things. They are less capable than men of perceiving qualifying circumstances, of admitting the existence of elements of good in systems to which they are opposed, of distinguishing the personal character of an opponent from the opinions he maintains. Men lean most to justice and women to mercy. Men excel in energy, self-reliance, perseverance, and magnanimity; women in humility, gentleness, modesty, and endurance. The realizing imagination which causes us to pity and to love is more sensitive in women than in men, and it is especially more capable of dwelling on the unseen. Their religious or devotional realizations are incontestably more vivid; and it is probable that while a father is most moved by the death of a child in his presence, a mother generally feels most the death of a child in some distant land. But though more intense, the sympathies of women are commonly less wide than those of men. Their imaginations individualize more; their affec-

tions are in consequence concentrated rather on leaders than on causes; and if they care for a great cause, it is generally because it is represented by a great man, or connected with some one whom they love. In politics, their enthusiasm is more naturally loyalty than patriotism. In history, they are even more inclined than men to dwell exclusively upon biographical incidents or characteristics as distinguished from the march of general causes. In benevolence, they excel in charity, which alleviates individual suffering, rather than in philanthropy, which deals with large masses and is more frequently employed in preventing than in allaying calamity.

It was a remark of Winckelmann that " the supreme beauty of Greek art is rather male than female "; and the justice of this remark has been amply corroborated by the greater knowledge we have of late years attained of the works of the Phidian period, in which art achieved its highest perfection, and in which, at the same time, force and freedom and masculine grandeur were its pre-eminent characteristics. A similar observation may be made of the moral ideal of which ancient art was simply the expression. In antiquity the virtues that were most admired were almost exclusively those which are distinctively masculine. Courage, self-assertion, magnanimity, and above all, patriotism, were the leading features of the ideal type; and chastity, modesty, and charity, the gentler and the domestic virtues, which are especially feminine, were greatly undervalued. With the single exception of conjugal fidelity, none of the virtues that were very highly prized were virtues distinctively or pre-eminently feminine. With this exception, nearly all the most illustrious women of antiquity were illustrious chiefly because they overcame the natural conditions of their sex. It is a characteristic fact that the favorite female ideal of the artists appears to have been the Amazon. We may admire the Spartan mother and the mother of the Gracchi, repressing every sign of grief when their children were sacrificed upon the altar of their country; we may wonder at the majestic courage of a Porcia and an Arria: but we extol them chiefly because, being women, they emancipated themselves from the frailty of their sex, and displayed an heroic fortitude worthy of the strongest and the bravest of men. We may bestow an equal admiration upon the noble devotion and charity of a St. Elizabeth of Hungary or of a Mrs. Fry; but we do not admire them because they displayed these virtues, although they were women, for we feel that their virtues were of the kind which the female nature is most fitted to produce. The change from the heroic to the saintly ideal, from the ideal of paganism to the ideal of Christianity, was a change from a type which was essentially male to one which was essentially feminine. Of all the great schools of philosophy, no other reflected so faithfully the Roman conception of moral excellence as Stoicism; and the greatest Roman exponent of Stoicism summed up its character in a single sentence when he pronounced it to be beyond all other sects the most emphatically masculine. On the other hand, an ideal type in which meekness, gentleness, patience, humility, faith, and love are the most

prominent features, is not naturally male but female. A reason probably deeper than the historical ones which are commonly alleged, why sculpture has always been peculiarly pagan and painting peculiarly Christian, may be found in the fact that sculpture is especially suited to represent male beauty, or the beauty of strength, and painting female beauty, or the beauty of softness; and that pagan sentiment was chiefly a glorification of the masculine qualities of strength and courage and conscious virtue, while Christian sentiment is chiefly a glorification of the feminine qualities of gentleness, humility, and love. The painters whom the religious feeling of Christendom has recognized as the most faithful exponents of Christian sentiment have always been those who infused a large measure of feminine beauty even into their male characters; and we never, or scarcely ever, find that the same artist has been conspicuously successful in delineating both Christian and pagan types. Michael Angelo, whose genius loved to expiate on the sublimity of strength and defiance, failed signally in his representations of the Christian ideal; and Perugino was equally unsuccessful when he sought to portray the features of the heroes of antiquity. The position that was gradually assigned to the Virgin, as the female ideal in the belief and the devotion of Christendom, was a consecration or an expression of the new value that was attached to the feminine virtues.

The general superiority of women to men in the strength of their religious emotions, and their natural attraction to a religion which made personal attachment to its Founder its central duty, and which imparted an unprecedented dignity and afforded an unprecedented scope to their characteristic virtues, account for the very conspicuous position that female influence assumed in the great work of the conversion of the Roman Empire. In no other important movement of thought was it so powerful or so acknowledged. In the ages of persecution, female figures occupy many of the foremost places in the ranks of martyrdom; and pagan and Christian writers alike attest the alacrity with which women flocked to the Church, and the influence they exercised in its favor over the male members of their families.The mothers of St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and Theodoret, had all a leading part in the conversion of their sons. St. Helena the mother of Constantine, Flacilla the wife of Theodosius the Great, St. Pulcheria the sister of Theodosius the Younger, and Placidia the mother of Valentinian III, were among the most conspicuous defenders of the faith. In the heretical sects the same zeal was manifested; and Arius, Priscillian, and Montanus were all supported by troops of zealous female devotees. In the career of asceticism, women took a part little if at all inferior to men; while in the organization of the great work of charity they were pre-eminent. For no other field of active labor are women so admirably suited as for this; and although we may trace from the earliest period, in many creeds and ages, individual instances of their influence in allaying the sufferings of the distressed, it may be truly said that their instinct and genius of charity had never before the dawn of Christianity ob-

tained full scope for action. Fabiola, Paula, Melania, and a host of other noble ladies devoted their time and fortunes mainly to founding and extending vast institutions of charity, some of them of a kind before unknown in the world. The Empress Flacilla was accustomed to tend with her own hands the sick in the hospitals; and a readiness to discharge such offices was deemed the first duty of a Christian wife. From age to age the impulse thus communicated has been felt. There has been no period however corrupt, there has been no church however superstitious, that has not been adorned by many Christian women devoting their entire lives to assuaging the sufferings of men; and the mission of charity thus instituted has not been more efficacious in diminishing the sum of human wretchedness, than in promoting the moral dignity of those by whom it was conducted.

JAMES BRYCE

JAMES BRYCE was born at Belfast, Ireland, of Scotch and Irish parents. He studied at the University of Glasgow and later at Oxford, where he graduated with high honors in 1862, and where after some years of legal practice he was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law in 1870. He had already established a high reputation as an original and accurate historical scholar by his prize essay on 'The Holy Roman Empire' (1864), which passed through many editions, was translated into German, French, and Italian, and remains today a standard work and the best known work on the subject. Edward A. Freeman said on the appearance of the work that it had raised the author at once to the rank of a great historian. It has done more than any other treatise to clarify the vague notions of historians as to the signifiance of the imperial idea in the Middle Ages, and its importance as a factor in German and Italian politics; and it is safe to say that there is scarcely a recent history of the period that does not show traces of its influence. The scope of this work being juristic and philosophical, it does not admit of much historical narrative, and the style is lucid but not brilliant. It is not in fact as a historian that Lord Bryce is best known, but rather as a jurist, a politician, and a student of institutions.

The most striking characteristic of the man was his versatility; a quality which in his case was not accompanied by its usual defects, for his achievements in any one field of activity seemed to make him no less conscientious in others, while they gave him that breadth of view which is more essential than any special training to the critic of men and affairs. For the ten years that followed his Oxford appointment he contributed frequently to the magazines on geographical, social, and political topics. His vacations he spent in travel and in mountain climbing, of which he gave an interesting narrative in 'Transcaucasia and Ararat' (1877). In 1880 he entered active politics, and was elected to Parliament in the Liberal interest. He continued steadfast in his support of the Liberal party and of Gladstone, whose Home Rule policy he heartily seconded. In 1886 he became Gladstone's Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and in 1894 was appointed President of the Board of Trade. He was Ambassador to the United States from 1907 to 1912, and in this capacity rendered valuable services, which were recognized by his elevation to the peerage in 1914. He made numerous addresses on public questions and published many books on political, geographical, and historical subjects. Both before and after the War his influence was directed to mitigating national animosities and especially to enabling Great Britain and the United States to understand each other.

In 1921 Lord Bryce paid his last visit to the United States. The occasion was momentous: he had been invited to deliver a course of lectures on International Relations for the Institute of Politics of Williams College. Special arrangements had been made to give wide publicity to what he had to say, and political students, government attachés, lawyers, and diplomats flocked to Williamstown that summer. It was realized that this would probably be his last appearance in this country, and it was felt that his message would throw much light upon the chaos of post-war conditions. He fully realized expectations, and with a final lecture in New York on Anglo-American relations he sailed for home for the last time, fifty-one years after he had paid his first visit to America. He died the following January in Sidmouth, active and full of projects to the very end, and was buried at Edinburgh.

The work by which he is best known in this country, 'The American Commonwealth' (1888), is the fruit of his observations during three visits to the United States, and of many years of study. It is generally conceded to be the best critical analysis of American institutions ever made by a foreign author. Inferior in point of style to De Tocqueville's 'Democracy in America,' it far surpasses that book in amplitude, breadth of view, acuteness of observation, and minuteness of information; besides being half a century later in date, and therefore able to set down accomplished facts where the earlier observer could only make forecasts. His extensive knowledge of foreign countries, by divesting him of insular prejudice, fitted him to handle his theme with impartiality, and his experience in the practical workings of British institutions gave him an insight into the practical defects and benefits of ours. That he had a keen eye for defects is obvious, but his tone is invariably sympathetic. 'Modern Democracies' (1918) is similar in scope and method to 'The American Commonwealth,' though, as its title would indicate, not limited to a discussion of conditions in America alone. He had begun to collect material for this work as far back as 1904, and it is a worthy successor to 'The American Commonwealth.'

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES

From 'The American Commonwealth' by permission of the author and The Macmillan Company

SOCIAL intercourse between youths and maidens is everywhere more easy and unrestrained than in England or Germany, not to speak of France. Yet there are considerable differences between the Eastern cities, whose usages have begun to approximate to those of Europe, and other parts

of the country. In the rural districts, and generally all over the West, young men and girls are permitted to walk together, drive together, go out to parties and even to public entertainments together, without the presence of any third person who can be supposed to be looking after or taking charge of the girl. So a girl may, if she pleases, keep up a correspondence with a young man, nor will her parents think of interfering. She will have her own friends, who when they call at her house ask for her, and are received by her, it may be alone; because they are not deemed to be necessarily the friends of her parents also, nor even of her sisters.

In the cities of the Atlantic States it is now thought scarcely correct for a young man to take a young lady out for a solitary drive; and in few sets would he be permitted to escort her alone to the theater. But girls still go without chaperons to dances, the hostess being deemed to act as chaperon for all her guests; and as regards both correspondence and the right to have one's own circle of acquaintances, the usage even of New York or Boston allows more liberty than does that of London or Edinburgh. It was at one time, and it may possibly still be, not uncommon for a group of young people who know one another well to make up an autumn "party in the woods." They choose some mountain and forest region, such as the Adirondack Wilderness west of Lake Champlain, engage three or four guides, embark with guns and fishing-rods, tents, blankets, and a stock of groceries, and pass in boats up the rivers and across the lakes of this wild country through sixty or seventy miles of trackless forest, to their chosen camping-ground at the foot of some tall rock that rises from the still crystal of the lake. Here they build their bark hut, and spread their beds of the elastic and fragrant hemlock boughs; the youths roam about during the day, tracking the deer, the girls read and work and bake the corn-cakes; at night there is a merry gathering round the fire, or a row in the soft moonlight. On these expeditions brothers will take their sisters and cousins, who bring perhaps some lady friends with them; the brothers' friends will come too; and all will live together in a fraternal way for weeks or months, though no elderly relative or married lady be of the party.

There can be no doubt that the pleasure of life is sensibly increased by the greater freedom which transatlantic custom permits; and as the Americans insist that no bad results have followed, one notes with regret that freedom declines in the places which deem themselves most civilized. American girls have been, so far as a stranger can ascertain, less disposed to what are called "fast ways" than girls of the corresponding classes in England, and exercise in this respect a pretty rigorous censorship over one another. But when two young people find pleasure in one another's company, they can see as much of each other as they please, can talk and walk together frequently, can show that they are mutually interested, and yet need have little fear of being misunderstood either by one another or by the rest of the world. It is all a matter

of custom. In the West, custom sanctions this easy friendship; in the Atlantic cities, so soon as people have come to find something exceptional in it, constraint is felt, and a conventional etiquette like that of the Old World begins to replace the innocent simplicity of the older time, the test of whose merit may be gathered from the universal persuasion in America that happy marriages are in the middle and upper ranks more common than in Europe, and that this is due to the ampler opportunities which young men and women have of learning one another's characters and habits before becoming betrothed. Most girls have a larger range of intimate acquaintances than girls have in Europe, intercourse is franker, there is less difference between the manners of home and the manners of general society. The conclusions of a stranger are in such matters of no value; so I can only repeat that I have never met any judicious American lady who, however well she knew the Old World, did not think that the New World customs conduced more both to the pleasantness of life before marriage, and to constancy and concord after it.

In no country are women, and especially young women, so much made of. The world is at their feet. Society seems organized for the purpose of providing enjoyment for them. Parents, uncles, aunts, elderly friends, even brothers, are ready to make their comfort and convenience bend to the girls' wishes. The wife has fewer opportunities for reigning over the world of amusements, because except among the richest people she has more to do in household management than in England, owing to the scarcity of servants; but she holds in her own house a more prominent if not a more substantially powerful position than in England or even in France. With the German *hausfrau,* who is too often content to be a mere housewife, there is of course no comparison. The best proof of the superior place American ladies occupy is to be found in the notions they profess to entertain of the relations of an English married pair. They talk of the English wife as little better than a slave; declaring that when they stay with English friends, or receive an English couple in America, they see the wife always deferring to the husband and the husband always assuming that his pleasure and convenience are to prevail. The European wife, they admit, often gets her own way, but she gets it by tactful arts, by flattery or wheedling or playing on the man's weaknesses; whereas in America the husband's duty and desire is to gratify the wife, and render to her those services which the English tyrant exacts from his consort. One may often hear an American matron commiserate a friend who has married in Europe, while the daughters declare in chorus that they will never follow the example. Laughable as all this may seem to English women, it is perfectly true that the theory as well as the practice of conjugal life is not the same in America as in England. There are overbearing husbands in America, but they are more condemned by the opinion of the neighborhood than in England. There are exacting wives in England, but their husbands are more pitied than would be the case in America. In neither country can one say that the principle of per-

fect equality reigns; for in America the balance inclines nearly, though not quite, as much in favor of the wife as it does in England in favor of the husband. No one man can have a sufficiently large acquaintance in both countries to entitle his individual opinion on the results to much weight. So far as I have been able to collect views from those observers who have lived in both countries, they are in favor of the American practice, perhaps because the theory it is based on departs less from pure equality than does that of England. These observers do not mean that the recognition of women as equals or superiors makes them any better or sweeter or wiser than Englishwomen; but rather that the principle of equality, by correcting the characteristic faults of men, and especially their selfishness and vanity, is more conducive to the concord and happiness of a home. They conceive that to make the wife feel her independence and responsibility more strongly than she does in Europe tends to brace and expand her character; while conjugal affection, usually stronger in her than in the husband, inasmuch as there are fewer competing interests, saves her from abusing the precedence yielded to her. This seems to be true; but I have heard others maintain that the American system, since it does not require the wife habitually to forego her own wishes, tends, if not to make her self-indulgent and capricious, yet slightly to impair the more delicate charms of character; as it is written, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A European cannot spend an evening in an American drawing-room without perceiving that the attitude of men to women is not that with which he is familiar at home. The average European man has usually a slight sense of condescension when he talks to a woman on serious subjects. Even if she is his superior in intellect, in character, in social rank, he thinks that as a man he is her superior, and consciously or unconsciously talks down to her. She is too much accustomed to this to resent it, unless it becomes tastelessly palpable. Such a notion does not cross an American's mind. He talks to a woman just as he would to a man; of course with more deference of manner, and with a proper regard to the topics likely to interest her, but giving her his intellectual best, addressing her as a person whose opinion is understood by both to be worth as much as his own. Similarly an American lady does not expect to have conversation made to her: it is just as much her duty or pleasure to lead it as the man's is; and more often than not she takes the burden from him, darting along with a gay vivacity which puts to shame his slower wits.

It need hardly be said that in all cases where the two sexes come into competition for comfort, the provision is made first for women. In railroads the end car of the train, being that farthest removed from the smoke of the locomotive, is often reserved for them (though men accompanying a lady are allowed to enter it); and at hotels their sitting-room is the best and sometimes the only available public room, ladyless guests being driven to the bar

or the hall. In omnibuses and horse-cars (tram-cars) it was formerly the custom for a gentleman to rise and offer his seat to a lady if there were no vacant place. This is now less universally done. In New York and Boston (and I think also in San Francisco), I have seen the men keep their seats when ladies entered; and I recollect one occasion when the offer of a seat to a lady was declined by her, on the ground that as she had chosen to enter a full car she ought to take the consequences. It was (I was told in Boston) a feeling of this kind that had led to the discontinuance of the old courtesy: when ladies constantly pressed into the already crowded vehicles, the men, who could not secure the enforcement of the regulations against overcrowding, tried to protect themselves by refusing to rise. It is sometimes said that the privileges yielded to American women have disposed them to claim as a right what was only a courtesy, and have told unfavorably upon their manners. I know of several instances, besides this one of the horse-cars, which might seem to support the criticism, but cannot on the whole think it well founded. The better-bred women do not presume on their sex, and the area of good breeding is always widening. It need hardly be said that the community at large gains by the softening and restraining influence which the reverence for womanhood diffuses. Nothing so quickly incenses the people as any insult offered to a woman. Wife-beating, and indeed any kind of rough violence offered to women, is far less common among the rudest class than it is in England. Field work or work at the pit-mouth of mines is seldom or never done by women in America; and the American traveler who in some parts of Europe finds women performing severe manual labor, is revolted by the sight in a way which Europeans find surprising.

In the farther West, that is to say, beyond the Mississippi, in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States, one is much struck by what seems the absence of the humblest class of women. The trains are full of poorly dressed and sometimes (though less frequently) rough-mannered men. One discovers no women whose dress or air marks them out as the wives, daughters, or sisters of these men, and wonders whether the male population is celibate, and if so, why there are so many women. Closer observation shows that the wives, daughters, and sisters are there, only their attire and manner are those of what Europeans would call middle-class and not working-class people. This is partly due to the fact that Western men affect a rough dress. Still one may say that the remark so often made, that the masses of the American people correspond to the middle class of Europe, is more true of the women than of the men; and is more true of them in the rural districts and in the West than it is of the inhabitants of Atlantic cities. I remember to have been dawdling in a book-store in a small town in Oregon when a lady entered to inquire if a monthly magazine, whose name was unknown to me, had yet arrived. When she was gone I asked the salesman who she was, and what was the periodical she wanted. He answered that she was the wife of a railway workman, that the

magazine was a journal of fashions, and that the demand for such journals was large and constant among women of the wage-earning class in the town. This set me to observing female dress more closely; and it turned out to be perfectly true that the women in these little towns were following the Parisian fashions very closely, and were in fact ahead of the majority of English ladies belonging to the professional and mercantile classes. Of course in such a town as I refer to, there are no domestic servants except in the hotels (indeed, almost the only domestic service to be had in the Pacific States was till very recently that of Chinese), so these votaries of fashion did all their own housework and looked after their own babies.

Three causes combine to create among American women an average of literary taste and influence higher than that of women in any European country. These are the educational facilities they enjoy, the recognition of the equality of the sexes in the whole social and intellectual sphere, and the leisure which they possess as compared with men. In a country where men are incessantly occupied at their business or profession, the function of keeping up the level of culture devolves upon women. It is safe in their hands. They are quick and keen-witted, less fond of open-air life and physical exertion than English women are, and obliged by the climate to pass a greater part of their time under shelter from the cold of winter and the sun of summer. For music and for the pictorial arts they do not yet seem to have formed so strong a taste as for literature; partly perhaps owing to the fact that in America the opportunities of seeing and hearing masterpieces, except indeed operas, are rarer than in Europe. But they are eager and assiduous readers of all such books and periodicals as do not presuppose special knowledge in some branch of science or learning, while the number who have devoted themselves to some special study and attained proficiency in it is large. The fondness for sentiment, especially moral and domestic sentiment, which is often observed as characterizing American taste in literature, seems to be mainly due to the influence of women, for they form not only the larger part of the reading public, but an independent-minded part, not disposed to adopt the canons laid down by men, and their preferences count for more in the opinions and predilections of the whole nation than is the case in England. Similarly the number of women who write is infinitely larger in America than in Europe. Fiction, essays, and poetry are naturally their favorite provinces. In poetry more particularly, many whose names are quite unknown in Europe have attained wide-spread fame.

Some one may ask how far the differences between the position of women in America and their position in Europe are due to democracy? or if not to this, then to what other cause?

They are due to democratic feeling, in so far as they spring from the notion that all men are free and equal, possessed of certain inalienable rights and owing certain corresponding duties. This root idea of democracy cannot stop at

defining men as male human beings, any more than it could ultimately stop at defining them as white human beings. For many years the Americans believed in equality with the pride of discoverers as well as with the fervor of apostles. Accustomed to apply it to all sorts and conditions of men, they were naturally the first to apply it to women also; not indeed as respects politics, but in all the social as well as legal relations of life. Democracy is in America more respectful of the individual, less disposed to infringe his freedom or subject him to any sort of legal or family control, than it has shown itself in Continental Europe; and this regard for the individual inured to the benefit of women. Of the other causes that have worked in the same direction, two may be mentioned. One is the usage of the Congregationalist, Presbyterian, and Baptist churches, under which a woman who is a member of the congregation has the same rights in choosing a deacon, elder, or pastor, as a man has. Another is the fact that among the westward-moving settlers women were at first few in number, and were therefore treated with special respect. The habit then formed was retained as the communities grew, and propagated itself all over the country.

What have been the results on the character and usefulness of women themselves?

Favorable. They have opened to them a wider life and more variety of career. While the special graces of the feminine character do not appear to have suffered, there has been produced a sort of independence and a capacity for self-help which are increasingly valuable as the number of unmarried women increases. More resources are open to an American woman who has to lead a solitary life, not merely in the way of employment, but for the occupation of her mind and tastes, than to a European spinster or widow; while her education has not rendered the American wife less competent for the discharge of household duties.

How has the nation at large been affected by the development of this new type of womanhood, or rather perhaps of this variation on the English type?

If women have on the whole gained, it is clear that the nation gains through them. As mothers they mold the character of their children; while the function of forming the habits of society and determining its moral tone rests greatly in their hands. But there is reason to think that the influence of the American system tells directly for good upon men as well as upon the whole community. Men gain in being brought to treat women as equals, rather than as graceful playthings or useful drudges. The respect for women which every American man either feels, or is obliged by public sentiment to profess, has a wholesome effect on his conduct and character, and serves to check the cynicism which some other peculiarities of the country foster. The nation as a whole owes to the active benevolence of its women, and their zeal in promoting social reforms, benefits which the customs of Continental Europe would scarcely

have permitted women to confer. Europeans have of late years begun to render a well-deserved admiration to the brightness and vivacity of American ladies. Those who know the work they have done and are doing in many a noble cause will admire still more their energy, their courage, their self-devotion. No country seems to owe more to its women than America does, nor to owe to them so much of what is best in social institutions and in the beliefs that govern conduct.

LESLIE STEPHEN

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN, son of Sir James Stephen, who for some years "virtually ruled the colonial empire" of Britain, and brother of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, author and eminent jurist, came of a long line to whose members literature and the law had often brought distinction. Falling to a younger brother's inheritance, however, Leslie Stephen was destined, from his birth on November 28, 1832, for the church. A fragile childhood and youth seemed to preclude him from the more active professions, and a normal boy's easy acquiescence in established dogma offered no obstacle to a clerical career. Tutors and intermittent attendance at Eton and other schools finally prepared him, in spite of ill-health, for entrance to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1850. Here his career was substantial rather than brilliant; and here his life-long love of rowing, walking, and mountain-climbing came into evidence. So ardent was his devotion to Cambridge that he was completely satisfied at the close of his undergraduate years to remain as fellow and tutor at Trinity Hall. But his leisurely days as a fellow, devoted to friendship with men and books and mountains, ended in 1864 when free-thinking triumphed over thirty years of training, and a growing distrust of accepted doctrine forced him from his clerical career.

From now on authorship was his profession. His brother's connection with the Pall Mall Gazette and the Saturday Review led him into the field of letters by the path of journalism, and it was not long before the periodicals just mentioned, as well as the Times, the Fortnightly, Fraser's, the Cornhill, and the New York Nation were publishing contributions from his pen. Before committing himself definitely to literature, however, he had made a trip to America (1863), drawn here by his sympathy with the Northern side in the Civil War — for the Stephens had traditionally been agitators against slavery. While here he formed abiding friendships with James Russell Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, and Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, and these friendships led to two journeys to America in later years, one shortly after his marriage, and another for the purpose of saying farewell to Lowell, then on his deathbed.

Stephen's return to England marked the opening of a life of sustained literary toil, relieved by occasional trips to the Alps and holidays in southern England. With a veritable passion for mountains, he made a record for peaks scaled that is excelled by few; and nowhere is he seen to better literary advantage than in 'The Playground of Europe,' a book that remains a classic of Alpine adventure. In most of the articles that now came from his hand Stephen took up the cudgels for free thought and honest action, and while

his name became odious in certain circles of the orthodox, he rapidly gained a reputation for cutting wit and fearless speaking. He also made frequent excursions, always more or less apologetically, into literary criticism, with the result that the boy who had once trembled and grown pale at the recitation of 'Marmion' proved to possess a nice enough literary sense to become, in later years, one of the foremost arbiters of literature in his day. These literary essays were later gathered into the three volumes of 'Hours in a Library' (1874, 1876, 1879). In 1871 he succeeded Thackeray as editor of the Cornhill, a position he retained until 1882, resigning only to undertake, for the same publisher, the monumental work of editing the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

Meanwhile Stephen had been twice married, first in 1867 to Harriet Marian Thackeray, younger daughter of the novelist, whose death on her husband's forty-third birthday plunged him into long depression, and second in 1878 to Mrs. Herbert Duckworth, a beautiful and talented woman who had long been an intimate friend of his family and whose inspiration furthered much of his best work. (As an example of hereditary genius it is worth noting that Leslie Stephen's daughter by his second marriage, Virginia Woolf, is a leading novelist and critic. It has been suggested that the Professor Ramsay of 'To the Lighthouse' is a reproduction in fiction of her girlish recollections of her father.) Meanwhile, also, he had been engaged on his chief contributions to knowledge, and his greatest book, the 'History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century,' had appeared in 1876. This piece of vigorous writing had been preceded by his 'Essays on Free-Thinking and Plain-Speaking' (1873), and was followed by his 'Science of Ethics' (1882); 'An Agnostic's Apology' (1893); 'Social Rights and Duties' (1896), and 'The English Utilitarians' (1900). No one should think of Stephen solely as a man of letters; it was the above treatises in philosophy which he rightly considered his chief contribution to the world. Consonant with the preoccupation of his generation, he devoted an inherited logical faculty to an examination of the bases of belief and to a justification of the agnostic position.

Beginning with his life of Johnson in the 'English Men of Letters' (1878), Stephen manifested an increasing interest in biography. To the same series he contributed the lives of Pope (1880), Swift (1882), George Eliot (1902), and Hobbes (1904). His interest in biography led the publisher, George Smith, to offer him in 1882 the editorship of the projected 'Dictionary of National Biography,' a position for which Stephen was qualified by wide reading, catholic interests, tolerance, and sanity. Though he had hitherto shown some impatience at the toils of scholarly exactitude, his appreciation of the importance of such a work enabled him to organize it permanently, to publish twenty-one volumes under his sole editorship, and to constitute himself, in spite of his death in 1904, the third largest contributor to the completed work. These biographical articles, which include many of the great names in English

literature, show their author at his best. There is, to be sure, an absence of emotional enthusiasm which deprives them of a certain popular attractiveness; but they are models of sound judgment finding expression in terse and vigorous English. Ill-health compelled him, in 1891, to relinquish his position on the 'Dictionary' to Sidney Lee, under whom it was completed. Various aspects of his almost unparalleled industry in biography are shown in the four volumes of the 'Studies of a Biographer' (1899 and 1902), and yet another aspect, which his readers would be loath to miss, in the tender account of his blind friend, Henry Fawcett (1885).

Leslie Stephen was a man of delicate sensibilities which he sometimes hid for their own protection under a crusty exterior. The man with whom, it was said, no one could stop short of affection — Lowell's "most lovable of men" — could also exhibit, on the one hand, an irascibility that was keen if temporary, and on the other, a lasting fortitude in the face of deafness, sorrow, and ill-health. Humor and self-control, which had long guided him in a straight course between the sentimental and the cynical, preserved him to the end in the settled calm which is so eloquent in the following farewell — his last letter, written while awaiting death — to his old friends in the Alpine Club, to whom he is sending his alpenstocks as last mementoes:

"DEAR CONWAY — I am deeply touched by your letter, and its proof that I am kindly regarded by so many members of the Club. I shall never be able to take part in the proceedings of the Club, but those quaint old poles reminded me of some of the pleasantest days of my life. My membership in the Club has been a source of unmixed pleasure, and of kindly feelings from my comrades, which is one of the best things in life.

"I wish you all good-bye most cordially,

"Yours truly,

"L. STEPHEN."

His farewell to Charles Eliot Norton is equally simple and very characteristic of the writer:

"I write fancying that I may never be able to write again. I will, if I can; but if I cannot, I thank you with all my heart for all your past kindnesses, and assure you (needlessly?) that our friendship has been one of my greatest blessings, especially in late years. I wish you all that is good, my dear friend, and it is a pleasure to say so in words once more, if only once."

No better examples could be given of Stephen's informal writing. For examples from his published work the reader is referred to his articles on Henry Fielding and Thomas Carlyle which appear in this series (Vol. XII and Vol. XIII). They are admirable instances of his skill in literary criticism and biography.

ERNEST HUNTER WRIGHT

JOHN MORLEY

THE not infrequent union in English public life of the man of letters with the politician is illustrated in the career of John Morley. In an address on the study of literature, delivered by him in 1887 to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, he refers to the fact that he has strayed from literature into the region of politics, adding that he is "not at all sure that such a journey conduces to the aptness of one's judgment on literary subjects." Had Morley's essays in criticism been concerned exclusively with literature, his political life might not have been of profit to him as a man of letters. As it is, his 'Miscellanies' — studies of men and their times — and his biographies witness to the fruitful influence of actual contact with affairs upon the critical spirit. Morley enriched his literary products through his public life. The biographer of Richard Cobden, of Edmund Burke, and of Horace Walpole was certainly aided in his estimates of these statesmen by his own political experience; and in his estimates of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, by contact with the social-philosophic and humanitarian spirit of the extreme Gladstone party. It is significant that Morley chose as subjects of political biography, men identified with the more liberal tendencies of modern English statesmanship. He himself was a radical and a scientific idealist, who placed his reliance upon the future rather than upon the past. His political career did not open, however, until he was well established as a writer and an editor.

Born at Blackburn, Lancashire, in 1838, he was educated at Cheltenham, and at Lincoln College, Oxford, where he obtained his B.A. in 1859. Ten years later he was an unsuccessful candidate to Parliament for his native place. In the mean time he had undertaken the editorship of the Fortnightly Review, a position which he held from 1867 to 1882. Morley's sound literary sense, and his well-developed critical faculty, were put to valuable use in the conduct of this important periodical. He drew to his aid men like George Henry Lewes, Bagehot, and Cairnes. The apparently insignificant innovation of signing articles was due to his influence. His editorial qualifications were further exhibited in his conduct of the Pall Mall Gazette from 1880 to 1883, and of Macmillan's Magazine from 1883 to 1885.

From 1883, however, he was drawn more and more into a purely political career. He had unsuccessfully stood for Parliament as early as 1869 and again in 1880, but it was not until 1883 that he was actually elected, and it was not until the election of 1885 brought the question of Home Rule into the foreground that he became a figure of national importance. The following year

Gladstone, returning to office, advanced him to the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland with a seat in the Cabinet.

In the decade that followed Gladstone's resignation in 1894, years when Liberalism was no longer in the ascendant, Morley with other Gladstonians could do little but bide his time. He could write, however, and brought out his studies on Cromwell and Machiavelli, together with his life of Gladstone, the greatest of his works, which came out in three volumes in 1903. The Boer War in 1899–1902 brought him back into active politics; he denounced this war as "uncompensated mischief and irreparable wrong." He was given another prominent post in 1905 when the Liberals came into office and Campbell-Bannerman made him Secretary for India. Morley had hitherto given but little attention to the Indian situation, but his four years in office were memorable for the reforms he carried through, for his openmindedness and courage. In 1908, when Asquith succeeded Campbell-Bannerman as Premier, Morley was raised to the peerage with the title of Viscount Morley and entered the House of Lords, where he soon became one of the most respected members. Two years later he handed India over to Lord Crewe and became President of the Council. As leader of the Upper House it fell to his lot in 1911 to inform the Lords that enough new peers were to be created to carry the Veto Bill, if they continued to oppose its passage.

The outbreak of the World War terminated his political career. When the question of taking part in the war against Germany arose and the Cabinet split over the question, he led the opposition to joining the Allies and resigned from office; he was then seventy-six years of age and refused to reconsider his decision. He made one notable reappearance at the request of the Prime Minister (Lloyd-George) in December 1921, when at the age of eighty-three he rose in the House of Lords to ratify the agreement that was to make Ireland self-governing, thus setting the seal of success upon his lifelong efforts. After his retirement he devoted himself to writing his 'Recollections,' which were published in two volumes in 1917, the first dealing with literary subjects, the second with political. They are surprisingly objective, and even in outlining his political career he keeps the personal element out of it as much as possible. He chronicles events and personages, but the same reserve that made him prefer the request that no biography of him be attempted after his death prompted him to shield his life from public scrutiny. His last years were spent in retirement and mostly devoted to reading and seeing friends. This continued until the day before he died in the autumn of 1923.

In Morley's essays and biographies he exhibited the same spirit of radicalism which has governed his political career. He drew naturally to a consideration of those writers, thinkers, and statesmen whose influence upon their times had been in the direction of essentially modern ideals of government and social constitution, or who had stood as representatives of a new order in opposition

to the old. For this reason Morley found congenial subjects of critical biography in the French philosophers and thinkers of the eighteenth century. His studies of Vauvenargues, of Turgot, of Condorcet, of Diderot, are written in a spirit of sympathetic criticism which witnesses to his divination of the dominating social and political forces of a given era, and to his recognition of the concrete expression of these forces in the individual. In this sense his life of Rousseau is a study of French politics in the eighteenth century. The author of the 'Social Contract,' although more of a dreamer than a politician, exerted a strong influence upon the political temper of his own and later times. Morley traces this influence through the social and political confusions of the Revolution, and into the readjusting forces of the nineteenth century, where it gives birth to those "schemes of mutualism, and all other shapes of collective action for a common social good, which have possessed such commanding attraction for the imagination of large classes of good men in France ever since." In his elaborate analysis of the 'Social Contract,' Morley displays his own insight into difficult problems of society and of politics. His modern habit of mind is shown in his appreciation of the time-spirit as the most reliable interpreter of the phenomena of history. He was indeed a historical critic rather than a creator in the domain of literature. He used the essay more as a vehicle for his political reflections than for itself as a literary product. He possessed, however, ideals of style which are high, exacting, and comprehensive. These were expressed in his clear, strong English, compactly fitted to his thought. He gave to the literature of his country a not inconsiderable body of vigorous and well-tempered prose.

ROUSSEAU AT MONTMORENCY

From 'Rousseau'

THE many conditions of intellectual productiveness are still hidden in such profound obscurity that we are as yet unable to explain why in certain natures a period of stormy moral agitation seems to be the indispensable antecedent of their highest creative effort. Byron is one instance, and Rousseau is another, in which the current of stimulating force made rapid way from the lower to the higher parts of character, only expending itself after having traversed the whole range of emotion and faculty, from their meanest, most realistic, most personal forms of exercise, up to the summit of what is lofty and ideal. No man was ever involved in such an odious complication of moral maladies as beset Rousseau in the winter of 1758. Within three years of this miserable epoch he had completed not only the 'New Heloïsa,' which is the monument of his fall, but the 'Social Contract,' which was the most

influential, and 'Emilius,' which was perhaps the most elevated and spiritual of all the productions of the prolific genius of France in the eighteenth century. A poor light-hearted Marmontel thought that the secret of Rousseau's success lay in the circumstance that he began to write late; and it is true that no other author so considerable as Rousseau waited until the age of fifty for the full vigor of his inspiration. No tale of years, however, could have ripened such fruit without native strength and incommunicable savor; nor can the splendid mechanical movement of those characters which keep the balance of the world even, impart to literature the peculiar quality, peculiar but not the finest, that comes from experience of the black and unlighted abysses of the soul.

The period of actual production was externally calm. The 'New Heloïsa' was completed in 1759, and published in 1761. The 'Social Contract' was published in the spring of 1762, and 'Emilius' a few weeks later. Throughout this period Rousseau was, for the last time in his life, at peace with most of his fellows; that is to say, though he never relented from his antipathy to the Holbachians, for the time it slumbered, until a more real and serious persecution than any which he imputed to them transformed his antipathy into a gloomy frenzy.

The new friends whom he made at Montmorency were among the greatest people in the kingdom. The Duke of Luxembourg (1702–64) was a marshal of France, and as intimate a friend of the King as the King was capable of having. The Maréchale de Luxembourg (1707–87) had been one of the most beautiful, and continued to be one of the most brilliant leaders of the last aristocratic generation that was destined to sport on the slopes of the volcano. The former seems to have been a loyal and homely soul; the latter, restless, imperious, penetrating, unamiable. Their dealings with Rousseau were marked by perfect sincerity and straightforward friendship. They gave him a convenient apartment in a small summer lodge in the park, to which he retreated when he cared for a change from his narrow cottage. He was a constant guest at their table, where he met the highest names in France. The marshal did not disdain to pay him visits, or to walk with him, or to discuss his private affairs. Unable as ever to shine in conversation, yet eager to show his great friends that they had to do with no common mortal, Rousseau bethought him of reading the 'New Heloïsa' aloud to them. At ten in the morning he used to wait upon the maréchale, and there by her bedside he read the story of the love, the sin, the repentance of Julie, the distraction of Saint Preux, the wisdom of Wolmar, and the sage friendship of Lord Edward, in tones which enchanted her both with his book and its author for all the rest of the day, as all the women in France were so soon to be enchanted. This, as he expected, amply reconciled her to the uncouthness and clumsiness of his conversation, which was at least as maladroit and as spiritless in the presence of a duchess as it was in presences less imposing.

One side of character is obviously tested by the way in which a man bears himself in his relations with persons of greater consideration. Rousseau was taxed by some of his plebeian enemies with a most unheroic deference to his patrician friends. He had a dog whose name was Duc. When he came to sit at a duke's table, he changed his dog's name to Turc. Again, one day in a transport of tenderness he embraced the old marshal — the duchess embraced Rousseau ten times a day, for the age was effusive: " Ah, monsieur le maréchal, I used to hate the great before I knew you, and I hate them still more, since you make me feel so strongly how easy it would be for them to have themselves adored." On another occasion he happened to be playing at chess with the Prince of Conti, who had come to visit him in his cottage. In spite of the signs and grimaces of the attendants, he insisted on beating the prince in a couple of games. Then he said with respectful gravity, " Monseigneur, I honor your Serene Highness too much not to beat you at chess always." A few days after, the vanquished prince sent him a present of game, which Rousseau duly accepted. The present was repeated; but this time Rousseau wrote to Madame de Boufflers that he would receive no more, and that he loved the prince's conversation better than his gifts. He admits that this was an ungracious proceeding; and that to refuse game " from a prince of the blood who throws so much good feeling into the present, is not so much the delicacy of a proud man bent on preserving his independence, as the rusticity of an unmannerly person who does not know his place." Considering the extreme virulence with which Rousseau always resented gifts even of the most trifling kind from his friends, we find some inconsistency in this condemnation of a sort of conduct to which he tenaciously clung; unless the fact of the donor being a prince of the blood is allowed to modify the quality of the donation, and that would be a hardly defensible position in the austere citizen of Geneva. Madame de Boufflers, the intimate friend of our sage Hume, and the yet more intimate friend of the Prince of Conti, gave him a judicious warning when she bade him beware of laying himself open to a charge of affectation, lest it should obscure the brightness of his virtue, and so hinder its usefulness. " Fabius and Regulus would have accepted such marks of esteem without feeling in them any hurt to their disinterestedness and frugality." Perhaps there is a flutter of self-consciousness that is not far removed from this affectation, in the pains which Rousseau takes to tell us that after dining at the castle, he used to return home gleefully to sup with a mason who was his neighbor and his friend. On the whole, however, and so far as we know, Rousseau conducted himself not unworthily with these high people. His letters to them are for the most part marked by self-respect and a moderate graciousness; though now and again he makes rather too much case of the difference of rank, and asserts his independence with something too much of protestation. Their relations with him are a curious sign of the interest which the members of the great world took in the men who were quietly preparing the destruction both of them

and their world. The Maréchale de Luxembourg places this squalid dweller in a hovel on her estate in the place of honor at her table, and embraces his Theresa. The Prince of Conti pays visits of courtesy, and sends game to a man whom he employs at a few sous an hour to copy manuscript for him. The Countess of Boufflers, in sending him the money, insists that he is to count her his warmest friend. When his dog dies, the countess writes to sympathize with his chagrin, and the prince begs to be allowed to replace it. And when persecution and trouble and infinite confusion came upon him, they all stood as fast by him as their own comfort would allow. Do we not feel that there must have been in the unhappy man, besides all the recorded pettinesses and perversities which revolt us in him, a vein of something which touched men, and made women devoted to him, until he drove both men and women away? With Madame d'Epinay and Madame d'Houdetot, as with the dearer and humbler patroness of his youth, we have now parted company. But they are instantly succeeded by new devotees. And the lovers of Rousseau, in all degrees, were not silly women led captive by idle fancy. Madame de Boufflers was one of the most distinguished spirits of her time. Her friendship for him was such, that his sensuous vanity made Rousseau against all reason or probability confound it with a warmer form; and he plumes himself in a manner most displeasing on the victory which he won over his own feelings on the occasion. As a matter of fact he had no feelings to conquer, any more than the supposed object of them ever bore him any ill-will for his indifference, as in his mania of suspicion he afterwards believed.

There was a calm about the too few years he passed at Montmorency, which leaves us in doubt whether this mania would ever have afflicted him, if his natural irritation had not been made intense and irresistible by the cruel distractions that followed the publication of 'Emilius.' He was tolerably content with his present friends. The simplicity of their way of dealing with him contrasted singularly, as he thought, with the never-ending solicitudes, as importunate as they were officious, of the patronizing friends whom he had just cast off. Perhaps, too, he was soothed by the companionship of persons whose rank may have flattered his vanity, while unlike Diderot and his old literary friends in Paris, they entered into no competition with him in the peculiar sphere of his own genius. Madame de Boufflers, indeed, wrote a tragedy; but he told her gruffly enough that it was a plagiarism from Southerne's 'Oroonoko.' That Rousseau was thoroughly capable of this hateful emotion of sensitive literary jealousy is proved, if by nothing else, by his readiness to suspect that other authors were jealous of him. No one suspects others of a meanness of this kind, unless he is capable of it himself. The resounding success which followed the 'New Heloïsa' and 'Emilius' put an end to this apprehension, for it raised him to a pedestal in popular esteem as high as that on which Voltaire stood triumphant. This very success unfortunately brought troubles

which destroyed Rousseau's last chance of ending his days in full reasonableness.

Meanwhile he enjoyed his last interval of moderate wholesomeness and peace. He felt his old healthy joy in the green earth. One of the letters commemorates his delight in the great scudding southwest winds of February, soft forerunners of the spring, so sweet to all who live with nature. At the end of his garden was a summer-house, and here even on wintry days he sat composing or copying. It was not music only that he copied. He took a curious pleasure in making transcripts of his romance, which he sold to the Duchess of Luxembourg and other ladies for some moderate fee. Sometimes he moved from his own lodging to the quarters in the park which his great friends had induced him to accept. "They were charmingly neat; the furniture was of white and blue. It was in this perfumed and delicious solitude, in the midst of woods and streams and choirs of birds of every kind, with the fragrance of the orange-flower poured round me, that I composed in a continual ecstasy the fifth book of 'Emilius.' With what eagerness did I hasten every morning at sunrise to breathe the balmy air! What good coffee I used to take under the porch in company with my Theresa! My cat and my dog made the rest of our party. That would have sufficed for all my life, and I should never have known weariness." And so to the assurance, so often repeated under so many different circumstances, that here was a true heaven upon earth, where if fate had only allowed, he would have known unbroken innocence and lasting happiness.

WALTER PATER

THE functions of criticism are of necessity didactic, not creative; analytical, not synthetic. Yet from time to time critics reveal themselves who vivify their work with profound imagination. Walter Pater is one of these original spirits. He held a unique position among English essayists of the nineteenth century by reason of his refinement of vision; of his power of expressing what he saw in language of exquisite rectitude; of the suggestive philosophy which underlies his criticisms, whether they be of Greek art, or of English poets, or of the Italian Renaissance. He is an artist-critic in the sense that he looks upon life with the discrimination of the poet, not of the scientist. He is a creator in the sense that he gives to tradition the freshness of immediate revelation. His essays on Botticelli, on Leonardo, on 'Measure for Measure,' throw sudden, vivid light on apparently smooth surfaces of long-accepted fact, revealing delicate and intricate beauties.

Pater's philosophy of the beautiful in art and life is intrinsically a compiled philosophy, but it becomes original in its application. The old Spartan ideal of temperance in every affair of life became for him the governing principle in the manifestations of art. He emphasizes again and again the value of the asceticism inherent in all great art products, a Greek asceticism which is but another word for harmony and proportion. To him the life of the artist resolves itself into a Great Refusal: whether it is that of the patient Raphael, steadfastly purposing that he will not offend; or of Michelangelo, subduing his passion to the requirements of the passionless sonnet; or of the Greek athlete, with his superb conception of physical economy; or whether it is the asceticism of the stylist who rejects all words, however tempting, which will not render him exquisite service. "Self-restraint, a skilful economy of means, *ascêsis,* that too has a beauty of its own."

This modern application of an essentially Greek ideal was developed by educational influences. Walter Horatio Pater was born August 4, 1839, of a family originally from Holland, but long resident in England. In 1858 he entered Queen's College, Oxford. At this time England's period of romanticism had already found brilliant expression in the paintings and poems of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Modern mysticism had attained its apotheosis in 'The Blessed Damozel.' It was a mysticism clearly intelligible to the sensuous soul of Pater, who, though dominated by the Greek ideal, retained always his love of flesh, half revealing, half concealing the elusive spirit. His essays on Sandro Botticelli, on Luca della Robbia, on 'Aucassin and Nicolette,' witness to this love of the medieval incapacity for distinguishing soul from body;

the Dantesque belief that they are one, and must fare forth together even into the shadowy ways of eternity. But Pater by the law of his development passed from under the influence of Ruskin and Rossetti into the influence of Winckelmann and Goethe. Goethe's problem, " Can the blitheness and universality of the antique ideal be communicated to artistic productions which shall contain the fullness of the experience of the modern world? " became Pater's problem, which he, essentially a modern, found difficult of solution. " Certainly for us of the modern world, with its conflicting claims, its entangled interests, distracted by so many sorrows, so many preoccupations, so bewildering an experience, the problem of unity within ourselves, in blitheness and repose, is far harder than it was for the Greek within the simple terms of antique life." This passage from his essay on Winckelmann is the keynote of Pater's world-weariness, as it is of all who strive to build up Greek serenity on modern experiences. Goethe succeeded in uniting the Romantic with the Hellenic spirit by the fusing power of his genius. Pater, being a critic, not a creator, could not always reconcile the conditions of nineteenth-century life with the temper of Greece.

His works exhibit a hunger for perfection which was the fruit of a passionate admiration of Greek form, and of the spirit which it embodied — the rational, chastened, debonair spirit of the daylight. Because the maladies of the soul were not unknown to him, this critic and lover of the great past placed an almost exaggerated value upon that unperplexed serenity which perished with young Athens. *Heiterkeit und Allgemeinheit* [Blitheness and Universality]! are they possible to the complex modern, troubled about many things? At least he can attain to them approximately through his productions, if he be an artist. So Walter Pater recovered the Greek spirit in scrupulous, restrained workmanship, in devotion to form for its own sake. In his ' Greek Studies,' in his ' Plato and Platonism,' in his essay on Winckelmann — throughout his writings, indeed — this practice toward perfection received emphasis. It is not that of the Christian art " always struggling to express thoughts beyond itself "; but it is a self-controlled pagan practice, satisfied with the tangible goal of an art which suggests nothing beyond its own victorious fairness.

This devotion to the poise of Greek art and life, to the significant indifference which precludes blind enthusiasm and therefore inadequate workmanship, is blended in Pater with a love of those delicate transitional periods of growth and experience in the lives of nations and of men. The ' Studies of the Renaissance ' are chiefly concerned with the revelations of its dawn. The ' Imaginary Portraits ' are of youths who have not yet surrendered to custom their freshness, their bland originality. Pater had the Greek love of youth, and of its characteristics, so precious because so fleeting. These characteristics agree best with his philosophy. Youth loves experience; and to Pater, not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. Youth is not habit-bound, and " our failure is to form habits; for after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world." His youthful heroes are on a mental pilgrimage, whose goal they never reach.

The most famous of them, Marius the Epicurean, seems the embodiment of Pater's peculiar philosophy, his love of training, of asceticism in the Greek sense; his appreciation of the value of the transitional. The spiritual journey of Marius is indicated through wonderful chapter after chapter of a novel without a plot. This young Roman lives his chastened, thoughtful, expectant life against the background of the Empire of Marcus Aurelius; enjoying its vivid, varicolored scenery in the detached spirit of the artist; turning always with a sense of relief from the garish show to the gray realms of philosophic thought. The Emperor himself is the second hero of the book, portrayed effectively as the philosopher king who might have ruled Plato's Republic. Like Marius, he too is a mental wayfarer, who refuses the comforts of the wayside Inn for the sake of the intangible Goal. Marius dies young, with the vision of the City of God still far in the bleak distance; yet with the hope of a mind naturally Christian, that on his love for others his soul may assuredly rest and depend.

The pathos of mortality seems to Pater to embody itself in this craving of Marius, and of his kin in every age, for the personal and the definite: in their refusal to accept, despite this craving, the anthropomorphic gods of the multitude, lest they should miss a rarer divinity. "We too desire," said Lucian, the friend of Marius, "not a fair one, but the fairest of all; unless we find him we shall think that we have failed."

To Pater, viewing this life and its phenomena in the Heraclitean spirit, yet always with the half-suppressed longing for the Fixed, the Absolute, orthodoxy is but a retardation of progress; conviction and certitude are alike numbing to the soul of man. He extracts most from life who passes through it with a kind of divine indifference, handling all things as though they were not; yet absorbing the fine essence of each experience because it is transitory. "Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening."

Of Pater's style much has been said in praise and detraction. It expresses his hunger for perfection in its extreme polish, its elaborate form, its verbal nicety. But it is never spontaneous, and its art is sometimes artifice. Its merits are perhaps too evident to make of it a great style. Yet it will always witness to the value of patience and conscientiousness in the handling of words: furthermore, it is an effective key to the otherwise shadowy personality of Pater; to the complex nature, tinged with morbidness, in which end-of-the-century passions broke in upon classic, perhaps pseudo-classic calm.

Walter Pater died July 30, 1894, at Oxford, where, as a Fellow of Brasenose College, he had spent the greater portion of his uneventful life. His influence may not be far-reaching in the future; but as he himself said of Rossetti, his works will always appeal with power to a special and limited audience.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL

WHITE-NIGHTS

From 'Marius the Epicurean'

TO an instinctive seriousness, the material abode in which the childhood of Marius was passed had largely added. Nothing, you felt, as you first caught sight of that coy, retired place — surely nothing could happen there without its full accompaniment of thought or reverie. *White-nights!* — so you might interpret its old Latin name. "The red rose came first," says a quaint German mystic, speaking of "the mystery of so-called *white* things" as being "ever an after-thought — the doubles, or seconds, of real things, and themselves but half real or material: the white queen — the white witch — the white mass, which, as the black mass is a travesty of the true mass turned to evil by horrible old witches, is celebrated by young candidates for the priesthood, with an unconsecrated host, by way of rehearsal." So white-nights, I suppose, after something like the same analogy, should be nights not passed in quite blank forgetfulness, but those which we pass in continuous dreaming, only half veiled by sleep. Certainly the place was, in such case, true to its fanciful name in this — that you might very well conceive, in the face of it, that dreaming, even in the daytime, might come to much there.

The young Marius represented an ancient family, whose estate had come down to him much curtailed through the extravagance of a certain Marcellus two generations before, a favorite in his day of the fashionable world at Rome, where he had at least spent his substance with a correctness of taste which Marius might seem to have inherited from him; as he was believed also to resemble him in a singularly pleasant smile, consistent however, in the younger face, with some degree of somber expression when the mind within was but slightly moved.

As the means of life decreased, the farm had crept nearer and nearer to the dwelling-house, about which there was therefore a trace of workday negligence or homeliness, not without its picturesque charm for some — for the young master himself among them. The more observant passer-by would note, curious as to the inmates, a certain amount of dainty care amid that neglect, as if it came in part, perhaps, from a reluctance to disturb old associations. It was significant of the national character, that a sort of elegant *gentleman*-farming, as we say, was much affected by some of the most cultivated Romans. But it was something more than an elegant diversion, something more of a serious business, with the household of Marius; and his actual interest in the cultivation of the earth and the care of flocks had brought him, at least, intimately near to those elementary conditions of life, a reverence for which the great Roman poet, as he has shown by his own half-mystic preoccupation with them, held to be the ground of primitive Roman religion, as of primitive

morals. But then farm life in Italy, including the culture of the vine and the olive, has a peculiar grace of its own, and might well contribute to the production of an ideal dignity of character, like that of nature itself in this gifted region. Vulgarity seemed impossible. The place, though impoverished, was still deservedly dear, full of venerable memories, and with a living sweetness of its own for today.

It had been then a part of the struggling family pride of the lad's father to hold by those ceremonial traditions, to which the example of the head of the State, old Antoninus Pius — an example to be still further enforced by his successor — had given a fresh though perhaps somewhat artificial popularity. It was consistent with many another homely and old-fashioned trait in him, not to undervalue the charm of exclusiveness and immemorial authority, which membership in a local priestly college, hereditary in his house, conferred upon him. To set a real value on those things was but one element in that pious concern for his home and all that belonged to it, which, as Marius afterwards discovered, had been a strong motive with his father. The ancient hymn — *Jana Novella!* — was still sung by his people, as the new moon grew bright in the west; and even their wild custom of leaping through heaps of blazing straw on a certain night in summer was not discouraged. Even the privilege of augury, according to one condition, had at one time belonged to his race; and if you can imagine how, once in a way, an impressible boy might have an *inkling,* an inward mystic intimation, of the meaning and consequences of all that — what was implied in it becoming explicit for him — you conceive aright the mind of Marius, in whose house the auspices were still carefully consulted before every undertaking of moment.

The devotion of the father, then, had handed on loyally — and that is all many not unimportant persons ever find to do — a certain tradition of life, which came to mean much for the young Marius. It was with a feeling almost exclusively of awe that he thought of his dead father; though at times, indeed, with a not unpleasant sense of liberty — as he could but confess to himself, pondering, in the actual absence of so weighty and continual a restraint, upon the arbitrary power which Roman religion and Roman law gave to the parent over his son. On the part of his mother, on the other hand, entertaining the husband's memory, there was a sustained freshness of regret; together with the recognition, as Marius fancied, of some costly self-sacrifice, to be credited to the dead. The life of the widow, languid and shadowy enough but for the poignancy of that regret, was like one long service to the departed soul; its many annual observances centering about the funeral urn — a tiny, delicately carved marble house, still white and fresh — in the family chapel, wreathed always with the richest flowers from the garden: the dead, in those country places, being allowed a somewhat closer neighborhood to the old homes they were supposed still to protect, than is usual with us, or was usual in Rome itself — a closeness which, so diverse are the ways of human sentiment, the

living welcomed, and in which the more wealthy, at least in the country, might indulge themselves. All that, Marius followed with a devout interest, sincerely touched and awed by his mother's sorrow. After the deification of the emperors, we are told, it was considered impious so much as to use any coarse expression in the presence of their images. To Marius the whole of life seemed full of sacred presences, demanding of him a similar collectedness. The severe and archaic religion of the villa, as he conceived it, begot in him a sort of devout circumspection, lest he should fall short at any point of the demand upon him of anything in which deity was concerned: he must satisfy, with a kind of sacred equity, he must be very cautious not to be wanting to, the claims of others, in their joys and calamities — the happiness which deity sanctioned, or the blows in which it made itself felt. And from habit, this feeling of a responsibility towards the world of men and things, towards a claim for due sentiment concerning them on his side, came to be a part of his nature not to be put off. It kept him serious and dignified amid the Epicurean speculations which in after years much engrossed him, when he had learned to think of all religions as indifferent; serious, among many fopperies, and through many languid days: and made him anticipate all his life long, as a thing towards which he must carefully train himself, some great occasion of self-devotion like that which really came, which should consecrate his life, and it might be the memory of it among others; as the early Christian looked forward to martyrdom at the end of his course, as a seal of worth upon it.

The traveler, descending from the slopes of Luna, even as he got his first view of the Port-of-Venus, would pause by the way to read the face, as it were, of so beautiful a dwelling-place, lying well away from the white road, at the point where it began to decline somewhat steeply to the marsh-land below. The building of pale red and yellow marble, mellowed by age, which he saw beyond the gates, was indeed but the exquisite fragment of a once large and sumptuous villa. Two centuries of the play of the sea-wind were in the velvet of the mosses which lay along its inaccessible ledges and angles. Here and there the marble plates had slipped from their places, where the delicate weeds had forced their way. The graceful wildness which prevailed in garden and farm gave place to a singular nicety about the actual habitation, and a still more scrupulous sweetness and order reigned within. The old Roman architects seem to have well understood the decorative value of the floor — the real economy there was, in the production of rich interior effect, of a somewhat lavish expenditure upon the surface they trod on. The pavement of the hall had lost something of its evenness; but though a little rough to the foot, polished and cared for like a piece of silver, looked, as mosaic-work is apt to do, its best in old age. Most noticeable among the ancestral masks, each in its little cedar chest below the cornice, was that of the wasteful but elegant Marcellus, with the quaint resemblance in its yellow waxen features to Marius, just then so full of animation and country color. A chamber, curved ingeniously

into oval form, which he had added to the mansion, still contained his collection of works of art; above all, the head of Medusa, for which the villa was famous. The spoilers of one of the old Greek towns on the coast had flung away or lost the thing, as it seemed, in some rapid flight across the river below, from the sands of which it had been drawn up in a fisherman's net, with the fine golden *laminæ* still clinging here and there to the bronze. It was Marcellus also who had contrived the prospect tower of two stories, with the white pigeon-house above it, so characteristic of the place. The little glazed windows in the uppermost chamber framed each its dainty landscape: the pallid crags of Carrara, like wildly twisted snowdrifts above the purple heath; the distant harbor with its freight of white marble going to sea; the lighthouse temple of *Venus Speciosa* on its dark headland, amid the long-drawn curves of white breakers. Even on summer nights the air there had always a motion in it, and drove the scent of the new-mown hay along all the passages of the house.

Something pensive, spellbound, and as but half real, something cloistral or monastic, as we should say, united to that exquisite order, made the whole place seem to Marius, as it were — *sacellum* — the peculiar sanctuary of his mother, who still in real widowhood provided the deceased Marius the elder with that secondary sort of life which we can give to the dead, in our intensely realized memory of them; the "subjective immortality," as some now call it, for which many a Roman epitaph cries out plaintively to widow or sister or daughter, still alive in the land of the living. Certainly, if any such considerations regarding them do reach the shadowy people, he enjoyed that secondary existence — that warm place still left, in thought at least, beside the living — the desire for which is actually, in various forms, so great a motive with most of us. And Marius the younger, even thus early, came to think of women's tears, of women's hands to lay one to rest, in death as in the sleep of childhood, as a sort of natural want. The soft lines of the white hands and face, set among the many folds of the veil and stole of the Roman widow, busy upon her needle-work, or with music sometimes, defined themselves for him as the typical expression of maternity. Helping her with her white and purple wools, and caring for her musical instruments, he won, as if from the handling of such things, an urbane and feminine refinement, qualifying the freshness of his country-grown habits — the sense of a certain delicate blandness, which he relished, above all, on returning to the "chapel" of his mother, after long days of open-air exercise, in winter or stormy summer. For poetic souls in old Italy felt, hardly less strongly than the English, the pleasures of winter; of the hearth, with the very dead warm in its generous heat, keeping the young myrtles in flower, though the hail is beating hard without. One important principle, of fruit afterwards in his Roman life, that relish for the country fixed deeply in him; in the winters especially, when the sufferings of the animal world come so palpably before even the least observant. It fixed in him a sympathy for all creatures; for the almost human sicknesses and

troubles of the flocks, for instance. It was a feeling which had in it something of religious veneration for life, as such — for that mysterious essence which man is powerless to create in even the feeblest degree. One by one, at the desire of his mother, the lad broke down his cherished traps and springes for the hungry wild birds on the salt-marsh. A white bird, she told him once, looking at him gravely, a bird which he must carry in his bosom across a crowded public place — his own soul was like that! Would it reach the hands of his good genius on the opposite side, unruffled and unsoiled? And as his mother became to him the very type of maternity in things — its unfailing pity and protectiveness — and maternity itself the central type of all love, so that beautiful dwelling-place gave singular reality and concreteness to a peculiar ideal of home, which through all the rest of his life he seemed, amid many distractions of spirit, to be ever seeking to regain.

And a certain vague fear of evil, constitutional in him, enhanced still further that sentiment of home, as a place of tried security. His religion, that old Italian religion, in contrast with the really light-hearted religion of Greece, had its deep under-current of gloom, its sad, haunting imageries, not exclusively confined to the walls of Etrurian tombs. The function of the conscience. not always as the prompter of a gratitude for benefits received, but oftenest as his accuser before those angry heavenly masters, had a large place in it; and the sense of some unexplored evil ever dogging his footsteps made him oddly suspicious of particular places and persons. . . .

Thus the boyhood of Marius passed; on the whole more given to contemplation than to action. Less prosperous in fortune than at an earlier day there had been reason to expect, and animating his solitude, as he read eagerly and intelligently, with the traditions of the past, he lived much already in the realm of the imagination, and became betimes, as he was to continue all through life, something of an idealist; constructing the world for himself in great measure from within, by the exercise of meditative power. A vein of subjective philosophy, with the individual for its measure of all things, there was to be always in his intellectual scheme of the world and of conduct, with a certain incapacity wholly to accept other men's values of things. And the generation of this peculiar element in his temper he could trace up to the days when his life had been so like the reading of a romance to him. Had the Romans a word for *unworldly?* The beautiful word *umbratilis* comes nearest to it, perhaps; and in that precise sense, might describe the spirit in which he prepared himself for the sacerdotal function hereditary in his family — the sort of mystic enjoyment he had in the abstinence, the strenuous self-control and *ascêsis,* which such preparation involved. Like the young Ion in the beautiful opening of the play of Euripides, who every morning sweeps the temple floor with such a fund of cheerfulness in his service, he was apt to be happy in sacred places, with a susceptibility to their peculiar influences which he never outgrew; so that often in after-times, quite unexpectedly, this feeling would revive in

him, still fresh and strong. That first, early, boyish ideal of priesthood, the sense of dedication, survived through all the distraction of the world — when all thought of such vocations had finally passed from him — as a ministry, in spirit at least, towards a sort of hieratic beauty and orderliness in the conduct of life. And now what relieved in part this over-tension of soul was the lad's pleasure in the country and the open air; above all, the ramble to the coast, over the marsh with the dwarf roses and wild lavender, and the delightful signs, one after another — the abandoned boat, the ruined flood-gates, the flock of wild birds — that one was approaching the sea; the long summer day of idleness among its vague scents and sounds. And it was characteristic of him that he relished especially the grave, subdued, northern notes in all that; the charm of the French or English notes, as we might term them, in the luxuriant Italian landscape.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

THE restraining and fructifying power of culture receives an adequate illustration in the writings of John Addington Symonds. There are few critics who approach him in catholicity of artistic taste, and sensitiveness to the claims of humanity above all other claims. He is a humanist in the true sense of the word; preferring the study of man to the study of man's works, or rather seeking always for the human element in a monument of art. He is also an exponent of the highest culture, of that self-development which is the fruit of knowledge married to sympathy. In him, as in Walter Pater, liberal education carried talent almost to the domain of creative genius — almost but not quite: he remains a critic, whose criticism is always illumination. He describes his own development in his essay on 'Culture,' when he defines culture as "the raising of intellectual faculties to their highest potency by means of conscious training; . . . it is a psychical state, so to speak, which may be acquired by sympathetic and assimilative study. It makes a man to be something: it does not teach him to create anything. It has no power to stand in the place of nature, and to endow a human being with new faculties. It prepares him to exert his innate faculties in a chosen line of work with a certain spirit of freedom, with a certain breadth of understanding."

Symonds' life was singularly uneventful, being devoted entirely to the quiet industries of scholarship. He inherited not a little of his literary taste from his father of the same name, who was a practising physician at Bristol and afterwards at Clifton; and whose 'Miscellanies,' selected and edited by his son, were published in 1871. That son was born in Bristol, October 5, 1840. In 1860 he was graduated from Balliol College, Oxford, winning the Newdigate prize. On account of ill health he lived for many years at Davos-Platz in Switzerland. He died at Rome, April 19, 1893.

The thirty-three years between the taking of his degree and his death were occupied chiefly with study, and with the production of works of criticism. Many of these deal with Italian men of genius; with the period of the Renaissance, and with those personages in whom the Renaissance spirit found most significant embodiment. 'An Introduction to the Study of Dante,' published in 1872, was one of the first-fruits of Symonds' scholarship. His poetical temperament, his sensitiveness to beauty, above all, his intense interest in human development, fitted him peculiarly to understand the temper of Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. He entered with full sympathy into that highly colored, highly vitalized world, which was the product of the marriage

of medieval Faust with Helen, of the romance of Italy with the classicism of Greece.

His 'Renaissance in Italy' is a historical record of the development of this world, interspersed with subtle and penetrative criticism. This monumental book is in five parts. The first, 'The Age of the Despots,' was published in 1875; the second, 'The Revival of Learning,' in 1877; then followed 'The Fine Arts,' 'Italian Literature,' and lastly, in 1886, 'The Catholic Reaction.' The comprehensiveness of this work is scarcely less remarkable than its conscientious scholarship, and its subtle insight into one of the most complex periods in modern history. He portrays a great age, as it can only be portrayed, through the medium of personality. He sees the individualism of the Renaissance expressed in Dante, in Petrarch, and in Boccaccio; he sees its strength in Michelangelo, and its sweetness in Raphael. His 'Life of Michelangelo' is written in this spirit of sympathetic criticism, so that it is less a historical record than a portrait of a man. His knowledge of Renaissance conditions enabled him also to breathe with freedom the glowing air of the England which brought forth the phœnix brood of the dramatists. His 'Studies of Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama' are luminous with appreciation, as are also his 'Life of Sidney' and his 'Life of Ben Jonson.' The chivalry of renascent England is embodied in the one, its humanism in the other. To Symonds the man is the age.

As was natural with a student of the Renaissance, Symonds was also a student of Greek life and thought. His 'Studies of the Greek Poets' is a unique work; because it approaches the genius of Greece, as embodied in her singers, on the side of personality. It is a book requiring little scholarship in the reader, and it is therefore popular in the widest sense. It tells of the Greek poets as of men whose individuality gave color to their age. The reader is brought into contact with them rather than with remote historical conditions. Over the whole record lies the beautiful light of a fine and penetrative sympathy. The author loses readily his nineteenth-century temper of the desire of the impossible, and enters with full harmony into the mellow objective world of Greece, into its reasonableness and its temperance. His style attains its greatest perfection in this book. It is warm and pulsating with his sympathies.

The poetical and appreciative side of Symonds' nature was not developed, however, at the expense of the purely intellectual and scientific. His culture was broad enough to make of him a complete critic, living his artistic life in the Whole as well as in the Good and in the Beautiful. Yet he maintained that the scientific spirit, the outgrowth of the rediscovery of the world, must be subordinate to the humanistic spirit, the outgrowth of the rediscovery of man. This is so because man is greater than the universe in which he lives. In his 'Essays, Speculative and Suggestive,' he has embodied much of his critical thought concerning the scientific tendencies of the nineteenth century.

He is also a subtle critic of his contemporaries. His life of Shelley reveals

this; as does also a chapter on Zola's 'La Bête Humaine,' in which he maintains that Zola is an idealist: "The idealism which I have been insisting on, which justifies us in calling 'La Bête Humaine' a poem, has to be sought in the method whereby these separate parcels of the plot are woven together; and also in the dominating conception contained in the title, which gives unity to the whole work. We are not in the real region of reality, but in the region of the constructive imagination, from the first to the last line of the novel. If that be not the essence of idealism — this working of the artist's brain, not in but on the subject-matter of the external world and human nature — I do not know what meaning to give to the term."

Besides the works already referred to, Symonds published 'A Study of Boccaccio,' 'A Study of Walt Whitman,' 'Studies in Italy and Greece,' a volume of poems entitled 'Many Moods,' another entitled 'New and Old,' a translation of the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, a volume of essays with the title 'In the Key of Blue,' a translation of the sonnets of Michelangelo, 'Sketches and Studies in Italy,' 'Wine, Women, and Song: Medieval Latin Students' Songs Translated into English Verse,' and a volume of sonnets entitled 'Vagabunduli Libellus.'

ITALIAN ART IN ITS RELATION TO RELIGION

From 'The Renaissance in Italy'

THE medieval faiths were still vivid when the first Italian painters began their work; and the sincere endeavor of these men was to set forth in beautiful and worthy form the truths of Christianity. The eyes of the worshiper should no longer have a mere stock or stone to contemplate: his imagination should be helped by the dogmatic presentation of the scenes of sacred history, and his devotion be quickened by lively images of the passion of our Lord. Spirit should converse with spirit, through no veil of symbol, but through the transparent medium of art, itself instinct with inbreathed life and radiant with ideal beauty. The body and the soul, moreover, should be reconciled; and God's likeness should be once more acknowledged in the features and the limbs of man. Such was the promise of art; and this promise was in a great measure fulfilled by the painting of the fourteenth century. Men ceased to worship their God in the holiness of ugliness; and a great city called its street Glad on the birthday festival of the first picture investing religious emotion with esthetic charm. But in making good the promise they had given, it was needful for the arts on the one hand to enter a region not wholly their own — the region of abstractions and of mystical conceptions; and on the other to create a world of sensuous delightfulness, wherein the spiritual element

was materialized to the injury of its own essential quality. Spirit indeed spake to spirit, so far as the religious content was concerned, but flesh spake also to flesh in the esthetic form. The incarnation promised by the art involved a corresponding sensuousness. Heaven was brought down to earth, but at the cost of making men believe that earth itself was heavenly.

At this point the subject of our inquiry naturally divides into two main questions. The first concerns the form of figurative art specially adapted to the requirements of religious thought in the fourteenth century. The second treats of the effects resulting both to art and religion from the expression of mystical and theological conceptions in plastic form.

When we consider the nature of the ideas assimilated in the Middle Ages by the human mind, it is clear that art, in order to set them forth, demanded a language the Greeks had never greatly needed, and had therefore never fully learned. To overestimate the difference from an esthetic point of view between the religious notions of the Greeks and those which Christianity had made essential, would be difficult. Faith, hope, and charity; humility, endurance, suffering; the Resurrection and the Judgment; the Fall and the Redemption; heaven and hell; the height and depth of man's mixed nature; the drama of human destiny before the throne of God; — into the sphere of thought like these, vivid and solemn, transcending the region of sense and corporeity, carrying the mind away to an ideal world, where the things of this earth obtained a new reality by virtue of their relation to an invisible and infinite beyond — the modern arts in their infancy were thrust. There was nothing finite here or tangible, no gladness in the beauty of girlish foreheads or the swiftness of a young man's limbs, no simple idealization of natural delightfulness. The human body, which the figurative arts must needs use as the vehicle of their expression, had ceased to have a value in and for itself, had ceased to be the true and adequate investiture of thoughts demanded from the artist. At best it could be taken only as the symbol of some inner meaning, the shrine of an indwelling spirit nobler than itself; just as a lamp of alabaster owes its beauty and its worth to the flame it more than half conceals, the light transmitted through its scarce transparent walls.

In ancient art those moral and spiritual qualities which the Greeks recognized as truly human, and therefore divine, allowed themselves to be incarnated in well-selected types of physical perfection. The deities of the Greek mythology were limited to the conditions of natural existence; they were men and women of a larger mold and freer personality: less complex, inasmuch as each completed some one attribute; less thwarted in activity, inasmuch as no limit was assigned to exercise of power. The passions and the faculties of man, analyzed by unconscious psychology and deified by religious fancy, were invested by sculpture with appropriate forms — the tact of the artist selecting corporeal qualities fitted to impersonate the special character of each divinity. Nor was it possible that, the gods and goddesses being what they were, exact

analogues should not be found for them in idealized humanity. In a Greek statue there was enough soul to characterize the beauty of the body; to render her due meed of wisdom to Pallas, to distinguish the swiftness of Hermes from the strength of Heracles, or to contrast the virginal grace of Artemis with the abundance of Aphrodite's charms. At the same time the spirituality that gave its character to each Greek deity was not such that, even in thought, it could be dissociated from corporeal form. The Greeks thought of their gods as incarnate persons; and all the artist had to see to was that this incarnate personality should be impressive in his marble.

Christianity, on the other hand, made the moral and spiritual nature of man all-essential. It sprang from an earlier religion, that judged it impious to give any form to God. The body and its terrestrial activity occupied but a subordinate position in its system. It was the life of the soul, separable from this frame of flesh, and destined to endure when earth and all this it contains has ended — a life that was continued conflict and aspiring struggle — which the arts, in so far as they became its instrument, were called upon to illustrate. It was the worship of a deity, all spirit, to be sought on no one sacred hill, to be adored in no transcendent shape, that they were bound to heighten. The most highly prized among the Christian virtues had no necessary connection with beauty of feature or strength of limb. Such beauty and such strength at any rate were accidental, not essential. A Greek faun could not but be graceful; a Greek hero was of necessity vigorous. But St. Stephen might be steadfast to the death without physical charm; St. Anthony might put to flight the devils of the flesh without muscular force. It is clear that the radiant physical perfection proper to the deities of Greek sculpture was not sufficient in this sphere. Again, the most stirring episodes of the Christian mythology involved pain and perturbation of the spirit; the victories of the Christian athletes were won in conflicts carried on within their hearts and souls: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers," demoniac leaders of spiritual legions. It is therefore no less clear that the tranquillity and serenity of the Hellenic ideal, so necessary to consummate sculpture, was here out of place. How could the Last Judgment — that day of wrath when every soul, however insignificant on earth, will play the first part for one moment in an awful tragedy — be properly expressed in plastic form, harmonious and pleasing? And supposing that the artist should abandon the attempt to exclude ugliness and discord, pain and confusion, from his representation of the *Dies Iræ*, how could he succeed in setting forth by the sole medium of the human body the anxiety and anguish of the soul at such a time? The physical form, instead of being adequate to the ideas expressed, and therefore helpful to the artist, is a positive embarrassment, a source of weakness. The most powerful pictorial or sculpturesque delineation of the judgment, when compared with the pangs inflicted on the spirit by a guilty conscience — pangs whereof words may render some account, but which can find no analogue in writhings of the

limbs or face — must of necessity be found a failure. Still more impossible, if we pursue this train of thought into another region, is it for the figurative arts to approach the Christian conception of God in his omnipotence and unity. Christ himself, the central figure of the Christian universe, the desired of all nations, in whom the Deity assumed a human form and dwelt with men — is no fit subject for such art as the Greeks had perfected. The fact of his incarnation brought him indeed within the proper sphere of the fine arts; but the chief events of his life on earth [illegible] him beyond the reach of sculpture. This is an important consideration, and it is to this that our whole argument is tending. Therefore to enlarge upon this point will not be useless.

Christ is especially adored in his last act of love on Calvary; and how impossible it is to set that forth consistently with the requirements of strictly plastic art, may be gathered by comparing the passion of St. Bernard's Hymn to our Lord upon the Cross with all that Winckelmann and Hegel have so truly said about the restrained expression, dignified generality, and harmonious beauty essential to sculpture. It is the negation of tranquillity, the excess of feeling, the absence of comeliness, the contrast between visible weakness and invisible omnipotence, the physical humiliation voluntarily suffered by him that "ruled over all the angels, that walked on the pavements of heaven, whose feet were clothed with stars" — it is all this that gives their force and pathos to these stanzas: —

Omnis vigor atque viror
Hinc recessit; non admiror:
Mors apparet in inspectu,
Totus pendens in defectu,
Attritus ægrâ macie.

Sic affectus, sic despectus,
Propter me sic interfectus,
Peccatori tam indigno
Cum amoris in te signo
Appare clarâ facie.

[All thy strength and bloom are faded:
Who hath thus thy state degraded?
Death upon thy form is written;
See the wan worn limbs, the smitten
Breast upon the cruel tree!

Thus despised and desecrated,
Thus in dying desolated,
Slain for me, of sinners vilest,
Loving Lord, on me thou smilest:
Shine, bright face, and strengthen me!]

We have never heard that Phidias or Praxiteles chose Prometheus upon Caucasus for the supreme display of his artistic skill; and even the anguish expressed in the group of the 'Laocoön' is justly thought to violate the laws of antique sculpture. Yet here was a greater than Prometheus — one who had suffered more, and on whose suffering the salvation of the human race depended — to exclude whom from the sphere of representation in art was the same as confessing the utter impotence of art to grasp the vital thought of modern faith. It is clear that these new Muses of the new age had to haunt Calvary instead of Helicon; slake their thirst at no Castalian spring, but at the fount of tears outpoured by contrition for a stricken God. What Hellas had achieved, supplied no norm or method for the arts in this new service.

From what has hitherto been advanced, we may assert with confidence that if the arts were to play an important part in Christian culture, an art was imperatively demanded that should be at home in the sphere of intense feeling; that should treat the body as the interpreter and symbol of the soul, and should not shrink from pain and passion. How far the fine arts were at all qualified to express the essential thoughts of Christianity — a doubt suggested in the foregoing paragraphs — and how far, through their proved inadequacy to perform this task completely, they weakened the hold of medieval faiths upon the modern mind, are questions to be raised hereafter. For the present it is enough to affirm that least of all the arts could sculpture, with its essential repose and its dependence on corporal conditions, solve the problem. Sculpture had suited the requirements of Greek thought. It belonged by right to men who not unwillingly accepted the life of this world as final, and who worshiped in their deities the incarnate personality of man made perfect. But it could not express the cycle of Christian ideas. The desire of a better world, the fear of a worse; the sense of sin referred to physical appetites, and the corresponding mortification of the flesh; hope, ecstasy, and penitence and prayer — imply contempt or hatred for the body, suggest notions too spiritual to be conveyed by the rounded contours of beautiful limbs, too full of struggle for statuesque tranquillity. The new element needed a more elastic medium of expression. Motives more varied, gradations of sentiment more delicate, the fugitive and transient phases of emotion, the inner depths of consciousness, had somehow to be seized. It was here that painting asserted its supremacy.

Painting is many degrees further removed than sculpture from dependence on the body in the fullness of its physical proportions. It touches our sensibilities by suggestions more indirect, more mobile, and more multiform. Color and shadow, aërial perspective and complicated grouping — denied to sculpture, but within the proper realm of painting — have their own significance, their real relation to feelings vaguer but not less potent than those which find expression in the simple human form. To painting, again, belongs the play of feature, indicative of internal movement, through a whole gamut of modulations inapprehensible by sculpture. All that drapery by its partial concealment

of the form it clothes, and landscape by its sympathies with human sentiment, may supply to enhance the passion of the spectator, pertains to painting. This art, therefore, owing to the greater variety of means at its disposal and its greater adequacy to express emotion, became the paramount Italian art.

To sculpture in the Renaissance, shorn of the divine right to create gods and heroes, was left the narrower field of decoration, portraiture, and sepulchral monuments. In the last of these departments it found the noblest scope for its activity; for beyond the grave, according to Christian belief, the account of the striving, hoping, and resisting soul is settled. The corpse upon the bier may bear the stamp of spiritual character impressed on it in life; but the spirit, with its struggle and its passion, has escaped as from a prison-house, and flown elsewhither. The body of the dead man — for whom this world is over, and who sleeps in peace awaiting resurrection, and thereby not wholly dead, around whose tomb watch sympathizing angels or contemplative genii — was therefore the proper subject for the highest Christian sculpture. Here if anywhere the right emotion could be adequately expressed in stone; and the molded form be made the symbol of repose, expectant of restored activity. The greatest sculptor of the modern age was essentially a poet of Death.

Painting, then, for the reasons already assigned and insisted on, was the art demanded by the modern intellect upon its emergence from the stillness of the Middle Ages. The problem, however, even for the art of painting, was not simple. The painters, following the masters of mosaic, began by setting forth the history, mythology, and legends of the Christian Church, in imagery freer and more beautiful than lay within the scope of treatment by Romanesque or Byzantine art. So far their task was comparatively easy; for the idyllic grace of maternal love in the Madonna, the pathetic incidents of martyrdom, the courage of confessors, the ecstasies of celestial joy in redeemed souls, the loveliness of a pure life in modest virgins, and the dramatic episodes of sacred story, furnish a multitude of motives admirably pictorial. There was therefore no great obstacle upon the threshold, so long as artists gave their willing service to the Church. Yet, looking back upon this phase of painting, we are able to perceive that already the adaptation of art to Christian dogma entailed concessions on both sides. Much, on the one hand, had to be omitted from the program offered to artistic treatment, for the reason that the fine arts could not deal with it at all. Much, on the other hand, had to be expressed by means which painting in a state of perfect freedom would repudiate. Allegorical symbols, like Prudence with two faces, and painful episodes of agony and anguish, marred her work of beauty. There was consequently a double compromise, involving a double sacrifice of something precious. The faith suffered by having its mysteries brought into the light of day, incarnated in form, and humanized. Art suffered by being forced to render intellectual abstractions to the eye through figured symbols.

As technical skill increased, and as beauty, the proper end of art, became

more rightly understood, the painters found that their craft was worthy of being made an end in itself, and that the actualities of life observed around them had claims upon their genius no less weighty than dogmatic mysteries. The subjects they had striven at first to realize with all simplicity, now became the vehicles for the display of sensuous beauty, science, and mundane pageantry. The human body received separate and independent study as a thing in itself incomparably beautiful, commanding more powerful emotions by its magic than aught else that sways the soul. At the same time the external world, with all its wealth of animal and vegetable life, together with the works of human ingenuity in costly clothing and superb buildings, was seen to be in every detail worthy of most patient imitation. Anatomy and perspective taxed the understanding of the artist, whose whole force was no longer devoted to the task of bringing religious ideas within the limits of the representable. Next, when the classical revival came into play, the arts, in obedience to the spirit of the age, left the sphere of sacred subjects, and employed their full-grown faculties in the domain of myths and pagan fancies. In this way painting may truly be said to have opened the new era of culture, and to have first manifested the freedom of the modern mind. When Luca Signorelli drew naked young men for a background to his picture of the Madonna and the infant Christ, he created for the student a symbol of the attitude assumed by fine art in its liberty of outlook over the whole range of human interests. Standing before this picture in the Uffizi, we feel that the Church, while hoping to adorn her cherished dogmas with esthetic beauty, had encouraged a power antagonistic to her own; a power that liberated the spirit she sought to enthrall, restoring to mankind the earthly paradise from which monasticism had expelled it.

EDWARD CARPENTER

EDWARD CARPENTER was born at Brighton, England, in 1844. His grandfather was an admiral in the navy, his father, a lawyer and magistrate. Up to the age of twenty, Carpenter lived at Brighton, embedded in a would-be fashionable world which he hated, unhappy in spite of the ease and comfort of his home. "At the age of sixteen," he writes on his seventieth birthday, "I found myself — and without knowing where I was — in the middle of that strange period of human evolution, the Victorian Age, which in some respects, one now thinks, marked the lowest ebb of modern civilized society: a period in which not only commercialism in public life, but cant in religion, pure materialism in science, futility in social conventions, the worship of stocks and shares, the starving of the human heart, the denial of the human body and its needs, the huddling concealment of the body in clothes, the 'impure hush' on matters of sex, class-division, contempt of manual labor, and the cruel barring of women from every natural and useful expression of their lives, were carried to an extremity of folly difficult for us now to realize."

There could be no better summing-up than this of all the conditions he later revolted against. The sea and the downs were his consolation and his escape from "the pent life of custom and brick perspective." Nature was more to him than any human attachment. His poetry, later, is rich in simple, direct, truthful rendering of Nature; in pictures of the sea; of "the winter woods, every bough laden with snow, the faint purple waters rushing on in the hollows, with steam on the soft still air"; of the plowed fields on an October morning, when "the flanks of the clods are creeping with thin vapor, and the little copse alongside the field is full of white trailing veils of it"; of the "old earth breathing deep and rhythmically, night and day, summer and winter, giving and concealing herself."

After Brighton came ten years at Cambridge, first as student, then as Fellow, at Trinity Hall. He took orders and for several years held the position of curate to Frederic Denison Maurice. But gradually he began to feel a sense of "falsity and dislocation" in all his professional work. The atmosphere of the university also grew uncongenial, and he tired of the "intellectual discussions, where every subject in Heaven and Earth was discussed, with the university man's perfect freedom of thought and utterance, but also with his perfect absence of practical knowledge or of intention to apply his theories to any practical issue." Walt Whitman had begun to influence him about 1868, so profoundly that he says that it would be difficult to imagine what

his life would have been without 'Leaves of Grass.' This influence was strengthened by two visits to Whitman in the United States (in 1877 and 1884); Carpenter has recorded his impressions of the poet in his 'Days with Walt Whitman' (1906).

In 1874, abandoning his orders and his fellowship, he began to lecture on natural science, in connection with University Extension work. "It had come on me with great force that I would go and throw in my lot with the mass-people and the manual workers." But these lectures made him acquainted rather with the commercial classes in the great manufacturing centers of the north. During these years — years "inwardly full of tension and suffering" — the idea persisted of writing some sort of book that would address itself very personally and closely to anyone who cared to read it. "At last early in 1881, no doubt as the culmination and result of struggles and experiences that had been going on, I became conscious that a mass of material was forming within me, imperatively demanding expression . . . I became for the time overwhelmingly conscious of the disclosure within of a region transcending in some sense the ordinary bounds of personality, in the light of which region my own idiosyncracies of character . . . appeared of no importance whatever — an absolute freedom from mortality, accompanied by an indescribable calm and joy. I also immediately saw, or rather felt, that this region of Self existing in me existed equally (though not always equally consciously) in others. In regard to it, the mere diversities of temperament which ordinarily distinguish and divide people dropped away and became indifferent, and a field was opened in which all might meet, in which all were truly equal. Thus I found the common ground which I wanted."

He gave up his lecturing, built a little shelter in the garden of the cottage on a farm where he had been doing farm-work at intervals, and there, or in the fields, in sunlight and rain, he wrote the first long poem in 'Towards Democracy.' Thus he wrote, like a true disciple of Whitman, in the open: "I think heroic deeds were all conceived in the open air, and all free poems also." The poem was published in 1883. From time to time it was republished with many additions; and did not take its definite and permanent form in print until 1905.

As to the Whitmanesque free verse of the poems, Carpenter records that he fought against the "drift out of the more classic forms of verse into a looser and freer rhythm" for seven years, and that he did not adopt it because it was an approximation to the form of 'Leaves of Grass.' Whatever resemblance there is in rhythm, style, and thoughts, he believes due to similarity of emotional atmosphere and intention. He rightly characterizes his own poetry as less masculine, less massive, more tender and meditative, than Whitman's. He resembles Whitman in love of freedom, impatience of conventional restraint, intense sympathy with all forms of life. At its best, his style, like Whitman's, possesses the power "which marshals and holds in leash whole

battalions of phrases, to hurl them finally on the reader with irresistible effect." Like Whitman, Carpenter enumerates sights and sounds of the whole world — " lists and processions of earth dwellers " — and piles up his appeals to " you, whoever you are," in strange surging and swelling reiteration. At times, his diction is that of the scientist, not the poet; and at times his catalogs of earth-dwellers may seem a queer jumble, instead of a thrilling roll-call of humanity. But in spite of defects, in spite of the fragmentary nature of some of the poems, the book does achieve an effect of spiritual and emotional unity. It is his most original and inspired work; and though it has made its way very slowly, it has won for itself an audience both in England and abroad.

Carpenter continued to feel the need of physical labor and an open-air life. He experimented in market-gardening, on land at Millthorpe, near Sheffield. But he did not (as he says in answer to an address from his friends on his seventieth birthday) take to a " rather plain and Bohemian kind of life, of associating with manual workers, of speaking at street corners, of growing fruit, making sandals," with any artificial purpose of reforming the world. He did it for the joy of doing it, of expressing his own real and deeply rooted feelings. And that there was joy in it all no reader of his interesting autobiography, ' My Days and Dreams ' (1916) can doubt. He became associated with the growing Socialist movement of the 80's. Though he has never looked on the Socialist program or doctrines as final, he sympathizes with its challenge to the old order, and its belief in a new ideal of fraternity, " which, however crude and inexperienced it may at times appear, is surely destined to conquer and rule the world at last."

The pamphlets and essays that Carpenter has published all deal with " theories or views which flow . . . perfectly logically from the central idea of ' Towards Democracy ' . . . ' Towards Democracy ' came first, as a Vision, so to speak, and a revelation — as a great body of feeling and intuition which I had put into words as best I could. It carried with it . . . all sorts of assumptions and conclusions. Afterwards — for my own satisfaction as much as for the sake of others — I had to examine and define these assumptions and conclusions." And so he wrote ' England's Ideal,' ' Civilization, Its Cause and Cure,' ' The Art of Creation,' ' Love's Coming-of-Age,' ' Angels' Wings,' ' The Intermediate Sex,' ' The Drama of Love and Death,' ' The Healing of Nations,' ' The Psychology of the Poet Shelley ' (with George Barnefield), and other less important works; they are either vigorous statements of social problems — problems of sex, of war, of industry — or suggestive speculations as to the ultimate meaning of life.

After the ' Bhagavat Gita ' fell into his hands, he became intensely interested in the thought of the East, and in 1890 he visited Ceylon and India, coming into direct touch with Hindu teaching. His own experience had prepared him to understand the Eastern quest for the universal consciousness. The existence of this universal consciousness, the possibility of sharing it, form

the basic assumption of 'Towards Democracy.' There are (according to the analysis in 'The Art of Creation') three stages or degrees of consciousness. There is the stage of simple consciousness, that of the animal or of primitive man, in which the knower, the knowledge, and the thing known are still undifferentiated. The second stage is that in which humanity at present is — the self-consciousness of the civilized or intellectual man. It is marked by the increasing sense of individuality, which springs from mental progress. The sense of community with Nature fades away. The subject and the object of knowledge drift further apart; the importance of the self increases; self-consciousness is almost a disease. When the illusion of separation is complete and the depths of pain and grief have been sounded, comes the third stage — mass or cosmic consciousness. The object is suddenly seen and felt to be one with the self — "I *am* the hounded slave" — or at least the subject and object are felt to be parts of the same being. Reintegration takes place. The often puzzling "I" then, in 'Towards Democracy,' means, says Carpenter, myself; but "what that Self is and what its limits may be, I cannot tell. . . . If I have said 'I, Nature,' it was because I felt 'I, Nature'; if I have said 'I am equal with the lowest,' it was because I could not express what I felt more directly than by those words." Sometimes the "I" is the same as Nature — "I am the ground"; sometimes it is the world-soul — Democracy — becoming articulate.

And what is "Democracy"? Not, of course, a definite form of social organization. "Democracy is conceived after the fashion of one of the Platonic Ideas," as one of Carpenter's critics, Edward Lewis, explains it, "and the word is used chiefly in a mystical, idealistic, religious sense. It is the mood of the world-soul which, in the eternal process of self-utterance and self-realization, creates, fulfils, and destroys organized forms, and remains identical and equal with the forms it creates." It is the body within the body; the imago (or perfect insect) that is being formed within the larva. The protective sac bursts in time, the insect is liberated. Something of this sort is happening in the structure of our society. Carpenter sees the wrong and evil, the disease and suffering, the greed and selfishness — the larval covering. But underneath he sees, "in dim prefigurement, the draft and outline of a new creature, the forming of the wings of man beneath the outer husk."

"Inevitable in time for man and all creation is the realization: the husks one behind another keep shelling and peeling off."

Carpenter does not underrate the difficulty of breaking through the crust of the old order. He has the most vivid perception of the obstacles: the self-deceit of organized society, the respectability, the cowardice, the mutual distrust, the alienation from nature, and all those spiritually stifling ideas of "exclusiveness, and of being in the swim; of the drivel of aristocratic connections; of drawing rooms and levees and the theory of animated clothes-pegs generally; of belonging to clubs and of giving pence to crossing-sweepers

without apparently seeing them; . . . of being intellectual; of prancing about and talking glibly on all subjects on the theory of setting things right — and leaving others to do the dirty work of the world." Yet in spite of it all, he dreams "the dream of the soul's slow disentanglement." The travail of the soul of man is from bondage to freedom. The emphasis is on inward growth: "When a new desire has declared itself within the human heart, when a fresh plexus is forming among the nerves, then the revolutions of nations are already decided." He is inspired by a fine optimism that blinks none of the ugly facts. He can see all the hideousness of a factory city, with its "wriggling poverty"; and yet in a little ragged boy's begrimed, wistful face, disengaging itself from the background of dirt, he can perceive dormant forces powerful enough to shrivel up the falsehood of a gorged and satiated society.

Carpenter is not constructive — he does not point out definite remedies, although he has done much in support of practical social reforms. Rather is he the prophet, the one who, seeing the vision himself, opens the door to others. Both in his life and his writings he is among those who have worked hardest to break through the crust of the old order, to make the dream of the soul's slow disentanglement come true.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

The following selections are from 'Towards Democracy,' published in the United States by Mitchell Kennerley, by whose permission they are here reprinted

EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE

EXCEPT *the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.*
In vain millions of yards of calico and miles of lace-work turned out per annum;
In vain a people well clad in machine-made cloth and hosiery;
In vain a flourishing foreign trade and loose cash enough for a small war;
In vain universal congratulations and lectures on Political Economy;
In vain the steady whirr of wheels all over the land, and men and women serving stunted and pale before them as natural as possible;

Except Love build the house, they labor in vain who build it.

O rich and powerful of the earth!
Behold your riches are all in vain — you are poorer than the poorest of these children!
Against one such whom you have wronged your armies, your police, and all the laws that you can frame shall not prevail.

Your palaces of splendor are reared from the beginning upon a foundation of lies, and the graves that you have dug for others shall be for your own burial.

The word is gone forth!
The wealth, the power that you have coveted crumble from your grasp as in a dream.
You have thought to drive armies of starving slaves to win idleness and luxury for you,
But it shall be as a dream: they shall surely elude you.

Behold, your armies shall vanish away — even while the word is on your lips, while your hand of command is lifted,
Your armies shall vanish away like smoke, they shall surely elude you.
In Death shall they vanish away,
(O fragrance wafted through the still night-air!)
In Death shall they breathe through your bonds and become as the impalpable winds.
Like deserters at night stealing away in thousands out of a camp,
They shall pass a ghostly army to the other side:
Broken and worn and sick — a ghostly army shall they pass and vanish;
And ye shall dream that they are gone.

But they are not gone.
For with the morning — out of the ground —
Out of their mother Earth — star-thick — and ye cannot bind them more than ye can bind the stars —
Out of the heart of their mother, and out of the hearts of the asters and star-shaped chrysanthemums,
Arising —
Through the hollow air and down the rustling flowing rivers,
Over the meadows with the feet of the wind whitening the grass,
From the mystic chambers of their innumerable homes — out of the mystic doors —
Out of the doors of Death and Birth — in thousands — out of the doors of preparation,
Full-equipped hastening, from all sides swiftly gathering,
A radiant army into your great towns pouring,
Down your long streets striding, they shall return,

Spirits of awful knowledge,
(Clad anew with fleshly hands and feet, through sunlit eyes still glancing,)
And of deep-gathered silent agelong experience;
Spirits of the suffering brotherhood — spirits of awful authority —

Before whom materials shrivel and the accumulations of Custom are blown on the wind like chaff —
A self-appointed army they shall return:

Out of whom the word of transformation —
Whispered on many a half-awakened winter day to the silent earth alone —
Shall be spoken aloud as with a trumpet over the world — and the world shall be changed.

BRIEF IS PAIN

SLOWLY, out of all life unfolded, the supreme joy;
Over all storms, above the clouds, beyond Night and the shadow of the Earth,
The Sun in the blue ether changeless shining.
Grief passes, sorrow endures for a moment:
To a certain stage belonging it dogs the footsteps of the individual;
Then fading and passing it leaves him free, a new creature, transfigured to more than mortal.

The myriad spindles of the grass reflecting the light, the long and level meadows waving to the breeze,
The faint haze of summer, blue in deep shadows of the foliage,
The toilers toiling in the fields, the bathers to the water descending or standing on the banks in the sunlight,
The secret that lies wrapt in the summer noon and the slow evolution of races,
The which what voice can utter, what words avail to frame it?

Not pleasure alone is good, but pain also; not joy alone but sorrow;
Freed must the psyche be from the pupa, and pain is there to free it.
Throes and struggles and clenchings of teeth — but pain is there to free it.
Lo! the prison walls must fall — even though the prisoner tremble.
Long the strain, sometimes seeming past endurance — then the dead shell gives way, and a new landscape discloses.
Curtain behind curtain, wall behind wall, life behind life;
Dying here, to be born there, passing and passing and passing,
At last a new creature behold, transfigured to more than mortal!

For brief after all is pain, but joy, ah! joy is eternal,
And thin the veil that divides, the subtle film of illusion,
The prison-wall so slight, at a touch it parts and crumbles,
And opens at length on the sunlit world and the winds of heaven.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

AN English essayist of unusual quality was Richard Jefferies, whose birthplace was near the Wiltshire village of Swindon. There, November 6, 1848, the son of a farmer, he began the life that was to end untimely before he had come to the age of forty. His baptismal name was John Richard. Self-educated by sheer will-power, struggling up out of untoward humble circumstances, Jefferies offers an example of one of the finest spectacles earth affords: personal merit winning its way against odds.

He wrote early for local newspapers, and contributed tentatively to Fraser's Magazine. In 1877, still under thirty, he settled at Surbiton near London, in order to take up the literary career for better or worse. He wrote for the Pall Mall Gazette, Longman's Magazine, and like periodicals; his essays attracting attention by their individual note, fresh spirit, accurate descriptions, and loving feeling for nature.

Although dying comparatively young — August 14, 1887, at Goring in Sussex — Jefferies was a voluminous writer, his list of published works numbering twenty-four. Of these, characteristic early works were 'The Gamekeeper at Home: or, Sketches from Natural History and Rural Life' (1878); 'The Amateur Poacher' (1879); 'Hodge and His Masters' (1880); and 'Round About a Great Estate' (1880). A number of novels also date from this period; and while Jefferies was deficient in construction and action, and not properly a maker of fiction, his fine descriptive powers and strong thought give even his stories a certain value. But it is in the essay devoted to the study and praise of nature that he becomes a master. When he began to write of British scenery, of the birds, flowers, and trees of his own region, he produced work that won him a unique position among modern English essayists. Volumes like 'Life of the Fields' (1884), the wonderful autobiographical sketch 'The Story of My Heart' (1883), and the posthumous collection of papers published by his widow under the title 'Field and Hedgerow,' illustrate phases of this activity.

During the six final years of his life Jefferies was an invalid, and spent his time in country villages in the quest of health; yet some of the most suggestive and beautiful of his essays were written under these conditions, the poetic and mystic in him coming out strong towards the last, and lending a sort of magic to his pen.

Like the American John Burroughs, Jefferies unites knowledge and love of his chief subject with the power of popular literary presentation. Techni-

calities are forgotten in the infectious glow of his enthusiasm. The two writers are not unlike, also, in their philosophy, which interprets Nature without discovering in her the conventional religious symbols. But Jefferies is more the prose poet, and has an idealistic element which gives a peculiar charm to his essays. The exquisite passage which follows, from 'The Story of My Heart,' is as good an illustration of this mystic quality as the whole body of his writings affords. Seldom has a more remarkable confession of spiritual travail been written down. 'The Story' is so candid, so intimate, yet so delicate; and it is all true, "absolutely and unflinchingly true," as he says. One hardly knows at first whether it be a real experience or a literary *tour de force*, until more knowledge of Jefferies, of his honesty and unconventionality, stamps the book as naïvely genuine. The poetry of it will be felt by anyone sensitive to beautiful words that carry beautiful thoughts.

HILL VISIONS

From 'The Story of My Heart'

THE story of my heart commences seventeen years ago. In the glow of youth there were times every now and then when I felt the necessity of a strong inspiration of soul-thought. My heart was dusty, parched for the want of the rain of deep feeling; my mind arid and dry — for there is a dust which settles on the heart as well as that which falls on a ledge. It is injurious to the mind as well as to the body to be always in one place, and always surrounded by the same circumstances. A species of thick clothing slowly grows about the mind; the pores are choked, little habits become a part of existence, and by degrees the mind is inclosed in a husk. When this began to form, I felt eager to escape from it, to throw it off like heavy clothing, to drink deeply once more at the fresh fountain of life. An inspiration — a long deep breath of the pure air of thought — could alone give health to the heart.

There was a hill to which I used to resort at such periods. The labor of walking three miles to it, all the while gradually ascending, seemed to clear my blood of the heaviness accumulated at home. On a warm summer day the slow continued rise required continued effort, which carried away the sense of oppression. The familiar everyday scene was soon out of sight; I came to other trees, meadows, and fields; I began to breathe a new air and to have a fresher aspiration. I restrained my soul till I reached the sward of the hill; psyche, the soul that longed to be loose — I would write psyche always instead of soul, to avoid meanings which have become attached to the word "soul," but it is awkward to do so. Clumsy indeed are all words the moment the

wooden stage of commonplace life is left. I restrained psyche, my soul, till I reached and put my foot on the grass at the beginning of the green hill itself.

Moving up the sweet short turf, at every step my heart seemed to obtain a wider horizon of feeling; with every inhalation of rich pure air, a deeper desire. The very light of the sun was whiter and more brilliant here. By the time I had reached the summit I had entirely forgotten the petty circumstances and the annoyances of existence. I felt myself, myself. There was an intrenchment on the summit, and going down into the fosse I walked round it slowly to recover breath. On the southwestern side there was a spot where the outer bank had partially slipped, leaving a gap. There the view was over a broad plain, beautiful with wheat and inclosed by a perfect amphitheater of green hills. Through these hills there was one narrow groove or pass southwards, where the white clouds seemed to close in the horizon. Woods hid the scattered hamlets and farm-houses, so that I was quite alone.

I was utterly alone with the sun and the earth. Lying down on the grass, I spoke in my soul to the earth, the sun, the air, and the distant sea far beyond sight. I thought of the earth's firmness — I felt it bear me up; through the grassy couch there came an influence as if I could feel the great earth speaking to me. I thought of the wandering air — its pureness, which is its beauty: the air touched me and gave me something of itself. I spoke to the sea; — though so far, in my mind I saw it green at the rim of the earth and blue in deeper ocean; — I desired to have its strength, its mystery and glory. Then I addressed the sun, desiring the soul-equivalent of his light and brilliance, his endurance and unwearied race. I turned to the blue heaven over, gazing into its depth, inhaling its exquisite color and sweetness. The rich blue of the unattainable flower of the sky drew my soul toward it, and there it rested; for pure color is rest of heart. By all these I prayed: I felt an emotion of the soul beyond all definition; prayer is a puny thing to it, and the word is a rude sign to the feeling, but I know no other. By the blue heaven, by the rolling sun bursting through untrodden space, a new ocean of ether is every day unveiled. By the fresh and wandering air encompassing the world; by the sea sounding on the shore — the green sea white-flecked at the margin, and the deep ocean; by the strong earth under me. Then returning, I prayed by the sweet thyme, whose little flowers I touched with my hand; by the slender grass; by the crumble of dry, chalky earth I took up and let fall through my fingers. Touching the crumble of earth, the blade of grass, the thyme flower; breathing the earth-encircling air; thinking of the sea and the sky, holding out my hand for the sunbeams to touch it, prone on the sward in token of deep reverence — thus I prayed that I might touch to the unutterable existence infinitely higher than Deity.

With all the intensity of feeling which exalted me, all the intense communion I held with the earth, the sun and sky, the stars hidden by the light, with the ocean — in no manner can the thrilling depth of these feelings be written.

With these I prayed as if they were the keys of an instrument, of an organ, with which I swelled forth the notes of my soul, redoubling my own voice by their power. The great sun burning with light; the strong earth, dear earth; the warm sky; the pure air; the thought of ocean — the inexpressible beauty of all filled me with a rapture, an ecstasy, an inflatus. With this inflatus, too, I prayed. Next to myself I came and recalled myself, my bodily existence. I held out my hand; the sunlight gleamed on the skin and the iridescent nails; I recalled the mystery and beauty of the flesh. I thought of the mind with which I could see the ocean sixty miles distant, and gather to myself its glory. I thought of my inner existence, that consciousness which is called the soul. These — that is, myself — I threw in the balance to weigh the prayer the heavier. My strength of body, mind, and soul I flung into it; I put forth my strength; I wrestled and labored and toiled in might of prayer. The prayer, this soul-emotion, was in itself; not for an object — it was a passion. I hid my face in the grass; I was wholly prostrated; I lost myself in the wrestle; I was rapt and carried away.

Becoming calmer, I returned to myself and thought, reclining in rapt thought, full of aspiration, steeped to the lips of my soul in desire. I did not then define or analyze or understand this. I see now that what I labored for was soul-life, more soul-nature, to be exalted, to be full of soul-learning. Finally I rose, walked half a mile or so along the summit of the hill eastwards, to soothe myself and come to the common ways of life again. Had any shepherd accidentally seen me lying on the turf, he would only have thought that I was resting a few minutes; I made no outward show. Who could have imagined the whirlwind of passion that was going on within me as I reclined there! I was greatly exhausted when I reached home. Occasionally I went upon the hill, deliberately deeming it good to do so; then again, this craving carried me away up there of itself. Though the principal feeling was the same, there were variations in the mode in which it affected me.

Sometimes on lying down on the sward, I first looked up at the sky, gazing for a long time till I could see deep into the azure and my eyes were full of the color; then I turned my face to the grass and thyme, placing my hands at each side of my face so as to shut out everything and hide myself. Having drunk deeply of the heaven above, and felt the most glorious beauty of the day, and remembering the old, old sea, which (as it seemed to me) was but just yonder at the edge, I now became lost, and absorbed into the being or existence of the universe. I felt down deep into the earth under, and high above into the sky, and farther still to the sun and stars, still farther beyond the stars into the hollow of space; and losing thus my separateness of being, came to seem like a part of the whole. Then I whispered to the earth beneath, through the grass and thyme down into the depth of its ear, and again up to the starry space hid behind the blue of day. Traveling in an instant across the distant sea, I saw, as if with actual vision, the palms and cocoanut-trees, the bamboos of

India, and the cedars of the extreme south. Like a lake with islands the ocean lay before me, as clear and vivid as the plain beneath in the midst of the amphitheater of hills.

With the glory of the great sea, I said; with the firm, solid, and sustaining earth; the depth, distance, and expanse of ether; the age, tamelessness, and ceaseless motion of the ocean, the stars, and the unknown in space; by all those things which are most powerful, known to me, and by those which exist but of which I have no idea whatever, I pray. Further, by my own soul, that secret existence which above all other things bears the nearest resemblance to the ideal of spirit infinitely nearer than earth, sun, or star. Speaking by an inclination towards, not in words, my soul prays that I may have something from each of these; that I may gather a flower from them, that I may have in myself the secret and meaning of the earth, the golden sun, the light, the foam-flecked sea. Let my soul become enlarged; I am not enough; I am little and contemptible. I desire a greatness of soul, an irradiance of mind, a deeper insight, a broader hope. Give me power of soul so that I may actually effect by its will that which I strive for.

In winter, though I could not then rest on the grass, or stay long enough to form any definite expression, I still went up to the hill once, now and then, for it seemed that to merely visit the spot repeated all that I had previously said. But it was not only then.

In summer I went out into the fields, and let my soul inspire these thoughts under the trees, standing against the trunk or looking up through the branches at the sky. If trees could speak, hundreds of them would say that I had these soul-emotions under them. Leaning against the oak's massive trunk, and feeling the rough bark and the lichen at my back, looking southwards over the grassy fields, cowslip-yellow, at the woods on the slope, I thought my desire of deeper soul-life. Or under the green firs, looking upwards, the sky was more deeply blue at their tops; then the brake-fern was unrolling, the doves cooing, the thickets astir, the late ash leaves coming forth. Under the shapely, rounded elms, by the hawthorn bushes and hazel, everywhere the same deep desire for the soul-nature; to have from all green things and from the sunlight the inner meaning which was not known to them — that I might be full of light as the woods of the sun's rays. Just to touch the lichened bark of a tree, or the end of a spray projecting over the path as I walked, seemed to repeat the same prayer in me.

The long-lived summer days dried and warmed the turf in the meadows. I used to lie down in solitary corners at full length on my back, so as to feel the embrace of the earth. The grass stood high above me, and the shadows of the tree branches danced on my face. I looked up at the sky with half-closed eyes, to bear the dazzling light. Bees buzzed over me, sometimes a butterfly passed, there was a hum in the air, green-finches sang in the hedge. Gradually entering into the intense life of the summer's days — a life which burned around as if every grass-blade and leaf were a torch — I came to feel the

long-drawn life of the earth back into the dimmest past, while the sun of the moment was warm on me. Sesostris on the most ancient sands of the south, in ancient, ancient days, was conscious of himself and of the sun. This sunlight linked me through the ages to that past consciousness. From all the ages my soul desired to take that soul-life which had flowed through them, as the sunbeams had continually poured on earth. As the hot sands take up the heat, so would I take up that soul-energy. Dreamy in appearance, I was breathing full of existence; I was aware of the grass-blades, the flowers, the leaves on hawthorn and tree. I seemed to live more largely through them, as if each were a pore through which I drank. The grasshoppers called and leaped, the greenfinches sang, the blackbirds happily fluted, all the air hummed with life. I was plunged deep in existence, and with all that existence I prayed.

Through every grass-blade in the thousand thousand grasses; through the million leaves, veined and edge-cut, on bush and tree; through the song-notes and the marked feathers of the bird, through the insects' hum and the color of the butterfly; through the soft warm air and the flecks of clouds dissolving — I used them all for prayer with all the energy the sunbeams had poured unwearied on the earth since Sesostris was conscious of them on the ancient sands; with all the life that had been lived by vigorous man and beauteous woman since first in dearest Greece the dream of the gods was woven; with all the soul-life that had flowed a long stream down to me — I prayed that I might have a soul more than equal to, far beyond my conception of, these things of the past, the present and the fullness of all life; not only equal to these, but beyond, higher, and more powerful than I could imagine; that I might take from all their energy, grandeur, and beauty, and gather it into me; that my soul might be more than the cosmos of life.

I prayed with the glowing clouds of sunset, and the soft light of the first star coming through the violet sky. At night, with the stars according to the season: now with the Pleiades, now with the Swan, or burning Sirius, and broad Orion's whole constellation, red Aldebaran, Arcturus, and the Northern Crown; with the morning star, the light-bringer, once now and then when I saw it, a white-gold ball in the violet-purple sky, or framed about with pale summer vapor, floating away as red streaks shot horizontally in the east. A diffused saffron ascended into the luminous upper azure. The disk of the sun rose over the hill; fluctuating with throbs of light, his chest heaved in fervor of brilliance. All the glory of the sunrise filled me with broader and furnace-like vehemence of prayer that I might have the deepest of soul-life, the deepest of all, deeper far than all this greatness of the visible universe and even of the invisible; that I might have a fullness of soul till now unknown, and utterly beyond my own conception.

In the deepest darkness of the night, the same thought rose in my mind as in the bright light of noontide. What is there which I have not used to strengthen the same emotion?

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR is of a type fairly common in Great Britain — conservative and aristocratic, at once sportsman, *savant*, and statesman, a man of action and a man of letters. Born in Scotland in 1848, he began life with all the advantages of high social position, for on his father's side he came of a well-known Scottish family, while his mother, a sister of the third Marquis of Salisbury, belonged to the famous Cecil family. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge; and in 1874 he entered Parliament as a Conservative. In 1878, when the Marquis of Salisbury succeeded Lord Derby as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Balfour became his uncle's private secretary, and in this capacity accompanied Lords Salisbury and Beaconsfield to the Congress of Berlin. In Parliament, for a number of years, Balfour was not taken very seriously. He was thought of chiefly as an amateur philosopher whose contemptuous attitude toward "science" and whose defense of theology were as insincere as his paradoxes were brilliant; and both the exasperating charm of his conversation and his studied attempts to practise indolence as a fine art were viewed by many of his colleagues as betokening the character of a decadent scion of an honorable family. He appeared to be at best an enthusiastic golf-player and at worst a dandy and a *poseur*. He was a member of the coterie known as "The Souls," and for a time was associated with the erratic Lord Randolph Churchill's "Fourth Party." Under the circumstances, it was a source of surprise and uneasiness that Lord Salisbury, upon becoming Prime Minister in 1885, appointed his nephew to the responsible post of President of the Local Government Board. But, as the event proved, Lord Salisbury knew his nephew's true character and ability better than did the general public. Mr. Balfour speedily displayed a surprising earnestness and attention to administrative detail; and thenceforth his rise in public life was rapid. He was Secretary for Scotland, with a seat in the Cabinet, from 1886 to 1887; and from the latter year to 1891 as chief secretary for Ireland — a trying post in trying times — he vigorously applied coercion while seeking to secure remedial legislation. He was made Leader of the House of Commons and First Lord of the Treasury in 1891; became Leader of the Opposition on Gladstone's final accession to power in 1892; and following the Conservative-Unionist electoral triumph in 1895, he returned to his offices as First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons. When Lord Salisbury in 1902 withdrew from public life, Balfour succeeded him as Prime Minister, but the rising tide of Liberalism and the dissensions within the Unionist party over fiscal policies encompassed the downfall of his

government in 1905. Balfour had never fully accepted the tariff proposals of his colleague, Joseph Chamberlain; and because of his desire to promote harmony within the Unionist camp as well as because of his advancing age he surrendered the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons to Bonar Law in 1911. Nevertheless, he continued to be an active critic of the Liberal régime; and when, after the outbreak of the Great War, a coalition ministry was formed under the premiership of Asquith, Balfour became First Lord of the Admiralty (1915–1916). In Lloyd George's coalition ministry he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1916 to 1919 and President of the Council from 1919 to 1922. In his official capacity he visited the United States and Canada in 1917 and later in the same year issued the famous 'Balfour Declaration' promising to provide a national home for the Jews in Palestine. He attended the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 as British plenipotentiary second to Lloyd George, and he was chief British representative at the first Assembly of the League of Nations in 1920 and at the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments in 1921. Created an earl in 1922, he resumed in 1925 the post of President of the Council in the Baldwin Government.

In spite of this long record of political activity, in spite of the fact that he has been the leader of a great political party in the House of Commons for twenty years and an active cabinet member for eighteen years, politics and statesmanship have represented but a part — and to some people it has seemed a minor part — of Balfour's interests and achievements. It is true that he himself has always been very modest in appraising the value of his philosophical writings, and that his most vitriolic critics have discovered in his philosophical system only a more or less adroit attempt to provide a speculative support for the prejudices of British Conservatism — support for Tradition and Authority. But that Balfour has made distinctive and valuable contributions to the thought of the present age, no reflective and unbiased reader will deny.

As a young man, Balfour turned his curious and active mind to philosophy, just at the time when the Darwinian theory of evolution was winning many converts to the "certitudes" of natural science and when numerous popular apologists of the "new science" were affirming the existence of a fundamental conflict between science and religion and stoutly predicting that Authority, the stubborn defender of Religion, would soon be vanquished by the sharp sword-thrust of Reason, the champion of Science. The results of his reflection on these matters were embodied in his 'Defense of Philosophic Doubt,' published in 1879. Disavowing any quarrel with purely experimental science, he maintained that certain current scientific generalizations were unsound philosophically, that in all scientific generalizations — in what may be termed philosophical science as opposed to strictly experimental science — the method and the aim were not essentially different from the method and the aim of theology, and

that both theology and science involved faith as well as reason, and authority as well as physical observation.

" Has Science," he asked, " any claim to be set up as the standard of belief? Is there any ground whatever for regarding conformity with scientific teaching as an essential condition of truth; and non-conformity with it as an unanswerable proof of error? If there is, it cannot be drawn from the nature of the scientific system itself. We have seen how a close examination of its philosophical structure reveals the existence of almost every possible philosophical defect. We have seen that whether Science be regarded from the point of view of its premises, its inferences, or the general relation of its parts, it is found defective; and we have seen that the ordinary proofs which philosophers and men of science have thought fit to give of its doctrines are not only mutually inconsistent, but are such as would convince nobody who did not start (as, however, we all do start) with an implicit and indestructible confidence in the truth of that which had to be proved. I am far from complaining of this confidence. I share it. My complaint rather is, that of two creeds which, from a philosophical point of view, stand, so far as I can judge, upon a perfect equality, one should be set up as a standard to which the other must necessarily conform."

If men of his era would persist in criticizing religion and in doubting theology, Balfour would have them consistent enough to doubt the " certitudes " of science. In a particularly brilliant passage of the ' Defense of Philosophic Doubt ' he writes:

" I have sometimes thought that the parallel between Science and Theology, regarded as systems of belief, might be conveniently illustrated by framing a refutation of the former on the model of certain attacks on the latter with which we are all familiar. We might begin by showing how crude and contradictory are the notions of primitive man, and even of the cultivated man in his unreflective moments, respecting the object-matter of scientific beliefs. We might point out the rude anthropomorphism which underlies them. and show how impossible it is to get altogether rid of this anthropomorphism, without refining away the object-matter till it becomes an unintelligible abstraction. We might then turn to the scientific apologists. We should show how the authorities of one age differed from those of another in their treatment of the subject, and how the authorities of the same age differed among themselves; then — after taking up their systems one after another, and showing their individual errors in detail — we should comment at length on the strange obstinacy they evinced in adhering to their conclusions, whether they could prove them or not. It is at this point, perhaps, that according to usage we might pay a passing tribute to morality. With all the proper circumlocutions, we should suggest that so singular an agreement respecting some of the most difficult points requiring proof, together with so strange a divergence and so obvious a want of cogency in the nature of the proofs offered, could not be

accounted for on any hypothesis consistent with the intellectual honesty of the apologists. Without attributing motives to individuals, we should hint politely, but not obscurely, that prejudice and education in some, the fear of differing from the majority, or the fear of losing a lucrative place in others, had been allowed to warp the impartial course of investigation; and we should lament that scientific philosophers, in many respects so amiable and useful a body of men, should allow themselves so often to violate principles which they openly and even ostentatiously avowed. After this moral display, we should turn from the philosophers who are occupied with the rationale of the subject to the main body of men of science who are actually engaged in teaching and research. Fully acknowledging their many merits, we should yet be compelled to ask how it comes about that they are so ignorant of the controversies which rage round the very foundations of their subject, and how they can reconcile it with their intellectual self-respect, when they are asked some vital question (say respecting the proof of the law of Universal Causation, or the existence of the external world), either to profess total ignorance of the subject, or to offer in reply some shreds of worn-out metaphysics? It is true, they might say that a profound study of these subjects is not consistent either with teaching or with otherwise advancing the cause of Science; but of course to this excuse we should make the obvious rejoinder that, before trying to advance the cause of Science, it would be as well to discover whether such a thing as true Science really existed. This done, we should have to analyze the actual body of scientific truth presented for our acceptance; to show how, while its conclusions are inconsistent, its premises are either lost in a metaphysical haze, or else are unfounded and gratuitous assumptions; after which it would only remain for us to compose an eloquent peroration on the debt which mankind owe to Science, and to the great masters who have created it, and to mourn that the progress of criticism should have left us no choice but to count it among the beautiful but baseless dreams which have so often deluded the human race with the phantom of certain knowledge."

'A Defense of Philosophic Doubt' presented primarily the negative aspects of Balfour's philosophy; the positive aspects appeared much more fully in 'The Foundations of Belief, being Notes introductory to the Study of Theology,' published in 1895. Here the author expounded his ideas of reason and authority, and the advantage which, in his opinion, traditional religion has over naturalism in offering a rational explanation of the phenomena both of ethics and of esthetics. His general attitude of mind is perhaps best illustrated by the following quotation, in which he endeavors to evaluate the influence of Authority and of Reason.

"To Reason is largely due the growth of new and the sifting of old knowledge; the ordering, and in part the discovery, of that vast body of systematized conclusions which constitute so large a portion of scientific, philosophical, ethical, political, and theological learning. To Reason we are in

some measure beholden, though not, perhaps, so much as we suppose, for hourly aid in managing so much of the trifling portion of our personal affairs entrusted to our care by Nature as we do not happen to have already surrendered to the control of habit. By Reason also is directed, or misdirected, the public policy of communities within the narrow limits of deviation permitted by accepted custom and tradition. Of its immense indirect consequences, of the part it has played in the evolution of human affairs by the disintegration of ancient creeds, by the alteration of the external conditions of human life, by the production of new moods of thought, or, as I have termed them, psychological climates, we can in this connection say nothing. For these are no rational effects of Reason; the causal nexus by which they are bound to reason has no logical aspect; and if Reason produces them, as in part it certainly does, it is in a manner indistinguishable from that in which similar consequences are blindly produced by the distribution of continent and ocean, the varying fertility of different regions, and the other material surroundings by which the destinies of the race are modified.

"When we turn, however, from the conscious work of Reason to that which is unconsciously performed for us by Authority, a very different spectacle arrests our attention. The effects of the first, prominent as they are through the dignity of their origin, are trifling compared with the all-pervading influences which flow from the second. At every moment of our lives, as individuals, as members of a family, of a party, of a nation, of a Church, of a universal brotherhood, the silent, continuous, unnoticed influence of Authority molds our feelings, our aspirations, and, what we are more immediately concerned with, our beliefs. It is from Authority that Reason itself draws its most important premises. It is in unloosing or directing the forces of Authority that its most important conclusions find their principal function. And even in those cases where we may most truly say that our beliefs are the rational product of strictly intellectual processes, we have, in all probability, only got to trace back the thread of our inferences to its beginnings in order to perceive that it finally loses itself in some general principle which, describe it as we may, is in fact due to no more defensible origin than the influence of Authority.

"Nor is the comparative pettiness of the rôle thus played by reasoning in human affairs a matter for regret. Not merely because we are ignorant of the data required for the solution, even of very simple problems in organic and social life, are we called on to acquiesce in an arrangement which, to be sure, we have no power to disturb; nor yet because these data, did we possess them, are too complex to be dealt with by any rational calculus we possess or are ever likely to acquire; but because, in addition to these difficulties, reasoning is a force most apt to divide and disintegrate; and though division and disintegration may often be the necessary preliminaries of social development, still more necessary are the forces which bind and stiffen, without which there would be no society to develop.

" It is true, no doubt, that we can, without any great expenditure of research, accumulate instances in which Authority has perpetuated error and retarded progress, for, unluckily, none of the influences, Reason least of all, by which the history of the race has been molded have been productive of unmixed good. The springs at which we quench our thirst are always turbid. Yet, if we are to judge with equity between these rival claimants, we must not forget that it is Authority rather than Reason to which, in the main, we owe, not religion only, but ethics and politics; that it is Authority which supplies us with essential elements in the premises of science; that it is Authority rather than Reason which lays deep the foundations of social life; that it is Authority rather than Reason which cements its superstructure. And though it may seem to savor of paradox, it is yet no exaggeration to say, that if we would find the quality in which we most notably excel the brute creation, we should look for it, not so much in our faculty of convincing and being convinced by the exercise of reasoning, as in our capacity for influencing and being influenced through the action of Authority."

In addition to these major points, Balfour made noteworthy contributions to the philosophy of esthetics, both in 'The Foundations of Belief,' and in 'Criticism and Beauty,' the Romanes Lecture for 1909. Another interest, which if not profound is at least suggestive, was the study of the philosophy of the rise and decay of world civilizations. This interest appears in 'A Fragment on Progress,' an address delivered in Glasgow University in 1891 and reprinted in 'Essays and Addresses,' published in 1893 (third and enlarged edition, 1905), and likewise in 'Decadence,' the subject of the Henry Sidgwick Memorial Lecture delivered at Newnham College, Cambridge, in 1908. Other publications are 'Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade' (1903); 'Reflections Suggested by the New Theory of Matter' (1904); 'Speeches (1880–1905) on Fiscal Reform' (1906); 'Theism and Humanism,' being the Gifford Lectures for 1914 (1915); and 'Theism and Thought,' being the Gifford Lectures for 1922 (1923). The conclusion of the first series of Gifford Lectures may be quoted:

" God must not thus be treated as an entity which we may add to, or subtract from, the sum of things scientifically known as the canons of induction may suggest. He is Himself the condition of scientific knowledge. If He be excluded from the causal series which produces beliefs, the cognitive series which justifies them is corrupted at the root. And as it is only in a theistic setting that beauty can retain its deepest meaning, and love its brightest luster, so these great truths of esthetics and ethics are but half truths, isolated and imperfect, unless we add to them yet a third. We must hold that reason and the works of reason have their source in God; that from Him they draw their inspiration; and that if they repudiate their origin, by this very act they proclaim their own insufficiency."

Tokens were not lacking of the esteem in which his countrymen held Bal-

four as a man and of the appreciation which they felt for his many services to the State and to Thought. Honorary doctorates of law were conferred on him by Edinburgh University (1881), St. Andrews (1885), Cambridge (1888), Dublin and Glasgow (1891), Manchester (1908), Liverpool and Birmingham (1909), Bristol and Sheffield (1912); and Oxford gave him an honorary D.C.L. in 1891. He was Lord Rector of St. Andrews in 1886 and of Glasgow in 1890, President of the British Association in 1904, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge in 1919. He has been a Fellow of the Royal Society and Member of the Senate of London University since 1888, Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh since 1891, and Corresponding Member of the French Institute. In June 1916, the King invested him with the insignia of the Order of Merit; and in March 1922, he was created a Knight of the Garter, though still a commoner, and in the following month was raised to the peerage. And in the midst of his honors and of his work in the fields of philosophy and politics, he has not neglected his avocations as a golf enthusiast and a cultured musician.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE. — On the occasion of Lord Balfour's eightieth birthday, July 25, 1928, a gathering of Members of Parliament, regardless of party, presented to him a Rolls-Royce car as a token of affection. Speaking the previous day at the dedication of the new building of the British Academy, of which Lord Balfour is President, the Prince of Wales said:

"Lord Balfour was a Cabinet Minister eight years before I was born. For well over half a century he has maintained his golf handicap at a lower level than mine is ever likely to attain. These two considerations alone would make it impertinent for me to try to give you an estimate of his career.

"But apart from them any estimate would be out of place now for two reasons: Firstly, because there is not any man living the details of whose career are better known to his fellow-countrymen, and secondly, it is the eve of Lord Balfour's birthday. On such a day a man ought to be spared that kind of thing.

"Today we are thinking with great gratitude of all he has done in his long and busy life, not only for ourselves as a nation, but for the peace of the whole world. We are thinking of his many distinguished services to learning and art. And above all are thinking of him as a very wise and charming friend, to whom with all our hearts we wish many very happy returns of tomorrow."

THE PLEASURES OF READING

From the Rectorial address to the University of Glasgow

TRULY it is a subject for astonishment that, instead of expanding to the utmost the employment of this pleasure-giving faculty, so many persons should set themselves to work to limit its exercise by all kinds of arbitrary regulations. Some there are, for example, who tell us that the acquisition of knowledge is all very well, but that it must be *useful* knowledge; meaning usually thereby that it must enable a man to get on in a profession, pass an examination, shine in conversation, or obtain a reputation for learning. But even if they mean something higher than this, even if they mean that knowledge to be worth anything must subserve ultimately if not immediately the material or spiritual interests of mankind, the doctrine is one which should be energetically repudiated. I admit, of course, at once, that discoveries the most apparently remote from human concerns have often proved themselves of the utmost commercial or manufacturing value. But they require no such justification for their existence, nor were they striven for with any such object. Navigation is not the final cause of astronomy, nor telegraphy of electrodynamics, nor dye-works of chemistry. And if it be true that the desire of knowledge for the sake of knowledge was the animating motive of the great men who first wrested her secrets from nature, why should it not also be enough for us, to whom it is not given to discover, but only to learn as best we may what has been discovered by others?

Another maxim, more plausible but equally pernicious, is that superficial knowledge is worse than no knowledge at all. That "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" is a saying which has now got currency as a proverb stamped in the mint of Pope's versification; of Pope, who with the most imperfect knowledge of Greek translated Homer, with the most imperfect knowledge of the Elizabethan drama edited Shakespeare, and with the most imperfect knowledge of philosophy wrote the 'Essay on Man.' But what is this "little knowledge" which is supposed to be so dangerous? What is it "little" in relation to? If in relation to what there is to know, then all human knowledge is little. If in relation to what actually is known by somebody, then we must condemn as "dangerous" the knowledge which Archimedes possessed of mechanics, or Copernicus of astronomy; for a shilling primer and a few weeks' study will enable any student to outstrip in mere information some of the greatest teachers of the past. No doubt, that little knowledge which thinks itself to be great may possibly be a dangerous, as it certainly is a most ridiculous thing. We have all suffered under that eminently absurd individual who on the strength of one or two volumes, imperfectly apprehended by himself, and long discredited in the estimation of everyone else, is prepared to

supply you on the shortest notice with a dogmatic solution of every problem suggested by this "unintelligible world"; or the political variety of the same pernicious genus, whose statecraft consists in the ready application to the most complex question of national interest of some high-sounding commonplace which has done weary duty on a thousand platforms, and which even in its palmiest days was never fit for anything better than a peroration. But in our dislike of the individual, do not let us mistake the diagnosis of his disease. He suffers not from ignorance but from stupidity. Give him learning and you make him not wise, but only more pretentious in his folly.

I say then that so far from a little knowledge being undesirable, a little knowledge is all that on most subjects any of us can hope to attain; and that, as a source not of worldly profit but of personal pleasure, it may be of incalculable value to its possessor. But it will naturally be asked, "How are we to select from among the infinite number of things which may be known, those which it is best worth while for us to know?" We are constantly being told to concern ourselves with learning what is important, and not to waste our energies upon what is insignificant. But what are the marks by which we shall recognize the important, and how is it to be distinguished from the insignificant? A precise and complete answer to this question which shall be true for all men cannot be given. I am considering knowledge, recollect, as it ministers to enjoyment; and from this point of view each unit of information is obviously of importance in proportion as it increases the general sum of enjoyment which we obtain, or expect to obtain, from knowledge. This, of course, makes it impossible to lay down precise rules which shall be an equally sure guide to all sorts and conditions of men; for in this, as in other matters, tastes must differ, and against real difference of taste there is no appeal.

There is, however, one caution which it may be worth your while to keep in view: — Do not be persuaded into applying any general proposition on this subject with a foolish impartiality to every kind of knowledge. There are those who tell you that it is the broad generalities and the far-reaching principles which govern the world, which are alone worthy of your attention. A fact which is not an illustration of a law, in the opinion of these persons appears to lose all its value. Incidents which do not fit into some great generalization, events which are merely picturesque, details which are merely curious, they dismiss as unworthy the interest of a reasoning being. Now, even in science this doctrine in its extreme form does not hold good. The most scientific of men have taken profound interest in the investigation of facts from the determination of which they do not anticipate any material addition to our knowledge of the laws which regulate the Universe. In these matters, I need hardly say that I speak wholly without authority. But I have always been under the impression that an investigation which has cost hundreds of thousands of pounds; which has stirred on three occasions the whole scientific community throughout the civilized world; on which has been expended the utmost skill in the construc-

tion of instruments and their application to purposes of research (I refer to the attempts made to determine the distance of the sun by observation of the transit of Venus) — would, even if they had been brought to a successful issue, have furnished mankind with the knowledge of no new astronomical principle. The laws which govern the motions of the solar system, the proportions which the various elements in that system bear to one another, have long been known. The distance of the sun itself is known within limits of error relatively speaking not very considerable. Were the measuring rod we apply to the heavens based on an estimate of the sun's distance from the earth which was wrong by (say) three per cent, it would not to the lay mind seem to affect very materially our view either of the distribution of the heavenly bodies or of their motions. And yet this information, this piece of celestial gossip, would seem to have been the chief astronomical result expected from the successful prosecution of an investigation in which whole nations have interested themselves.

But though no one can, I think, pretend that science does not concern itself, and properly concern itself, with facts which are not to all appearances illustrations of law, it is undoubtedly true that for those who desire to extract the greatest pleasure from science, a knowledge, however elementary, of the leading principles of investigation and the larger laws of nature, is the acquisition most to be desired. To him who is not a specialist, a comprehension of the broad outlines of the universe as it presents itself to his scientific imagination is the thing most worth striving to attain. But when we turn from science to what is rather vaguely called history, the same principles of study do not, I think, altogether apply, and mainly for this reason: that while the recognition of the reign of law is the chief amongst the pleasures imparted by science, our inevitable ignorance makes it the least among the pleasures imparted by history.

It is no doubt true that we are surrounded by advisers who tell us that all study of the past is barren, except in so far as it enables us to determine the principles by which the evolution of human societies is governed. How far such an investigation has been up to the present time fruitful in results, it would be unkind to inquire. That it will ever enable us to trace with accuracy the course which states and nations are destined to pursue in the future, or to account in detail for their history in the past, I do not in the least believe. We are borne along like travelers on some unexplored stream. We may know enough of the general configuration of the globe to be sure that we are making our way towards the ocean. We may know enough, by experience or theory, of the laws regulating the flow of liquids, to conjecture how the river will behave under the varying influences to which it may be subject. More than this we cannot know. It will depend largely upon causes which, in relation to any laws which we are even likely to discover may properly be called accidental, whether we are destined sluggishly to drift among fever-stricken swamps, to

hurry down perilous rapids, or to glide gently through fair scenes of peaceful cultivation.

But leaving on one side ambitious sociological speculations, and even those more modest but hitherto more successful investigations into the causes which have in particular cases been principally operative in producing great political changes, there are still two modes in which we can derive what I may call "spectacular" enjoyment from the study of history. There is first the pleasure which arises from the contemplation of some great historic drama, or some broad and well-marked phase of social development. The story of the rise, greatness, and decay of a nation is like some vast epic which contains as subsidiary episodes the varied stories of the rise, greatness, and decay of creeds, of parties, and of statesmen. The imagination is moved by the slow unrolling of this great picture of human mutability, as it is moved by the contrasted permanence of the abiding stars. The ceaseless conflict, the strange echoes of long-forgotten controversies, the confusion of purpose, the successes in which lay deep the seeds of future evils, the failures that ultimately divert the otherwise inevitable danger, the heroism which struggles to the last for a cause foredoomed to defeat, the wickedness which sides with right, and the wisdom which huzzas at the triumph of folly — fate, meanwhile, amidst this turmoil and perplexity, working silently towards the predestined end — all these form together a subject the contemplation of which need surely never weary.

But yet there is another and very different species of enjoyment to be derived from the records of the past, which requires a somewhat different method of study in order that it may be fully tasted. Instead of contemplating as it were from a distance the larger aspects of the human drama, we may elect to move in familiar fellowship amid the scenes and actors of special periods. We may add to the interest we derive from the contemplation of contemporary politics, a similar interest derived from a not less minute, and probably more accurate, knowledge of some comparatively brief passage in the political history of the past. We may extend the social circle in which we move, a circle perhaps narrowed and restricted through circumstances beyond our control, by making intimate acquaintances, perhaps even close friends, among a society long departed, but which, when we have once learnt the trick of it, we may, if it so pleases us, revive.

It is this kind of historical reading which is usually branded as frivolous and useless; and persons who indulge in it often delude themselves into thinking that the real motive of their investigation into bygone scenes and ancient scandals is philosophic interest in an important historical episode, whereas in truth it is not the philosophy which glorifies the details, but the details which make tolerable the philosophy. Consider, for example, the case of the French Revolution. The period from the taking of the Bastille to the fall of Robespierre is about the same as that which very commonly intervenes between two of our general elections. On these comparatively few months, libraries have been

written. The incidents of every week are matters of familiar knowledge. The character and the biography of every actor in the drama has been made the subject of minute study; and by common admission there is no more fascinating page in the history of the world. But the interest is not what is commonly called philosophic, it is personal. Because the Revolution is the dominant fact in modern history, therefore people suppose that the doings of this or that provincial lawyer, tossed into temporary eminence and eternal infamy by some freak of the revolutionary wave, or the atrocities committed by this or that mob, half drunk with blood, rhetoric, and alcohol, are of transcendent importance. In truth their interest is great, but their importance is small. What we are concerned to know as students of the philosophy of history is, not the character of each turn and eddy in the great social cataract, but the manner in which the currents of the upper stream drew surely in towards the final plunge, and slowly collected themselves after the catastrophe again, to pursue at a different level their renewed and comparatively tranquil course.

Now, if so much of the interest of the French Revolution depends upon our minute knowledge of each passing incident, how much more necessary is such knowledge when we are dealing with the quiet nooks and corners of history; when we are seeking an introduction, let us say, into the literary society of Johnson, or the fashionable society of Walpole. Society, dead or alive, can have no charm without intimacy, and no intimacy without interest in trifles. If we would feel at our ease in any company, if we wish to find humor in its jokes, and point in its repartees, we must know something of the beliefs and the prejudices of its various members, their loves and their hates, their hopes and their fears, their maladies, their marriages, and their flirtations. If these things are beneath our notice, we shall not be the less qualified to serve our Queen and country, but need make no attempt to extract pleasure from one of the most delightful departments of literature.

That there is such a thing as trifling information I do not of course question; but the frame of mind in which the reader is constantly weighing the exact importance to the universe at large of each circumstance which the author presents to his notice, is not one conducive to the true enjoyment of a picture whose effect depends upon a multitude of slight and seemingly insignificant touches, which impress the mind often without remaining in the memory. The best method of guarding against the danger of reading what is useless is to read only what is interesting; a truth which will seem a paradox to a whole class of readers, fitting objects of our commiseration, who may be often recognized by their habit of asking some adviser for a list of books, and then marking out a scheme of study in the course of which all are to be conscientiously perused. These unfortunate persons apparently read a book principally with the object of getting to the end of it. They reach the word *Finis* with the same sensation of triumph as an Indian feels who strings a fresh scalp to his girdle. They are not happy unless they mark by some definite

performance each step in the weary path of self-improvement. To begin a volume and not to finish it would be to deprive themselves of this satisfaction; it would be to lose all the reward of their earlier self-denial by a lapse from virtue at the end. To skip, according to their literary code, is a species of cheating; it is a mode of obtaining credit for erudition on false pretenses; a plan by which the advantages of learning are surreptitiously obtained by those who have not won them by honest toil. But all this is quite wrong. In matters literary, works have no saving efficacy. He has only half learnt the art of reading who has not added to it the even more refined accomplishments of skipping and of skimming; and the first step has hardly been taken in the direction of making literature a pleasure until interest in the subject, and not a desire to spare (so to speak) the author's feelings, or to accomplish an appointed task, is the prevailing motive of the reader.

I have now reached, not indeed the end of my subject, which I have scarcely begun, but the limits inexorably set by the circumstances under which it is treated. Yet I am unwilling to conclude without meeting an objection to my method of dealing with it, which has I am sure been present to the minds of not a few who have been good enough to listen to me with patience. It will be said that I have ignored the higher functions of literature; that I have degraded it from its rightful place, by discussing only certain ways in which it may minister to the entertainment of an idle hour, leaving wholly out of sight its contributions to what Mr. Harrison calls our "spiritual sustenance." Now, this is partly because the first of these topics and not the second was the avowed subject of my address; but it is partly because I am deliberately of opinion that it is the pleasures and not the profits, spiritual or temporal, of literature which most require to be preached in the ear of the ordinary reader. I hold indeed the faith that all such pleasures minister to the development of much that is best in man — mental and moral; but the charm is broken and the object lost if the remote consequence is consciously pursued to the exclusion of the immediate end. It will not, I suppose, be denied that the beauties of nature are at least as well qualified to minister to our higher needs as are the beauties of literature. Yet we do not say we are going to walk to the top of such and such a hill in order to drink in "spiritual sustenance." We say we are going to look at the view. And I am convinced that this, which is the natural and simple way of considering literature as well as nature, is also the true way. The habit of always requiring some reward for knowledge beyond the knowledge itself, be that reward some material prize or be it what is vaguely called self-improvement, is one with which I confess I have little sympathy, fostered though it is by the whole scheme of our modern education. Do not suppose that I desire the impossible. I would not, if I could, destroy the examination system. But there are times, I confess, when I feel tempted somewhat to vary the prayer of the poet, and to ask whether Heaven has not reserved, in pity to this much-educating generation, some peaceful desert of literature as yet unclaimed by the crammer or the coach; where it might be

possible for the student to wander, even perhaps to stray, at his own pleasure without finding every beauty labeled, every difficulty engineered, every nook surveyed, and a professional cicerone standing at every corner to guide each succeeding traveler along the same well-worn round. If such a wish were granted, I would further ask that the domain of knowledge thus "neutralized" should be the literature of our own country. I grant to the full that the systematic study of *some* literature must be a principal element in the education of youth. But why should that literature be our own? Why should we brush off the bloom and freshness from the works to which Englishmen and Scotchmen most naturally turn for refreshment — namely, those written in their own language? Why should we associate them with the memory of hours spent in weary study; in the effort to remember for purposes of examination what no human being would wish to remember for any other; in the struggle to learn something, not because the learner desires to know it, but because he desires some one else to know that he knows it? This is the dark side of the examination system; a system necessary and therefore excellent, but one which does, through the very efficiency and thoroughness of the drill by which it imparts knowledge, to some extent impair the most delicate pleasures by which the acquisition of knowledge should be attended.

How great those pleasures may be, I trust there are many here who can testify. When I compare the position of the reader of today with that of his predecessor of the sixteenth century, I am amazed at the ingratitude of those who are tempted even for a moment to regret the invention of printing and the multiplication of books. There is now no mood of mind to which a man may not administer the appropriate nutriment or medicine at the cost of reaching down a volume from his bookshelf. In every department of knowledge infinitely more is known, and what is known is incomparably more accessible, than it was to our ancestors. The lighter forms of literature, good, bad, and indifferent, which have added so vastly to the happiness of mankind, have increased beyond powers of computation; nor do I believe that there is any reason to think that they have elbowed out their more serious and important brethren. It is perfectly possible for a man, not a professed student, and who only gives to reading the leisure hours of a business life, to acquire such a general knowledge of the laws of nature and the facts of history that every great advance made in either department shall be to him both intelligible and interesting; and he may besides have among his familiar friends many a departed worthy whose memory is embalmed in the pages of memoir or biography. All this is ours for the asking. All this we shall ask for, if only it be our happy fortune to love for its own sake the beauty and the knowledge to be gathered from books. And if this be our fortune, the world may be kind or unkind, it may seem to us to be hastening on the wings of enlightenment and progress to an imminent millennium, or it may weigh us down with the sense of insoluble difficulty and irremediable wrong; but whatever else it be, so long as we have good health and a good library, it can hardly be dull.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

IN his illuminating essay 'The Lantern-Bearers,' which in a very few pages seems to bear the secret of Robert Louis Stevenson's life and art, he puts the kernel of it in the sentence: "No man lives in the external truth, among salts and acids; but in the warm, phantasmagoric chamber of his brain, with the painted windows and the storied walls." If he was the most loved writer of his generation, it was because he freely gave his readers access to this warm phantasmagoric chamber. His "winning personality" is the phrase which his admirers use oftenest to express his charm. One of the most acute of these, Henry James, has still further defined this charm as the perpetual boy in him. He never outgrew the boy's delight in "make-believe." He tells how the cardboard scenery and plays of Skelt, "A Penny Plain, *2d.* Colored," which fascinated him as a boy, had given him "the very spirit of my life's enjoyment."

To the mature man "these wonderful characters" looked somewhat pallid, as he later confesses, but only to reaffirm his faith in the virtue of their romance, "of the footlight glamour, the ready-made, barefaced, transpositive picturesque, a thing not one with cold reality, but how much dearer to the mind."

Boy and man, all that he needed for delight was "a peg for his fancy." "I could not learn my alphabet without some suitable *mise-en-scène,* and had to act a business man in an office before I could sit down to my book." Burnt-cork mustachios expanded his spirit with "dignity and self-reliance." To him the burnt cork was not the significant thing, but the warm delight of it. It is not the silly talk of the boys on the links, or the ill-smelling lantern buttoned under their greatcoats, but "the heaven of a recondite pleasure" which they inhabit, that is worth considering. "To find out where joy resides, and give it a voice far beyond singing" — that was Stevenson's endeavor; "for to miss the joy is to miss all. In the joy of the actors lies the sense of any action." That is the very spirit of romantic youth; the search for "the incommunicable thrill of things," which his friend and biographer Sidney Colvin says was the main passion of Stevenson's life. "To his ardent fancy," says Colvin, "the world was a theater, glaring with the lights and bustling with the incidents of romance."

To anyone looking for the reason of Stevenson's perpetual charm — even to those who can give a score of arguments for not liking his romances — this brave spirit of youth is an adequate and satisfying motive. The young find in it a full justification for their own hopes; the middle-aged feel again the

very spring and core of the energy which they have been so long disciplining and driving to the yoke of everyday effort that they have forgotten its origin; and the old find their memories alive and glowing again with the romance of youth. In sickness or in health, in comedy or tragedy, Stevenson and the characters he creates are never wholly unconscious of man's inalienable birthright of happiness. No matter how dire his circumstances, it is a man's duty to keep looking for it, so that at the end he may say that he has not sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

> If I have faltered more or less
> In my great task of happiness;
> If I have moved among my race
> And shown no glorious morning face;
> If beams from happy human eyes
> Have moved me not; if morning skies,
> Books and my food, and summer rain,
> Knocked on my sullen heart in vain —
> Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
> And stab my spirit broad awake.

This temperament in many men of a different race would surely lead to a life spent in the pursuit of pleasure — in one long quest for new sensations — which in the end is sure to arrive at ennui and disgust. But Stevenson united the blood of the Balfours, who were preachers, given to metaphysics and the pursuit of moralities, with the Stevensons, "builders of the great sea lights," practical men of trained scientific minds and shrewd common sense. The touch of the moral philosopher was never deeply hidden in his lightest work, which also showed the hand of the artisan in the skill of its construction. "What I want to give, what I try for, is God's moral," he once said; and 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' is a potent exhibition of it. How very early in life this temperament began to reveal itself in the craftsman, he shows in one of his essays: "All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy in my own private end, which was to learn to write. I always kept two books in my pocket, one to read and one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words. . . . I lived with words, and what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too), as that I had vowed that I would learn to write." And years afterward he wrote to Colvin from Samoa: "I pass all my hours of field-work in continual converse and imaginary correspondence. I scarce pull up a weed but I invent a sentence on the matter to yourself."

In his youthful reading, "some happy distinction in the style" of a book

sent him at once to the imitation of it; and he confesses, "I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire, and to Obermann." All this gave him what he knew to be "the lower and less intellectual elements of the art — the choice of the essential note and the right word"; but he also knew that "*that*, like it or not, is the way to learn to write." To those who say that this is not the way to be original, he has given the best answer: "It is not; nor is there any way but to be born so. Nor yet if you are born original, is there anything in this training that shall clip the wings of your originality."

The "love of lovely words" was one of his passions. From Skerryvore to Vailima it led him and charmed him. In 'Across the Plains' he says that "None can care for literature in itself who do not take a special pleasure in the sound of names"; and notes the poetical richness and picturesqueness of many in the United States. In his 'Vailima Letters' he recurs again and again to the liquid beauty of the Samoan language, and names "Ulufanua": "Did ever you hear a prettier word?" he asks. There was the ear of a poet always evident in his prose as in his verse.

If Stevenson is always spoken of as a man with a style, here is the reason for it. The spirit of the lighthouse builders, who knew that something more than inspiration was necessary to build a beacon that would stand up against the waves, was strong in him. From his boyhood to his death he was a conscious artificer in words. And if his books are to stand as beacons, here is the foundation of solid rock, here the strength of the tower. But no reader of Stevenson need be told the tower is only a stable support for the light. That is a thing of the spirit; and it glows in his works with a steady flame.

With his eagerness to have a full draft of the joy of living, it was natural that Stevenson should travel much in many countries. The pursuit of health, which was for twenty years a pressing necessity in his "great task of happiness," was not the sole reason for his wanderings. He was always hungry for "the greater world; not the shoddy sham world of cities, clubs, and colleges, but the world where men still live a man's life. . . . My imagination, which is not the least damped by the idea of having my head cut off in the bush, recoils aghast from the idea of a life like Gladstone's; and the shadow of the newspaper chills me to the bone." He looks back with more satisfaction on the things he learned in the streets while playing truant, than on what he retained of books and college lectures. "Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality."

His wanderings, which were his real education, began soon after his college days. Born on November 13, 1850, in Edinburgh, he had the usual advantages

of children of thrifty people in that intellectual city. He went to private schools, and had long vacations in the East Neuk of Fife, a country full of romance, and associated with the Balfours, his mother's family. He has given a pleasing glimpse of his vacations there in 'The Lantern-Bearers,' where he pictures the play of the boys along the cliffs, fronting on the lonely and picturesque Bass Rock, which even then to his eye of fancy still "flew the colors of King James"; and it held its fascination for him until, long years after, in Samoa, he penned one of the most imaginative chapters in 'David Balfour' to celebrate its weird associations. His career at Edinburgh University was not distinguished. But he was always about his business, "which was learning to write"; and helped to found a short-lived college magazine, which furnishes the topic for a charming bit of autobiography in 'Memories and Portraits.' Following the traditions of his family, he began to practise the practical elements of a civil engineer by working around the shops that had to do with the lighthouse business. Soon he declared his distaste for this vocation, telling his father that he wanted to be a writer. As a compromise he was put at the study of law when twenty-one years of age, and kept at it until he became an advocate — "Writer to the Signet," as it is phrased in his will. His failing health drove him to the south of France in 1873: and from that time to his death, on December 3, 1894, he followed his bent for travel; and while seeking health accumulated, in the way he best liked, the materials for his books. Barbizon and the artistic colony there held him for a time; and there he met Mrs. Osbourne, whom he married in 1879. His vagabonding had furnished him the experiences for his first book, 'An Inland Voyage' (1878), and later, 'Travels with a Donkey'; and then came his first American trip in 1879, which in after years produced 'The Amateur Emigrant,' 'Across the Plains,' and 'The Silverado Squatters.' There was a period of invalidism — "the land of counterpane" — at Bournemouth, which at length drove him to seek renewed vigor by a winter in the Adirondacks (1887–8); and then he began in June 1888 his voyages on the Pacific, which culminated in his finding the home he delighted in at Apia, Samoa, in 1890. There health came to him again; and with few intervals he led an outdoor life, superintending the building of his house, and working with his own hands on his plantation. The strange people, their ways and their politics, became an absorbing interest; and his 'Vailima Letters' show that his life was full to the utmost. "Do you think I have an empty life?" he wrote Colvin, "or that a man jogging to his club has so much to interest and amuse him!" He laughed at those who pitied his exile, and ascribed the occasional notes of despondency in his letters to physical depression. "I have endured some two-and-forty years without public shame, and had a good time as I did it," he wrote in a letter which he called "a gloomy ramble," which came from a twinge of "fine healthy rheumatism."

These few suggestions of biography are all that need be here noted. His

published works and letters are his best biography — though they may be rounded out with the collection of letters and journals which Sidney Colvin, his literary executor, edited, the official biography by Graham Balfour, and critical studies by F. Swinnerton, Sir Walter Raleigh, G. K. Chesterton, and others. Never was a man more frankly autobiographic in his writings; and those who have most carefully read his books need the least to complete the portrait of Stevenson's personality.

The kind of judgment upon his works that Stevenson always welcomed was that of the craftsman. Whether or not you liked one kind of story better than another, did not seem to him significant. The main question with himself always was, Had he achieved the result artistically that he had in mind? He never forgot the ambition of his boyhood — "his own private end" of learning to write. And while he is hammering away at a new work, no matter what — a romance, travels, poem, or history — he stops from time to time to consider whether he has really *done* it. When he despairs of ever getting it right, he is led on again by "that glimmer of faith (or hope) which one learns at this trade — that somehow and some time, by perpetual staring and glowering and rewriting, order will emerge." The most useless form of criticism that can be applied to Stevenson's works is of the comparative kind, that shows how far short of certain great names he fell in certain accepted characteristics. It is easy to pile up the strong and effective literary qualities that he does *not* possess. But he has a right to be judged from his own platform: what did he try to do, and did he do it?

He was once asked why he did not write more pretty tales like 'Will o' the Mill,' why he had abandoned the "honey-dripping" style of his earlier essays and tales? "It's a thing I have often thought over," he said — "the problem of what to do with one's talents." His own gift, he averred, lay in "the grim and terrible." He added that some writers touch the heart; he clutched at the throat. If his romances are full of grim and terrible scenes, it is because he believed that he could do that kind of writing best. He wanted to make the most of his best talent. Alan Breck's great fight in the round-house, the duel scene in 'The Master of Ballantrae,' the terrible slaughter on shipboard in 'The Wrecker,' are convincing proof that he did not misjudge the bent of his genius. He was the leader in the revival of romantic writing, and yet he proclaims that he is essentially a realist. Life is what he was after: "Life is all in all." If there is grimness and horror in his books, it is because he saw it in life. This is a strange paradox in one who declared that joy in life was the essential thing. Yet if you analyze any one of Stevenson's terrible episodes, you will find that some character is giving the freest expression to his nature in that scene. Alan Breck gloried in the delight of battle. Wiltshire found barbaric joy in the slaughter of his enemy. A scene in Stevenson may be dire and terrible, but in it some barbaric passion is finding its fullest relief.

In a letter written in 1892 he passes this judgment on his work: "'Falesá' and 'David Balfour' seem to me to be nearer what I mean than anything I have ever done — nearer what I mean by fiction; the nearest thing before was 'Kidnapped.' I am not forgetting the 'Master of Ballantrae'; but that lacked all pleasurableness and hence was imperfect in essence." And in another place — "David himself I refuse to discuss; he *is*. . . . Tod Lapraik is a piece of living Scots; if I had never writ anything but that and Thrawn Janet, still I'd have been a writer."

There you get at his art as he saw it. David and Wiltshire and Alan and Janet are vital. When they acted, it was from the primitive passions; the direct, simple emotions that are not dependent on culture and civilization for existence and for strength. Civilized men still retain them, but they are well covered up with conventionalities. That is why Stevenson loved vagabonds and savages: they showed him the basic passions at work. The old King of Apemama became his brother, and the rebel chiefs of Samoa were his devoted admirers. But he had not affection for them unless he found that among their barbaric emotions they cherished a certain ideal of conduct. The Road of the Loving Heart repaid him for all his worries about the Samoan rebels.

While the vitality of a character was its main fascination for Stevenson, in either real life or fiction, he followed Scott and Dumas in the belief that the best way to reveal character in a romance is by incident: — "It is not character but incident that woos us out of our reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation, that we have long dallied with in fancy, is realized in the story with enticing or appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience: and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance." By this method, things which are not even pleasurable become interesting. "It is thus possible to construct a story, even of tragic import, in which every incident, detail, and trick of circumstances shall be welcome to the reader's thought."

How he labored to make every incident fit into his general scheme is shown in many of his letters. To a suggestion that he change a certain ending, he replied that every incident in the story had led up to that. An invalid for half his years, he looked on life and art with the eye of a man of action. The psychology of a character interested him, as it naturally would the descendant of the metaphysical Balfours. But no amount of analysis was sufficient in Stevenson's view to reveal a character to his readers. Action was the mirror in which it was reflected.

Measured by this, his own highest standard, there can be little question that Stevenson's highest achievement as a writer of romance remains where he placed it, with 'Kidnapped' and 'David Balfour' (called in England 'Catriona'). In these stories the grim, the terrible, and the eccentric, fall into their proper places in the development of the characters. Their reality, their

appeal to what is universal and human, is never obscured by the barbaric. And near to them as a work of literary art is the finest product of his South Sea experiences, 'The Beach of Falesá' — a story which is so original in setting, character, and construction, so exquisite in its workmanship, that it may well be called a masterpiece. The magnificent fragment which he left in 'Weir of Hermiston' justifies many of his own predictions that it was to be his best work. His style certainly was never a more flexible instrument in his dexterous hand. There is nothing which he cannot do easily with it. Words and phrases strike you with a new beauty and force. Even when the artificial note of style is too persistent, his vision of the characters remains clear, vivid, and simple. Lord Braxfield had been in his imagination for many years — ever since he saw Raeburn's portrait of him and wrote about it. In Hermiston the long-conjured vision is materialized: and with him two fascinating women, the elder and the younger Kirstie; a last convincing proof that Stevenson could triumphantly create — what he had so long avoided in his stories — a thoroughly charming woman. 'Barbara Grant' had led the way to this success, and had given him confidence.

Like all expert craftsmen, he was fond of trying experiments in his art. He exhibited in them a less strenuous manifestation of his genius than in the great romances by which he wanted his achievement to be judged. 'Treasure Island' — a boy's tale of adventure, and one of the most perfect in workmanship — had a grown-up successor in 'The Wrecker,' which was avowed to be a tale of incident pure and simple; it was 'Treasure Island' made real by his own experience of voyaging among the islands of the Pacific. 'The Wrong Box' (devised with Mr. Osbourne) was his idea of a mystery tale, with the stage machinery of a farce often painfully present. His ingenious fancy at play showed its best traits in the fantastic tales of the 'New Arabian Nights,' and 'The Dynamiter' (in which Mrs. Stevenson took part). 'Prince Otto' is a fantasy written under the inspiration of George Meredith; and it contains some of the most graceful and melodious prose that is to be found in Stevenson's writings. Whatever form of literary play his exuberant fancy led him into, it was always marked with originality of expression. Often it was artificial, but never labored or dull. His vivacity, his untiring interest in new things, led him occasionally into trivial and even disappointing experiments; but he carried them off with that gay air which never quite let the reader forget that he was a precocious boy doing his tricks.

The unfailing delight that he got out of his journey through the world is shown most vividly in his volumes of Essays and Travel, from which we have so freely quoted his own expressions of his likes and dislikes, his aspirations and his ideals. To these, readers will always turn for renewed acquaintance with Stevenson the man. His literary essays are cordial appreciations and interpretations by a fellow-craftsman, who knew the difficulties of doing the best work. His other essays are similar appreciations of characters in real life.

His travels also resolve themselves into this. Wherever he went he was looking for men who touched some part of his vigorous ideal of manhood — the chief factors in which were always " courage and intelligence." It had many phases; but at the bottom there was a certain loyalty that was the supreme test for vagabond or nobleman. When he found that, much was forgiven. He believed in an " ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, I should still believe it! "

The lyrical expression of this attitude is the inspiration of his poems. To use his own figure of music, his ideal of a prose style was harmony; of a poetic style was melody. In his verse the strain is extremely simple, but it always sings. While he believed that the " grim and terrible " was the best subject for his prose, in his poetry he allowed beauty to lead him. All the gentler emotions that made him so loved by his friends found voice in his verse. Many of them were directly inspired by personal friendships. Loyalty to his country and his friends evokes the sweetest music: —

> It's an owercome sooth for age an' youth,
> And it brooks wi' nae denial
> That the dearest friends are the auldest friends,
> And the young are just on trial.

While his deepest feelings are expressed in ' Underwoods,' his tenderest are found in ' A Child's Garden of Verses.' Its simplicity, and the delicate truth with which it images a child's fancies, have made it a classic of childhood. The conscious artist is never evident in it. It seems to be the spontaneous expression of a child's mind.

The permanent place that Stevenson will take in literature has been much discussed since his death and the critics have not yet come to an agreement. Over those who were his contemporaries, the glamour of his personality remained. And with this personality so fully interwoven with his works, it seems hard to believe that the glamour can soon fade away. It is easy to imagine that, like Charles Lamb, he can never become wholly a " figure in literature," but will remain vividly present to many generations of readers as a gifted child of genius who is to be fervently loved.

Robert Bridges (Droch)

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT

From 'New Arabian Nights.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

IT was late in November 1456. The snow fell over Paris with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable. To poor people, looking up under moist eyebrows, it seemed a wonder where it all came from. Master Francis Villon had propounded an alternative that afternoon, at a tavern window: was it only pagan Jupiter plucking geese upon Olympus? or were the holy angels molting? He was only a poor Master of Arts, he went on; and as the question somewhat touched upon divinity, he durst not venture to conclude. A silly old priest from Montargis, who was among the company, treated the young rascal to a bottle of wine in honor of the jest and grimaces with which it was accompanied, and swore on his own white beard that he had been just such another irreverent dog when he was Villon's age.

The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing; and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city was sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm. If there were any belated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars, on the black ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled among the tracery of the cathedral towers. Many a niche was drifted full; many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its grotesque or sainted head. The gargoyles had been transformed into great false noses, drooping towards the point. The crockets were like upright pillows swollen on one side. In the intervals of the wind, there was a dull sound of dripping about the precincts of the church.

The cemetery of St. John had taken its own share of the snow. All the graves were decently covered; tall white housetops stood around in grave array; worthy burghers were long ago in bed, be-nightcapped like their domiciles; there was no light in all the neighborhood but a little peep from a lamp that hung swinging in the church choir, and tossed the shadows to and fro in time to its oscillations. The clock was hard on ten when the patrol went by with halberds and a lantern, beating their hands; and they saw nothing suspicious about the cemetery of St. John.

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in that snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without: only a stream of warm vapor from the chimney-top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof, and a few half-obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows,

Master Francis Villon the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bottle.

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His dilated shadow cut the room in half; and the firelight only escaped on either side of his broad person, and in a little pool between his outspread feet. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of a continual drinker's: it was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet; for even with his back to the fire the cold pinched him on the other side. His cowl had half fallen back, and made a strange excrescence on either side of his bull neck. So he straddled, grumbling, and cut the room in half with the shadow of his portly frame.

On the right, Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment; Villon making a ballade which he was to call the 'Ballade of Roast Fish,' and Tabary spluttering admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four-and-twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomine. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips: he had become a thief, just as he might have become the most decent of burgesses, by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand, Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavor of good birth and training, as about a fallen angel: something long, lithe, and courtly in the person; something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather: he had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all night he had been gaining from Montigny. A flat smile illuminated his face; his bald head shone rosily in a garland of red curls; his little protuberant stomach shook with silent chucklings as he swept in his gains.

"Doubles or quits?" said Thevenin.

Montigny nodded grimly.

"*Some may prefer to dine in state,*" wrote Villon, "*On bread and cheese on silver plate. Or, or* — help me out, Guido!"

Tabary giggled.

"*Or parsley on a golden dish,*" scribbled the poet.

The wind was freshening without; it drove the snow before it, and sometimes raised its voice in a victorious whoop, and made sepulchral grumblings in the

chimney. The cold was growing sharper as the night went on. Villon, protruding his lips, imitated the gust with something between a whistle and a groan. It was an eerie, uncomfortable talent of the poet's, much detested by the Picardy monk.

" Can't you hear it rattle in the gibbet? " said Villon. " They are all dancing the Devil's jig on nothing, up there. You may dance, my gallants, you'll be none the warmer! Whew! what a gust! Down went somebody just now! A medlar the fewer on the three-legged medlar-tree! — I say, Dom Nicolas, it'll be cold tonight on the St. Denis Road? " he asked.

Dom Nicolas winked both his big eyes, and seemed to choke upon his Adam's apple. Montfaucon, the great grisly Paris gibbet, stood hard by the St. Denis Road, and the pleasantry touched him on the raw. As for Tabary, he laughed immoderately over the medlars; he had never heard anything more light-hearted, and he held his sides and crowed. Villon fetched him a fillip on the nose, which turned his mirth into an attack of coughing.

" Oh, stop that row," said Villon, " and think of rhymes to ' fish.' "

" Doubles or quits," said Montigny doggedly.

" With all my heart," quoth Thevenin.

" Is there any more in that bottle? " asked the monk.

" Open another," said Villon. " How do you ever hope to fill that big hogshead, your body, with little things like bottles? And how do you expect to get to heaven? How many angels, do you fancy, can be spared to carry up a single monk from Picardy? Or do you think yourself another Elias — and they'll send the coach for you? "

" *Hominibus impossibile,*" replied the monk as he filled his glass.

Tabary was in ecstasies.

Villon filliped his nose again.

" Laugh at my jokes if you like," he said.

" It was very good," objected Tabary.

Villon made a face at him. " Think of rhymes to ' fish,' " he said. " What have you to do with Latin? You'll wish you knew none of it at the great assizes, when the Devil calls for Guido Tabary, clericus — the Devil with the humpback and red-hot finger-nails. Talking of the Devil," he added in a whisper, " look at Montigny! "

All three peered covertly at the gamester. He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to a side; one nostril nearly shut, and the other much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say in terrifying nursery metaphor; and he breathed hard under the gruesome burden.

" He looks as if he could knife him," whispered Tabary, with round eyes.

The monk shuddered, and turned his face and spread his open hands to the red embers. It was the cold that thus affected Dom Nicholas, and not any excess of moral sensibility.

" Come now," said Villon — " about this ballade. How does it run so far? " And beating time with his hand, he read it aloud to Tabary.

They were interrupted at the fourth rhyme by a brief and fatal movement among the gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another victory, when Montigny leaped up, swift as an adder, and stabbed him to the heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter a cry, before he had time to move. A tremor or two convulsed his frame; his hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on the floor; then his head rolled backward over one shoulder with the eyes wide open, and Thevenin Pensete's spirit had returned to Him who made it.

Everyone sprang to his feet; but the business was over in two twos. The four living fellows looked at each other in rather a ghastly fashion; the dead man contemplating a corner of the roof with a singular and ugly leer.

" My God! " said Tabary; and he began to pray in Latin.

Villon broke out into hysterical laughter. He came a step forward and ducked a ridiculous bow at Thevenin, and laughed still louder. Then he sat down suddenly, all of a heap, upon a stool, and continued laughing bitterly as though he would shake himself to pieces.

Montigny recovered his composure first.

" Let's see what he has about him," he remarked; and he picked the dead man's pockets with a practised hand, and divided the money into four equal portions on the table. " There's for you," he said.

The monk received his share with a deep sigh, and a single stealthy glance at the dead Thevenin, who was beginning to sink into himself and topple sideways off the chair.

" We're all in for it," cried Villon, swallowing his mirth. " It's a hanging job for every man jack of us that's here — not to speak of those who aren't." He made a shocking gesture in the air with his raised right hand, and put out his tongue and threw his head on one side, so as to counterfeit the appearance of one who has been hanged. Then he pocketed his share of the spoil, and executed a shuffle with his feet as if to restore the circulation.

Tabary was the last to help himself; he made a dash at the money and retired to the other end of the apartment.

Montigny stuck Thevenin upright in the chair, and drew out the dagger, which was followed by a jet of blood.

" You fellows had better be moving," he said, as he wiped the blade on his victim's doublet.

" I think we had," returned Villon with a gulp. " Damn his fat head! " he broke out. " It sticks in my throat like phlegm. What right has a man to have red hair when he is dead? " And he fell all of a heap again upon the stool, and fairly covered his face with his hands.

Montigny and Dom Nicolas laughed aloud, even Tabary feebly chiming in.

" Cry-baby," said the monk.

"I always said he was a woman," added Montigny with a sneer. "Sit up, can't you?" he went on, giving another shake to the murdered body. "Tread out that fire, Nick!"

But Nick was better employed: he was quietly taking Villon's purse, as the poet sat, limp and trembling, on the stool where he had been making a ballade not three minutes before. Montigny and Tabary dumbly demanded a share of the booty, which the monk silently promised as he passed the little bag into the bosom of his gown. In many ways an artistic nature unfits a man for practical existence.

No sooner had the theft been accomplished than Villon shook himself, jumped to his feet, and began helping to scatter and extinguish the embers. Meanwhile Montigny opened the door and cautiously peered into the street. The coast was clear; there was no meddlesome patrol in sight. Still it was judged wiser to slip out severally; and as Villon was himself in a hurry to escape from the neighborhood of the dead Thevenin, and the rest were in a still greater hurry to get rid of him before he should discover the loss of his money, he was the first by general consent to issue forth into the street.

The wind had triumphed and swept all the clouds from heaven. Only a few vapors, as thin as moonlight, fleeted rapidly across the stars. It was bitter cold; and by a common optical effect, things seemed almost more definite than in the broadest daylight. The sleeping city was absolutely still; a company of white hoods, a field full of little alps, below the twinkling stars. Villon cursed his fortune. Would it were still snowing! Now, wherever he went, he left an indelible trail behind him on the glittering streets; wherever he went, he was still tethered to the house by the cemetery of St. John; wherever he went, he must weave, with his own plodding feet, the rope that bound him to the crime and would bind him to the gallows. That leer of the dead man came back to him with a new significance. He snapped his fingers as if to pluck up his own spirits; and choosing a street at random, stepped boldly forward in the snow.

Two things preoccupied him as he went: the aspect of the gallows at Montfaucon in this bright, windy phase of the night's existence, for one; and for another, the look of the dead man with his bald head and garland of red curls. Both struck cold upon his heart; and he kept quickening his pace as if he could escape from unpleasant thoughts by mere fleetness of foot. Sometimes he looked back over his shoulder with a sudden nervous jerk; but he was the only moving thing in the white streets, except when the wind swooped round a corner and threw up the snow, which was beginning to freeze, in spots of glittering dust.

Suddenly he saw, a long way before him, a black clump and a couple of lanterns. The clump was in motion, and the lanterns swung as though carried by men walking. It was a patrol. And though it was merely crossing his line of march, he judged it wiser to get out of eyeshot as speedily as he could. He was not in the humor to be challenged, and he was conscious of making a very con-

spicuous mark upon the snow. Just on his left hand there stood a great hotel, with some turrets and a large porch before the door: it was half ruinous, he remembered, and had long stood empty; and so he made three steps of it, and jumped into the shelter of the porch. It was pretty dark inside, after the glimmer of the snowy streets; and he was groping forward with outspread hands, when he stumbled over some substance which offered an indescribable mixture of resistances, hard and soft, firm and loose. His heart gave a leap and he sprang two steps back and stared dreadfully at the obstacle. Then he gave a little laugh of relief. It was only a woman, and she dead. He knelt beside her to make sure upon this latter point. She was freezing cold, and rigid like a stick. A little ragged finery fluttered in the wind about her hair, and her cheeks had been heavily rouged that same afternoon. Her pockets were quite empty; but in her stocking, underneath the garter, Villon found two of the small coins that went by the name of whites. It was little enough, but it was always something; and the poet was moved with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died before she had spent her money. That seemed to him a dark and pitiable mystery; and he looked from the coins in his hand to the dead woman, and back again to the coins, shaking his head over the riddle of man's life. Henry V of England, dying at Vincennes just after he had conquered France, and this poor jade cut off by a cold draught in a great man's doorway before she had time to spend her couple of whites — it seemed a cruel way to carry on the world. Two whites would have taken such a little while to squander; and yet it would have been one more good taste in the mouth, one more smack of the lips, before the Devil got the soul and the body was left to birds and vermin. He would like to use all his tallow before the light was blown out and the lantern broken.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was feeling, half mechanically, for his purse. Suddenly his heart stopped beating; a feeling of cold scales passed up the back of his legs, and a cold blow seemed to fall upon his scalp. He stood petrified for a moment; then he felt again with one feverish movement; and then his loss burst upon him, and he was covered at once with perspiration. To spendthrifts money is so living and actual — it is such a thin veil between them and their pleasures! There is only one limit to their fortune — that of time; and a spendthrift with only a few crowns is the Emperor of Rome until they are spent. For such a person to lose his money is to suffer the most shocking reverse, and fall from heaven to hell, from all to nothing, in a breath. And all the more if he has put his head in the halter for it; if he may be hanged tomorrow for that same purse so dearly earned, so foolishly departed! Villon stood and cursed; he threw the two whites into the street; he shook his fist at heaven; he stamped, and was not horrified to find himself trampling the poor corpse. Then he began rapidly to retrace his steps towards the house beside the cemetery. He had forgotten all fear of the patrol, which was long gone by at any rate, and had no idea but that of his lost purse. It

was in vain that he looked right and left upon the snow: nothing was to be seen. He had not dropped it in the streets. Had it fallen in the house? He would have liked dearly to go in and see; but the idea of the grisly occupant unmanned him. And he saw besides, as he drew near, that their efforts to put out the fire had been unsuccessful; on the contrary, it had broken into a blaze, and a changeful light played in the chinks of door and window, and revived his terror for the authorities and Paris gibbet.

He returned to the hotel with the porch, and groped about upon the snow for the money he had thrown away in his childish passion. But he could only find one white: the other had probably struck sideways and sunk deeply in. With a single white in his pocket, all his projects for a rousing night in some wild tavern vanished utterly away. And it was not only pleasure that fled laughing from his grasp: positive discomfort, positive pain, attacked him as he stood ruefully before the porch. His perspiration had dried upon him; and although the wind had now fallen, a binding frost was setting in stronger with every hour, and he felt benumbed and sick at heart. What was to be done? Late as was the hour, improbable as was success, he would try the house of his adopted father, the chaplain of St. Benoît.

He ran there all the way, and knocked timidly. There was no answer. He knocked again and again, taking heart with every stroke; and at last steps were heard approaching from within. A barred wicket fell open in the iron-studded door, and emitted a gush of yellow light.

"Hold up your face to the wicket," said the chaplain from within.

"It's only me," whimpered Villon.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" returned the chaplain; and he cursed him with foul unpriestly oaths for disturbing him at such an hour, and bade him be off to hell, where he came from.

"My hands are blue to the wrist," pleaded Villon; "my feet are dead and full of twinges; my nose aches with the sharp air; the cold lies at my heart. I may be dead before morning. Only this once, father, and before God, I will never ask again!"

"You should have come earlier," said the ecclesiastic coolly. "Young men require a lesson now and then." He shut the wicket and retired deliberately into the interior of the house.

Villon was beside himself; he beat upon the door with his hands and feet, and shouted hoarsely after the chaplain.

"Wormy old fox!" he cried. "If I had my hand under your twist, I would send you flying headlong into the bottomless pit."

A door shut in the interior, faintly audible to the poet down long passages. He passed his hand over his mouth with an oath. And then the humor of the situation struck him, and he laughed and looked lightly up to heaven, where the stars seemed to be winking over his discomfiture.

What was to be done? It looked very like a night in the frosty streets. The

idea of the dead woman popped into his imagination, and gave him a hearty fright: what had happened to her in the early night might very well happen to him before morning. And he so young! and with such immense possibilities of disorderly amusement before him! He felt quite pathetic over the notion of his own fate, as if it had been some one else's, and made a little imaginative vignette of the scene in the morning when they should find his body.

He passed all his chances under review, turning the white between his thumb and forefinger. Unfortunately he was on bad terms with some old friends, who would once have taken pity on him in such a plight. He had lampooned them in verses; he had beaten and cheated them: and yet now, when he was in so close a pinch, he thought there was at least one who might perhaps relent. It was a chance. It was worth trying at least, and he would go and see.

On the way, two little accidents happened to him which colored his musings in a very different manner. For, first, he fell in with the track of a patrol, and walked in it for some hundred yards, although it lay out of his direction. And this spirited him up: at least he had confused his trail; for he was still possessed with the idea of people tracking him all about Paris over the snow, and collaring him next morning before he was awake. The other matter affected him quite differently. He passed a street corner where, not so long before, a woman and her child had been devoured by wolves. This was just the kind of weather, he reflected, when wolves might take it into their heads to enter Paris again; and a lone man in these deserted streets would run the chance of something worse than a mere scare. He stopped and looked upon the place with an unpleasant interest. It was a center where several lanes intersected each other; and he looked down them all, one after another, and held his breath to listen, lest he should detect some galloping black things on the snow or hear the sound of howling between him and the river. He remembered his mother telling him the story and pointing out the spot, while he was yet a child. His mother! If he only knew where she lived, he might make sure at least of shelter. He determined he would inquire upon the morrow; nay, he would go and see her too, poor old girl! So thinking, he arrived at his destination — his last hope for the night.

The house was quite dark, like its neighbors; and yet after a few taps he heard a movement overhead, a door opening, and a cautious voice asking who was there. The poet named himself in a loud whisper, and waited, not without some trepidation, the result. Nor had he to wait long. A window was suddenly opened, and a pailful of slops splashed down upon the doorstep. Villon had not been unprepared for something of the sort, and had put himself as much in shelter as the nature of the porch admitted; but for all that, he was deplorably drenched below the waist. His hose began to freeze almost at once. Death from cold and exposure stared him in the face; he remembered he was of phthisical tendency, and began coughing tentatively. But the gravity of the danger steadied his nerves. He stopped a few hundred yards from the door

where he had been so rudely used, and reflected with his finger to his nose. He could only see one way of getting a lodging, and that was to take it. He had noticed a house not far away, which looked as if it might be easily broken into; and thither he betook himself promptly, entertaining himself on the way with the idea of a room still hot, with a table still loaded with the remains of supper, where he might pass the rest of the black hours, and whence he should issue on the morrow with an armful of valuable plate. He even considered on what viands and what wines he should prefer; and as he was calling the roll of his favorite dainties, roast fish presented itself to his mind with an odd mixture of amusement and horror.

"I shall never finish that ballade," he thought to himself; and then, with another shudder at the recollection, "Oh, damn his fat head!" he repeated fervently, and spat upon the snow.

The house in question looked dark at first sight; but as Villon made a preliminary inspection in search of the handiest point of attack, a little twinkle of light caught his eye from behind a curtained window.

"The Devil!" he thought. "People awake! Some student or some saint, confound the crew! Can't they get drunk and lie in bed snoring like their neighbors! What's the good of curfew, and poor devils of bell-ringers jumping at a rope's end in bell-towers? What's the use of day, if people sit up all night? The gripes to them!" He grinned as he saw where his logic was leading him. "Every man to his business, after all," added he; "and if they're awake, by the Lord, I may come by a supper honestly for once, and cheat the Devil."

He went boldly to the door and knocked with an assured hand. On both previous occasions, he had knocked timidly and with some dread of attracting notice; but now when he had just discarded the thought of a burglarious entry, knocking at a door seemed a mighty simple and innocent proceeding. The sound of his blows echoed through the house with thin, phantasmal reverberations, as though it were quite empty; but these had scarcely died away before a measured tread drew near, a couple of bolts were withdrawn, and one wing was opened broadly, as though no guile or fear of guile were known to those within. A tall figure of a man, muscular and spare, but a little bent, confronted Villon. The head was massive in bulk, but finely sculptured; the nose blunt at the bottom, but refining upward to where it joined a pair of strong and honest eyebrows; the mouth and eyes surrounded with delicate markings, and the whole face based upon a thick white beard, boldly and squarely trimmed. Seen as it was by the light of a flickering hand-lamp, it looked perhaps nobler than it had a right to do; but it was a fine face, honorable rather than intelligent, strong, simple, and righteous.

"You knock late, sir," said the old man in resonant, courteous tones.

Villon cringed, and brought up many servile words of apology: at a crisis of this sort, the beggar was uppermost in him, and the man of genius hid his head with confusion.

"You are cold," repeated the old man, "and hungry? Well, step in." And he ordered him into the house with a noble enough gesture.

"Some great seigneur," thought Villon, as his host, setting down the lamp on the flagged pavement of the entry, shot the bolts once more into their places.

"You will pardon me if I go in front," he said, when this was done; and he preceded the poet upstairs into a large apartment, warmed with a pan of charcoal and lit by a great lamp hanging from the roof. It was very bare of furniture: only some gold plate on a sideboard; some folios; and a strand of armor between the windows. Some smart tapestry hung upon the walls, representing the crucifixion of our Lord in one piece, and in another a scene of shepherds and shepherdesses by a running stream. Over the chimney was a shield of arms.

"Will you seat yourself," said the old man, "and forgive me if I leave you? I am alone in my house tonight, and if you are to eat I must forage for you myself."

No sooner was his host gone than Villon leaped from the chair on which he had just seated himself, and began examining the room with the stealth and passion of a cat. He weighed the gold flagons in his hand, opened all the folios, and investigated the arms upon the shield, and the stuff with which the seats were lined. He raised the window curtains, and saw that the windows were set with rich stained glass, in figures, so far as he could see, of martial import. Then he stood in the middle of the room, drew a long breath, and retaining it with puffed cheeks, looked round and round him, turning on his heels, as if to impress every feature of the apartment on his memory.

"Seven pieces of plate," he said. "If there had been ten, I would have risked it. A fine house, and a fine old master, so help me all the saints!"

And just then hearing the old man's tread returning along the corridor, he stole back to his chair, and began humbly toasting his wet legs before the charcoal pan.

His entertainer had a plate of meat in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. He set down the plate upon the table, motioning Villon to draw in his chair; and going to the sideboard, brought back two goblets, which he filled.

"I drink your better fortune," he said, gravely touching Villon's cup with his own.

"To our better acquaintance," said the poet, growing bold. A mere man of the people would have been awed by the courtesy of the old seigneur, but Villon was hardened in that matter: he had made mirth for great lords before now, and found them as black rascals as himself. And so he devoted himself to the viands with a ravenous gusto, while the old man, leaning backward, watched him with steady, curious eyes.

"You have blood on your shoulder, my man," he said.

Montigny must have laid his wet right hand upon him as he left the house. He cursed Montigny in his heart.

"It was none of my shedding," he stammered.

"I had not supposed so," returned his host quietly. "A brawl?"

"Well, something of that sort," Villon admitted with a quaver.

"Perhaps a fellow murdered?"

"Oh no, not murdered," said the poet, more and more confused. "It was all fair play — murdered by accident. I had no hand in it, God strike me dead!" he added fervently.

"One rogue the fewer, I daresay," observed the master of the house.

"You may dare to say that," agreed Villon, infinitely relieved. "As big a rogue as there is between here and Jerusalem. He turned up his toes like a lamb. But it was a nasty thing to look at. I daresay you've seen dead men in your time, my lord?" he added, glancing at the armor.

"Many," said the old man. "I have followed the wars, as you imagine."

Villon laid down his knife and fork, which he had just taken up again.

"Were any of them bald?" he asked.

"Oh yes, and with hair as white as mine."

"I don't think I should mind the white so much," said Villon. "His was red." And he had a return of his shuddering and tendency to laughter, which he drowned with a great draught of wine. "I'm a little put out when I think of it," he went on. "I knew him — damn him! And then the cold gives a man fancies — or the fancies give a man cold, I don't know which."

"Have you any money?" asked the old man.

"I have one white," returned the poet, laughing. "I got it out of a dead jade's stocking in a porch. She was as dead as Cæsar, poor wench, and as cold as a church, with bits of ribbon sticking in her hair. This is a hard world in winter for wolves and wenches and poor rogues like me."

"I," said the old man, "am Enguerrand de la Feuillée, seigneur de Brisetout, bailly du Patatrac. Who and what may you be?"

Villon rose and made a suitable reverence. "I am called Francis Villon," he said, "a poor Master of Arts of this university. I know some Latin, and a deal of vice. I can make chansons, ballades, lais, virelais, and roundels, and I am very fond of wine. I was born in a garret, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows. I may add, my lord, that from this night forward I am your Lordship's very obsequious servant to command."

"No servant of mine," said the knight: "my guest for this evening, and no more."

"A very grateful guest," said Villon politely; and he drank in dumb show to his entertainer.

"You are shrewd," began the old man, tapping his forehead, "very shrewd; you have learning; you are a clerk; and yet you take a small piece of money off a dead woman in the street. Is it not a kind of theft?"

"It is a kind of theft much practised in the wars, my lord."

"The wars are the field of honor," returned the old man proudly. "There a man plays his life upon the cast; he fights in the name of his lord the king, his Lord God, and all their Lordships the holy saints and angels."

"Put it," said Villon, "that I were really a thief: should I not play my life also, and against heavier odds?"

"For gain but not for honor."

"Gain?" repeated Villon with a shrug. "Gain! The poor fellow wants supper, and takes it. So does the soldier in a campaign. Why, what are all these requisitions we hear so much about? If they are not gain to those who take them, they are loss enough to the others. The men-at-arms drink by a good fire, while the burgher bites his nails to buy them wine and wood. I have seen a good many plowmen swinging on trees about the country; ay, I have seen thirty on one elm, and a very poor figure they made: and when I asked some one how all these came to be hanged, I was told it was because they could not scrape together enough crowns to satisfy the men-at-arms."

"These things are a necessity of war, which the low-born must endure with constancy. It is true that some captains drive overhard: there are spirits in every rank not easily moved by pity; and indeed many follow arms who are no better than brigands."

"You see," said the poet, "you cannot separate the soldier from the brigand; and what is a thief but an isolated brigand with circumspect manners? I steal a couple of mutton chops, without so much as disturbing people's sleep; the farmer grumbles a bit, but sups none the less wholesomely on what remains. You come up blowing gloriously on a trumpet, take away the whole sheep, and beat the farmer pitifully into the bargain. I have no trumpet; I am only Tom, Dick, or Harry; I am a rogue and a dog, and hanging's too good for me — with all my heart: but just ask the farmer which of us he prefers; just find out which of us he lies awake to curse on cold nights."

"Look at us two," said his Lordship. "I am old, strong, and honored. If I were turned from my house tomorrow, hundreds would be proud to shelter me. Poor people would go out and pass the night in the streets with their children, if I merely hinted that I wished to be alone. And I find you up, wandering homeless, and picking farthings off dead women by the wayside! I fear no man and nothing: I have seen you tremble and lose countenance at a word. I wait God's summons contentedly in my own house; or if it please the King to call me out again, upon the field of battle. You look for the gallows — a rough, swift death, without hope or honor. Is there no difference between these two?"

"As far as to the moon," Villon acquiesced. "But if I had been born lord of Brisetout, and you had been the poor scholar Francis, would the difference have been any the less? Should not I have been warming my knees at this

charcoal pan, and would not you have been groping for farthings in the snow? Should not I have been the soldier, and you the thief? "

"A thief?" cried the old man. "I a thief! If you understood your words, you would repent them."

Villon turned out his hands with a gesture of inimitable impudence. "If your Lordship had done me the honor to follow my argument!" he said.

"I do you too much honor in submitting to your presence," said the knight. "Learn to curb your tongue when you speak with old and honorable men, or some one hastier than I may reprove you in a sharper fashion." And he rose and paced the lower end of the apartment, struggling with anger and antipathy. Villon surreptitiously refilled his cup, and settled himself more comfortably in the chair, crossing his knees and leaning his head upon one hand and the elbow against the back of the chair. He was now replete and warm; and he was in no wise frightened for his host, having gaged him as justly as was possible between two such different characters. The night was far spent, and in a very comfortable fashion after all; and he felt morally certain of a safe departure on the morrow.

"Tell me one thing," said the old man, pausing in his walk. "Are you really a thief?"

"I claim the sacred rights of hospitality," returned the poet. "My lord, I am."

"You are very young," the knight continued.

"I should never have been so old," replied Villon, showing his fingers, "if I had not helped myself with these ten talents. They have been my nursing mothers and my nursing fathers."

"You may still repent and change."

"I repent daily," said the poet. "There are few people more given to repentance than poor Francis. As for change, let somebody change my circumstances. A man must continue to eat, if it were only that he may continue to repent."

"The change must begin in the heart," returned the old man solemnly.

"My dear lord," answered Villon, "do you really fancy that I steal for pleasure? I hate stealing, like any other piece of work or of danger. My teeth chatter when I see a gallows. But I must eat, I must drink, I must mix in society of some sort. What the Devil! Man is not a solitary animal — *Cui Deus fœminam tradit*. Make me king's pantler — make me abbot of St. Denis — make me bailly of the Patatrac; and then I shall be changed indeed. But as long as you leave me the poor scholar Francis Villon, without a farthing, why, of course I remain the same."

"The grace of God is all-powerful."

"I should be a heretic to question it," said Francis. "It has made you lord of Brisetout and bailly of the Patatrac: it has given me nothing but the quick wits under my hat and these ten toes upon my hands. May I help

myself to wine? I thank you respectfully. By God's grace, you have a very superior vintage."

The lord of Brisetout walked to and fro with his hands behind his back. Perhaps he was not yet quite settled in his mind about the parallel between thieves and soldiers; perhaps Villon had interested him by some cross-thread of sympathy; perhaps his wits were simply muddled by so much unfamiliar reasoning: but whatever the cause, he somehow yearned to convert the young man to a better way of thinking, and could not make up his mind to drive him forth again into the street.

" There is everything more than I can understand in this," he said at length. " Your mouth is full of subtleties, and the Devil has led you very far astray; but the Devil is only a very weak spirit before God's truth, and all his subtleties vanish at a word of true honor, like darkness at morning. Listen to me once more. I learned long ago that a gentleman should live chivalrously and lovingly to God, and the king, and his lady; and though I have seen many strange things done, I have still striven to command my ways upon that rule. It is not only written in all noble histories, but in every man's heart, if he will take care to read. You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure; but you do not speak of other wants: you say nothing of honor, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise — and yet I think I am — but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring toothache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but indeed I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. And are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched? "

Villon was sensibly nettled under all this sermonizing. " You think I have no sense of honor! " he cried. " I'm poor enough, God knows! It's hard to see rich people with their gloves, and you blowing in your hands. An empty belly is a bitter thing, although you speak so lightly of it. If you had had as many as I, perhaps you would change your tune. Any way I'm a thief — make the most of that; but I'm not a devil from hell, God strike me dead. I would have you to know I've an honor of my own, as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long, as if it was a God's miracle to have any. It seems quite natural to me; I keep it in its box till it's wanted. Why now, look you here, how long have I been in this room with you? Did you not tell me you were alone in the house? Look at your gold plate! You're strong, if you like, but you're old and unarmed, and I have my knife. What did I want but a jerk of the elbow, and here would have been you with the cold steel in your

bowels, and there would have been me linking in the streets with an armful of golden cups! Did you suppose I hadn't wit enough to see that? And I scorned the action. There are your damned goblets, as safe as in a church; there are you, with your heart ticking as good as new; and here am I, ready to go out again as poor as I came in, with my one white that you threw in my teeth! And you think I have no sense of honor — God strike me dead! "

The old man stretched out his right arm. " I will tell you what you are," he said. " You are a rogue, my man; an impudent and black-hearted rogue and vagabond. I have passed an hour with you. Oh! believe me, I feel myself disgraced! And you have eaten and drunk at my table. But now I am sick at your presence; the day has come, and the night-bird should be off to his roost. Will you go before, or after? "

" Which you please," returned the poet, rising. " I believe you to be strictly honorable." He thoughtfully emptied his cup. " I wish I could add you were intelligent," he went on, knocking on his head with his knuckles. " Age! age! the brains stiff and rheumatic."

The old man preceded him, from a point of self-respect; Villon followed, whistling, with his thumbs in his girdle.

" God pity you," said the lord of Brisetout at the door.

" Good-by, papa," returned Villon with a yawn. " Many thanks for the cold mutton."

The door closed behind him. The dawn was breaking over the white roofs. A chill, uncomfortable morning ushered in the day. Villon stood and heartily stretched himself in the middle of the road.

" A very dull old gentleman," he thought. " I wonder what his goblets may be worth."

BED IN SUMMER

From 'Poems and Ballads.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

IN winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me on the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

REQUIEM

From 'Poems and Ballads.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

GEORGE ROBERT GISSING

THE life of Gissing is a monument of endeavor and the kind of failure that ultimately dissolves into qualified success; a life that is something of a labyrinth, full of secret passages and ill-appreciated motives, of unfortunate turnings, and drab mysteries. Some of its chief external aspects have been fully and frankly laid bare by Gissing's college friend and literary intimate, Morley Roberts, in 'The Private Life of Henry Maitland'; some other aspects have been studied by Thomas Seccombe and Frank Swinnerton; and yet behind these inquiries we feel that the man and his character have not been quite revealed. Prompting this feeling are partly the suggestions and unfulfilled promises of these studies, and partly Gissing's own books; for of few writers can it be said in so full a sense that the books are the man. The style, pure, scholarly, intensely earnest, yet shy and generally lacking in brisk energy and force, is the man. The atmosphere of his books, full of the depression arising from their studies of sordid backgrounds and poverty-stricken social groups; their general monotony of color; their realistic intentness upon the actualities of a life in which hampering circumstance is broken through only by the subjective forces of intellect and emotion, and then only partially — all this furnishes the best key to the career of the man. Again and again, finally, in 'New Grub Street,' 'Born in Exile,' 'The Whirlpool,' 'The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft,' and other books, he not only describes incidents of his life, scenes that he had witnessed and experiences that were his own, but introspectively draws his own character.

Though essentially a man of the study and cloister, Gissing was impelled to write fiction rather by internal than by external impulse. He was called in no uncertain voice, and from the beginning he was a self-conscious artist who would not surrender his ideals. Superficially it would seem more natural to think of him as a professor of the classics at some comfortable college than as a demographer sitting in that part of London which Charles Booth and Arnold Toynbee chose for their field, and bending himself to his conscientious study of social conditions among the lower middle classes. But actually he was a born creative genius. If he was driven to his steady pursuit of writing by the slenderness of reward described in 'New Grub Street,' and by circumstances which gave him little hold on other means of subsistence, he also wished to write novels looking upon life from a standpoint better than the "miserably conventional" one he deplored in George Eliot. Of his scholarly tastes we have a thousand evidences in the novels and in 'Henry Ryecroft.' The description of the boy in 'Born in Exile' receiving his classical prizes at

school; of the Reardon-Biffen dialogue on Greek poetry in 'New Grub Street' — "Choriambics, eh? Possibly, of course; but treat them as iambics *a minore* with an anacrusis, and see if they don't go better"; Morton's interest in the campaigns of Belisarius in 'The Whirlpool' — all are open autobiographical touches. But in his first novel, 'The Unclassed,' Gissing is obviously describing his unquenchable artistic ambitions in Waymark's words:

"Let me get a little more experience, and I will write such a novel as no one has yet ventured to write, at all events in England. . . . The novel of everyday life is getting worn out. We must dig deeper, get into untouched social strata. Dickens felt this, but he had not the courage to face his subjects; his monthly numbers had to lie on the family tea-table. Not *virginibus puerisque* will be my book, I assure you, but for men and women who like to look beneath the surface."

Through laborious years he tried with unswerving purpose to achieve the aim thus set forth; he must often have perceived that to yield but a little to popular taste would greatly improve his fortunes, but he never yielded.

Gissing was born at Wakefield on November 22, 1857, the eldest son of a pharmacist named Thomas Waller Gissing, a man of individuality and literary taste who died when the boy was thirteen. After an interval at boarding school, Gissing went up to Owens College, Manchester, on a junior exhibition, and commenced his studies there at the age of fifteen in a way that seemed to promise a brilliant future in some scholarly field. In the first session he won Professor Ward's prize for an English poem, at seventeen he matriculated in the University of London, at eighteen in the examination for honors following the intermediate B.A. he gained the first place in the first class with the University exhibition in both Latin and English, and this year he also took the Shakespeare scholarship. Partly, as H. G. Wells thinks, as a result of the overwork involved in all this, partly, as Gissing said later, because of the folly of those who turned him loose to live alone in city lodgings during adolescence, he had formed a connection with a girl of the streets, given her more money than his means allowed, and, if we may believe Morley Roberts, stolen from the cloakrooms to make up the deficit. At any rate, his connection with Owens College was prematurely severed by the authorities, and to those who had predicted for him an academic career his whole life became thereafter abnormal and broken. The Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia was then attracting much attention, and from London, eager to leave his shame behind him and to find literary material, he proceeded to New York with a very small sum of money. No English papers would accept the articles he sent back, and in desperation he journeyed west to find more material, reaching Chicago with just money enough to pay for a week's lodgings. He applied to the Tribune for employment; and for some months supported himself in the city by writing short stories and other matter for various newspapers. Finally, his inspiration worn out, and homesick for England, he returned east by way

of Troy — a Troy paper had pirated one of his stories — in which city he had to subsist several days upon peanuts. There was a brief interlude of canvassing, and then he closed the bitterest experience of his life by sailing for home on borrowed money. He spent some months in Germany, and at Jena, as Austin Harrison tells us, read "Schiller, Goethe, Haeckel, Schopenhauer, innumerable German tomes on ancient philosophy." He arrived in England with ideas gained from these men striving in his head with those acquired at the same time, if we may refer to himself a passage in 'Workers in the Dawn,' from Comte, who "came to me with his lucid unfolding of the mystery of the world," and from Shelley, who strengthened his idealism and his "heart with enthusiasm as with a coat of mail." He arrived to take up feverish writing amid poverty and the toil of teaching.

This was about 1880; in 1884, according to Morley Roberts, Gissing had separated from his first wife, a woman more than half depraved, and had arranged to support her to the extent of ten shillings a week — more than he sometimes earned; and by 1887, he had got hold of enough tutoring to enable him to occupy a respectable flat and live in some comfort. Among his pupils were Frederic Harrison's sons, and he was often a guest at the Harrison home; Austin Harrison avers that from 1882 onward he was not in penury, but had "a living income derivable from teaching which he could always increase or modify at will." But other testimony, especially Roberts', backed by the autobiographical passages, is to the contrary. It seems certain that at least the first three or four years after his return from Germany were years of comparative misery, though this was partly because he mismanaged his household; that he lived upon bread and dripping — "perfectly pure; they very often mix flour with it, you know"; that as a treat he had "pease-pudding — magnificent pennyworths at a shop in Cleveland Street, of a very rich quality indeed. Excellent fagots they have there, too"; that he would put on an overcoat purchased three years previous with care not to start the seams while "murmuring to himself a Greek iambic line." All this we may gather from his novels. He tell us directly that once, tutoring for the London University matriculation a man employed in a local hospital, he rose at six o'clock and tramped an hour because he had not the penny for bus-fare; and that he was "a struggling man, beset by poverty and other circumstances very unpropitious to mental work." In 1880 he had published the immature and bitter 'Workers in the Dawn,' and in 1884 'The Unclassed,' still bitter but more finished. These were followed in 1886 by 'Isabel Clarendon' and 'Demos,' the latter of which Meredith, then a publisher's reader, praised, and for which he received fifty pounds, or enough to take him to Italy. In the five successive years following 1886 came 'Thyrza,' the vernal 'A Life's Morning,' 'The Nether World,' 'The Emancipated,' and 'New Grub Street,' a list which contains in the first and last novels his two greatest pieces of fiction, and two of the greatest novels of the time. About 1888, very fortunately for him, his wife died.

During these years of slowly growing independence, Gissing made a number of friends of great value to him, though of less than if his circumstances had allowed him to enter freely into the life of the world. Frederic Harrison was one, and found him pupils; Edward Clodd, whom Gissing admired as the manager of a great business who could be a literary figure as well, and who was constant in his regard for the novelist, was another. Clodd saw that he met Meredith on a social footing, and a little later Harrison introduced him to John Morley, editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, who offered to use as much matter as possible if Gissing would supply it in journalistic form. Still later, about 1895, he met Grant Allen, whom he liked very much as "a simple and very gentle fellow, crammed with multifarious knowledge, enthusiastic in scientific pursuits"; and he also came to know Clement Shorter, for whom he wrote some short stories. Before 1897, at Budleigh Salterton, he had become acquainted with H. G. Wells and his wife, and he and his sister took long walks with them in that year. His health was then beginning to fail, and Wells thought him "a damaged and ailing man, full of ill-advised precautions against the imaginary illnesses that were his interpretation of a general *malaise*." But he was now quite comfortably well off, and able to take a long flight the same year to Italy, tramping in the Campagna and enjoying happy meals with the good red wine of Velletri. In 1891 he married a second time, and went to live near Exeter; but his second marriage was nearly as great a failure as the first, and five years later he separated from his wife, taking charge of his two sons by her. As a writer, he had become far more sure of his abilities and his pen, and was winning an increasing success; partly as a result of this, partly because his earlier materials were exhausted, he had begun to draw people of the well-to-do but unrefined classes, and to drop his more mournful and depressing philosophy. One first-rate novel appeared during this time, 'In the Year of Jubilee' (1894), with three others of considerable merit: 'The Odd Women' (1893), 'Eve's Ransom' (1895), and 'The Whirlpool' (1897). There was also one collection of tales — the term short story will not do for Gissing's work — and an admirable study of Charles Dickens (1898).

The last phase was all too short. After 1900 Gissing spent an increasing amount of time abroad, particularly in southern France and northern Spain, for he was troubled with growing tuberculosis and rheumatism; and he contracted a union with a Frenchwoman who cared for him tenderly in his last days. To this phase belongs no novel of great importance, for 'The Crown of Life' had come out in 1899, and the long historical romance, 'Veranilda,' a story of the time of Theoderic the Goth, though conscientious in workmanship, was after all a failure. But there do belong to it his notes of a ramble in southern Italy, 'By the Ionian Sea,' the priceless little volume of personal musings, 'The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft,' which has few rivals in its softened delicacy and twilight resignation, and the abridgment of Forster's

life of Dickens. Edward Clodd has given us in his reminiscences some fine examples of Gissing's letters just before his death, which occurred in December 1903. Besides 'Veranilda,' there were brought out posthumously the romance 'Will Warburton' and the second collection of tales, called 'The House of Cobwebs.'

It must be understood that while the physical hardships which Gissing endured have been exaggerated, his life was, after all, one cast in hard places and about which there clung the atmosphere of failure. He lacked tact, ease, the ability to get on with other men, in remarkable degree. In Wells's phrase, the studious, reserved, egoistic man had no "social nerve." He possessed ability and high talent, but no great genius, and the productions of genius he was determined to achieve; he stretched himself upon the rack of his ambition. His eagerness to emulate the great writers of his day, and to approach the great writers of the century, drove him through labor that was intense and was accompanied with the sense that he was always falling short of just what he wished to reach. Brought up in the days of the great Victorians, he wished, as Thomas Seccombe remarks, to produce his three-volume studies in society upon the broad canvas of Dickens and Thackeray; he may even have cherished some hope of being an urban Balzac, and certainly did not submit his capacity to the limitations natural to it. He perceived his deficiencies in time, but he never faltered in adherence to his standards, even when he took it as most unjust that smaller men should make a greater success. The iron entered his soul, and hence proceeds the sense of writhing struggle, of jealousy, of hardships ill-borne, which permeates his novels.

The motto on the original title-page of 'The Nether World' was a quotation from Renan: "*La peinture d'un fumier peut être justifiée pourvu qu'il y pousse une belle fleur; sans cela, le fumier n'est que repoussant*" [The painting of a dunghill may be justified, provided that there blooms on it a beautiful flower; without this, the dunghill is merely repulsive]. At the beginning of his career Gissing stated that "Art, nowadays, must be the mouthpiece of misery, for misery is the keynote of modern life," and many years later that it must be "an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life." The reconciliation of these two dicta must, if reconciliation be at all possible, lie in some equation growing out of the quotation from Renan. His first eight or nine books, falling into a group, constitute an epic treatment of poverty, and more than that, of aspiration flowering out of poverty. In 'Thyrza,' the most beautiful of Gissing's novels, aspiration and idealism are veritably personified in the ethereal Thyrza, the beautiful flower of a somewhat repellent milieu; in 'A Life's Morning,' a book with a springtime bloom on it, the flower consists in the mutual devotion of Wilfred Athel and Emily Hood; in 'New Grub Street,' the most vigorous of his books, the aspiration of Reardon, the novelist who lacks nervous energy and creative power but has an ambition, a tenacity, and a love of his art that could hardly be matched

in London, is a powerful theme; in 'Born in Exile,' the aspiration is that of Godfrey Peak, who wants to travel, to visit Vienna and Italy, to move among social lights, to live the life of a luxurious and honored scholar, and who has to content himself with a cheap bare room and a pine table with a few Greek and English classics upon it. It would of course be fatuous to look in all of Gissing's novels of the first period for an overt use of this theme of aspiration contrasted with depressing poverty and ugliness; but there is always the hint of a potential flower from even the dungheap.

Gissing's delineation of poverty is marked by two prominent characteristics — his lack of humor, and his insistence upon piercing beneath the surface aspect of the squalid and yet animated life of the poor. He was brought up, as he confesses, under the spell of Dickens, and one of his abiding memories was that of wandering on a hungry day of his early career into Bevis Marks, where had dwelt Mr. Brass and Sally and the Marchioness. For the rich humor, vitality, and flashing good spirits of Dickens he had the warmest admiration, and he confessed that his debt to him was "incalculable." As a demographer he desired, in part, to "follow afar off his example," and one of his later books, 'The Town Traveler,' is obviously Dickensian. But in general his novels are at the antipodes from Dickens', and for the simple reason that he had none of Dickens' sense of the highly flavored humors and contrasts of life, and none of his ability to present the existence of the lower classes in warm colors rendering chiefly the stimulating, amusing, and engaging qualities of it. The two men saw the same unlovely streets, the same frowsy and forbidding surroundings, the same dirty and morally distorted inhabitants; but Dickens saw them through the vivifying lens of his sympathetic imagination, and Gissing through a lens in which all appeared in a somber monotone. The dance at the Fezziwigs, with the forfeits and the square figures and the pieces of Cold Roast and Cold Boiled that followed, may be instructively compared with the description in 'The Year of Jubilee' of the dancing of the festival crowd on the terrace, a depressing picture of the hectic gayeties of ignorance, poverty, and vice. In a scrap of butcher's paper flapping in the road Dickens saw some emblem of the cheerful domestic pot, or perhaps personified it as something eager to find a refuge from the wind; in it Gissing saw a bloody, dirty scrap of paper. The genial energizing temperament of Dickens was referred by Gissing in part to the fact that "his work is done with delight — done (in a sense) easily, done with the mechanism of mind and body in splendid order." He envied Dickens this tremendous vitality and superabundant good spirits, but he knew that such power was out of his grasp. At the same time, he found some compensation in the thought that he could perhaps penetrate deeper than Dickens, and would not be put off with the grinning mask of poverty. He came to distrust Dickens' cheerful optimistic view of life; he was certain that the Micawber of 'David Copperfield' did not become a comfortable figure in Australasia, but that he sank from stage

to stage of wretchedness and died in the street or workhouse. He wished to show misery as it was, and he strove without compromising to exhibit it in untouched verisimilitude. Whether his or Dickens' was the correct view of the lower classes cannot be decided here.

In 'Thyrza,' in 'The Nether World,' in 'New Grub Street,' this remorseless, photographic study of the drab ugliness and dullness of life is carried out with intense sincerity and high craftsmanship, just as in other books before 1892 it is carried out with a sincerity as great but with a more uncertain hand. The distressing parts of London, like Islington, Clerkenwell, Lambeth, and the region of Tottenham Court Road, are nowhere so well drawn as in his volumes. The superior vitality of 'New Grub Street' will probably always give it the favored place among his works, and in no other are his characters so real: Yule, the drudging hack, Yule's earnest daughter, and his timid, unintelligent wife; the struggler Reardon, laboring in spiritual and imaginative exhaustion to reproduce his initial success with a novel, and suffering from the complaints and disloyalty of his fretful wife; Jasper Milvain, determined to be a smart commercial success in literature and succeeding; Biffen, the inexpressibly pathetic figure of a lonely, scholarly, kindly, and yet unsocial author, living in a garret and cherishing his ambitions — these are unforgettable. 'Thyrza' will always hold a place at least close beside 'New Grub Street' for the wistful, fascinating beauty of the heroine, and the tragedy of her love affair, and for the stylistic beauty with which the soul of slum life is pointed out. The later novels, dealing with social strata a little higher, of which the best are 'In the Year of Jubilee,' 'The Whirlpool,' and 'The Crown of Life,' somehow have not the same singleness of purpose, close unity of construction, fervor of conviction, and ability in character-drawing as these two, though with few exceptions they are strong books. But besides the novels, the critical study of Dickens (the rarest and most understanding yet written), the bit of travel called 'By the Ionian Sea,' in which all Gissing's love for the classics finds expression, and above all, the semi-autobiographic 'Henry Ryecroft,' should not lack admirers. The meditations of Henry Ryecroft are not profound, their intellectual force is not great; but their gently pensive air of retrospection and cultured charm of style lend them great distinction.

Other defects Gissing has than his fundamental lack of humor. He is undoubtedly too "depressing," and the reader of many of his books feels the fact that he has no really happy endings. He was unable to work outside his narrow field, and his few attempts to draw figures of the upper middle class were comparative failures. His delineation of women was much inferior to that of the influence of women upon men. His style is often too nerveless. There were sound reasons, in all, why he should never have made the success that Hardy, Kipling, and Stevenson made at the same time. Yet he will long have his devoted following of those who feel that in his books, to quote from

one, " the life of men who toil without hope, yet with the hunger of an unshaped desire; of women in whom the sweetness of their sex is perishing under labor and misery; the laugh, the song of the girl who strives to enjoy her year or two of youthful vigor, knowing the darkness of the years to come; the careless defiance of the youth who feels his blood and revolts against the lot which would tame it; all that is purely human in these darkened multitudes speaks to you as you listen."

ALLAN NEVINS

THE PROFESSION OF AUTHORSHIP

From 'New Grub Street'

['New Grub Street' is a study in fiction of the vicissitudes and humiliations of authorship, with which Gissing was only too well acquainted from personal experience. The hero of the novel, Reardon, a delicate and sensitive scholar driven by sheer need to write for money, has been very naturally identified with Gissing himself.]

THE last volume was written in fourteen days. In this achievement Reardon rose almost to heroic pitch, for he had much to contend with beyond the mere labor of composition. Scarcely had he begun when a sharp attack of lumbago fell upon him; for two or three days it was torture to support himself at the desk, and he moved about like a cripple. Upon this ensued headaches, sore-throat, general enfeeblement. And before the end of the fortnight it was necessary to think of raising another small sum of money; he took his watch to the pawnbroker's (you can imagine that it would not stand as security for much), and sold a few more books. All this notwithstanding, here was the novel at length finished. When he had written " The End " he lay back, closed his eyes, and let time pass in blankness for a quarter of an hour.

It remained to determine the title. But his brain refused another effort; after a few minutes' feeble search he simply took the name of the chief female character, Margaret Home. That must do for the book. Already, with the penning of the last word, all its scenes, personages, dialogues had slipped away into oblivion; he knew and cared nothing more about them.

" Amy, you will have to correct the proofs for me. Never as long as I live will I look upon a page of this accursed novel. It has all but killed me."

" The point is," replied his wife, " that here we have it complete. Pack it up and take it to the publishers tomorrow morning."

" I will."

" And — you will ask them to advance you a few pounds? "

" I must."

But that undertaking was almost as hard to face as a rewriting of the last volume would have been. Reardon had such superfluity of sensitiveness that, for his own part, he would far rather have gone hungry than ask for money not legally his due. Today there was no choice. In the ordinary course of business it would be certainly a month before he heard the publishers' terms, and perhaps the Christmas season might cause yet more delay. Without borrowing, he could not provide for the expenses of more than another week or two.

His parcel under his arm, he entered the ground-floor office, and desired to see that member of the firm with whom he had previously had personal relations. This gentleman was not in town; he would be away for a few days. Reardon left the manuscript, and came out into the street again.

He crossed, and looked up at the publishers' windows from the opposite pavement. "Do they suspect in what wretched circumstances I am? Would it surprise them to know all that depends upon that budget of paltry scribbling? I suppose not; it must be a daily experience with them. Well, I must write a begging letter."

It was raining and windy. He went slowly homewards, and was on the point of entering the public door of the flats when his uneasiness became so great that he turned and walked past. If he went in, he must at once write his appeal for money, and he felt that he *could* not. The degradation seemed too great.

Was there no way of getting over the next few weeks? Rent, of course, would be due at Christmas, but that payment might be postponed; it was only a question of buying food and fuel. Amy had offered to ask her mother for a few pounds; it would be cowardly to put this task upon her now that he had promised to meet the difficulty himself. What man in all London could and would lend him money? He reviewed the list of his acquaintances, but there was only one to whom he could appeal with the slightest hope — that was Carter.

Half an hour later he entered that same hospital door through which, some years ago, he had passed as a half-starved applicant for work. The matron met him.

"Is Mr. Carter here?"

"No, sir. But we expect him any minute. Will you wait?"

He entered the familiar office, and sat down. At the table where he had been wont to work, a young clerk was writing. If only all the events of the last few years could be undone, and he, with no soul dependent upon him, be once more earning his pound a week in this room! What a happy man he was in those days!

Nearly half an hour passed. It is the common experience of beggars to have to wait. Then Carter came in with quick step; he wore a heavy ulster of the latest fashion, new gloves, a resplendent silk hat; his cheeks were rosy from the east wind.

"Ha, Reardon! How do? how do? Delighted to see you!"

" Are you very busy? "

" Well, no, not particularly. A few cheques to sign, and we're just getting out our Christmas appeals. You remember? "

He laughed gaily. There was a remarkable freedom from snobbishness in this young man; the fact of Reardon's intellectual superiority had long ago counteracted Carter's social prejudices.

" I should like to have a word with you."

" Right you are! "

They went into a small inner room. Reardon's pulse beat at fever-rate; his tongue was cleaving to his palate.

" What is it, old man? " asked the secretary, seating himself and flinging one of his legs over the other. " You look rather seedy, do you know. Why the deuce don't you and your wife look us up now and then? "

" I've had a hard pull to finish my novel."

" Finished, is it? I'm glad to hear that. When'll it be out? I'll send scores of people to Mudie's after it."

" Thanks; but I don't think much of it, to tell you the truth."

" Oh, we know what that means."

Reardon was talking like an automaton. It seemed to him that he turned screws and pressed levers for the utterance of his next words.

" I may as well say at once what I have come for. Could you lend me ten pounds for a month — in fact, until I get the money for my book? "

The secretary's countenance fell, though not to that expression of utter coldness which would have come naturally under the circumstances to a great many vivacious men. He seemed genuinely embarrassed.

" By Jove! I — confound it! To tell you the truth, I haven't ten pounds to lend. Upon my word, I haven't, Reardon! These infernal housekeeping expenses! I don't mind telling you, old man, that Edith and I have been pushing the pace rather." He laughed, and thrust his hands down into his trousers-pockets. " We pay such a darned rent, you know — hundred and twenty-five. We've only just been saying we should have to draw it mild for the rest of the winter. But I'm infernally sorry; upon my word I am."

" And I am sorry to have annoyed you by the unseasonable request."

" Devilish seasonable, Reardon, I assure you! " cried the secretary, and roared at his joke. It put him into a better temper than ever, and he said at length: " I suppose a five wouldn't be much use? — For a month, you say? — I might manage a fiver, I think."

" It would be very useful. But on no account if — "

" No, no, I *could* manage a fiver, for a month. Shall I give you a cheque? "

" I'm ashamed — "

" Not a bit of it! I'll go and write the cheque."

Reardon's face was burning. Of the conversation that followed when Carter again presented himself he never recalled a word. The bit of paper was crushed

together in his hand. Out in the street again, he all but threw it away, dreaming for the moment that it was a 'bus ticket or a patent medicine bill.

He reached home much after the dinner-hour. Amy was surprised at his long absence.

"Got anything?" she asked.

"Yes."

It was half his intention to deceive her, to say that the publishers had advanced him five pounds. But that would be his first word of untruth to Amy, and why should he be guilty of it? He told her all that had happened. The result of this frankness was something that he had not anticipated; Amy exhibited profound vexation.

"Oh, you *shouldn't* have done that!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't you come home and tell me? I would have gone to Mother at once."

"But does it matter?"

"Of course it does," she replied sharply. "Mr. Carter will tell his wife, and how pleasant that is!"

"I never thought of that. And perhaps it wouldn't have seemed to me so annoying as it does to you."

"Very likely not."

She turned abruptly away, and stood at a distance in gloomy muteness.

"Well," she said at length, "there's no helping it now. Come and have your dinner."

"You have taken away my appetite."

"Nonsense! I suppose you are dying of hunger."

They had a very uncomfortable meal, exchanging few words. On Amy's face was a look more resembling bad temper than anything Reardon had ever seen there. After dinner he went and sat alone in the study. Amy did not come near him. He grew stubbornly angry; remembering the pain he had gone through, he felt that Amy's behavior to him was cruel. She must come and speak when she would.

At six o'clock she showed her face in the doorway and asked if he would come to tea.

"Thank you," he replied, "I had rather stay here."

"As you please."

And he sat alone until about nine. It was only then he recollected that he must send a note to the publishers, calling their attention to the parcel he had left. He wrote it, and closed with a request that they would let him hear as soon as they conveniently could. As he was putting on his hat and coat to go out and post the letter Amy opened the dining-room door.

"You're going out?"

"Yes."

"Shall you be long?"

"I think not."

He was away only a few minutes. On returning he went first of all into the study, but the thought of Amy alone in the other room would not let him rest. He looked in and saw that she was sitting without a fire.

"You can't stay here in the cold, Amy."

"I'm afraid I must get used to it," she replied, affecting to be closely engaged upon some sewing.

That strength of character which it had always delighted him to read in her features was become an ominous hardness. He felt his heart sink as he looked at her.

"Is poverty going to have the usual result in our case?" he asked, drawing nearer.

"I never pretended that I could be indifferent to it."

"Still, don't you care to try and resist it?"

She gave no answer. As usual in conversation with an aggrieved woman it was necessary to go back from the general to the particular.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that the Carters already knew pretty well how things were going with us."

"That's a very different thing. But when it comes to asking them for money —"

"I'm very sorry. I would rather have done anything if I had known how it would annoy you."

"If we have to wait a month, five pounds will be very little use to us."

She detailed all manner of expenses that had to be met — outlay there was no possibility of avoiding so long as their life was maintained on its present basis.

"However, you needn't trouble any more about it. I'll see to it. Now you are free from your book try to rest."

"Come and sit by the fire. There's small chance of rest for me if we are thinking unkindly of each other."

A doleful Christmas. Week after week went by and Reardon knew that Amy must have exhausted the money he had given her. But she made no more demands upon him, and necessaries were paid for in the usual way. He suffered from a sense of humiliation; sometimes he found it difficult to look in his wife's face.

When the publishers' letter came it contained an offer of seventy-five pounds for the copyright of 'Margaret Home,' twenty-five more to be paid if the sale in three-volume form should reach a certain number of copies.

Here was failure put into unmistakable figures. Reardon said to himself that it was all over with his profession of authorship. The book could not possibly succeed even to the point of completing his hundred pounds; it would meet with universal contempt, and indeed deserved nothing better.

"Shall you accept this?" asked Amy, after dreary silence.

"No one else would offer terms as good."

"Will they pay you at once?"

"I must ask them to."

Well, it was seventy-five pounds in hand. The cheque came as soon as it was requested, and Reardon's face brightened for the moment. Blessed money! root of all good, until the world invent some saner economy.

"How much do you owe your mother?" he inquired, without looking at Amy.

"Six pounds," she answered coldly.

"And five to Carter; and rent, twelve pounds ten. We shall have a matter of fifty pounds to go on with."

The prudent course was so obvious that he marveled at Amy's failing to suggest it. For people in their circumstances to be paying a rent of fifty pounds when a home could be found for half the money was recklessness; there would be no difficulty in letting the flat for this last year of their lease, and the cost of removal would be trifling. The mental relief of such a change might enable him to front with courage a problem in any case very difficult, and, as things were, desperate. Three months ago, in a moment of profoundest misery, he had proposed this step; courage failed him to speak of it again, Amy's look and voice were too vivid in his memory. Was she not capable of such a sacrifice for his sake? Did she prefer to let him bear all the responsibility of whatever might result from a futile struggle to keep up appearances?

Between him and her there was no longer perfect confidence. Her silence meant reproach, and — whatever might have been the case before — there was no doubt that she now discussed him with her mother, possibly with other people. It was not likely that she concealed his own opinion of the book he had just finished; all their acquaintances would be prepared to greet its publication with private scoffing or with mournful shaking of the head. His feeling towards Amy entered upon a new phase. The stability of his love was a source of pain; condemning himself, he felt at the same time that he was wronged. A coldness which was far from representing the truth began to affect his manner and speech, and Amy did not seem to notice it, at all events she made no kind of protest. They no longer talked of the old subjects, but of those mean concerns of material life which formerly they had agreed to dismiss as quickly as possible. Their relations to each other — not long ago an inexhaustible topic — would not bear spoken comment; both were too conscious of the danger-signal when they looked that way.

RUDYARD KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING was for over a quarter of a century a dominant figure and force in English literature. He passed successfully through the preliminary stages of uncritical popularity to receive the most careful critical consideration as story-teller and poet. He brought a new and striking personality into the literature of the day: with a splendid vigor, breadth, and directness he gave literary expression to entirely fresh and interesting phases of the life in wide regions of the English-speaking peoples; and with a noble realism he proved in his work the possibility of using the industrial revolution — with its machinery, science-worship, and struggle for place — as rich material for imaginative treatment in literature. In a fairly epic way he has constituted himself, in song and story, the chronicler and minstrel of the far-scattered colonial English.

Kipling's birth, education, and early experience were such as to qualify him for his elected work in the world. He was born in Christmas week, 1865, in Bombay, a city he has celebrated in verse: —

> A thousand mills roar through me where I glean
> All races from all lands.

His father, Lockwood Kipling, was a cultured writer, art teacher, and illustrator, who used his talent in making pictures and decorations for the standard edition of his son's works, published by the Scribners in New York in 1897. Rudyard's school-life was passed in England, giving him the opportunity to see the Britisher in his native island. Then, when he was but seventeen, came the return to India for rough-and-ready journalistic work, as sub-editor of the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette — with all its necessity of close observation and inevitable assimilation of that life. Kipling took the shortest cut to the writer's trade; namely, he wrote daily and under pressure. Some of his best tales — notably 'The Man Who Would Be King' — vividly present this newspaper experience, which was indubitably a good thing for a man like Kipling. Meanwhile, in the intervals of supplying mere prosaic "copy," for which there was a loud call in the composing-room, he was doing what many another hard-worked newspaper man has done before him, turning out stories and verses — which were quickly caught up by the press and circulated through East India. Then Kipling, in 1886, having attained to man's estate in years, had bound up in rough fashion in his office a small volume of his verse: "a lean oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D. O. government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and secured with red tape."

And this bard's bantling had a good sale thereabouts; and as he himself puts it, " at last the book came to London with a gilt top and a stiff back." Its subsequent history is not private: few first volumes have had so cordial a reception. The Indian stories too, 'Plain Tales from the Hills' (1888), were collected in book shape, eagerly read by the writer's local clientèle, and found a continually widening public. Kipling's verse and prose were of honestest birth: sprung from local experience, his writings appealed primarily to a local audience; but possessing the essential qualities and interests, the work proved acceptable to anybody on earth capable of being moved by the earnest, truthful, forcible portrayal of life in words. When 'Plain Tales from the Hills' appeared as a book, it was seen to be the manifesto of a new talent. The vitality, distinction, newness of theme, the pathos, drama, and humor of the work, set it clean aside from anything else contemporaneous in fiction of the short-story kind. The defects in the earlier books were an occasional abuse of the technical in word or allusion, and a young-man cynicism, appearing especially in the Gadsby series — a mood soon sloughed off by the maturer Kipling. But the merits were of the overpowering sort, and the dynamic force of the tales was beyond question. That a man but little more than twenty should have written them made the performance spectacular. In the use of plain Biblical language and the selection of realistic themes there was something of the audacity and immediateness of journalism; but the result almost always justified the method.

The tales found in the volumes — about a dozen in number — published between 1886 and 1895, are of several kinds. Some treat pathetic, realistic, or weirdly somber situations, either of native or soldier life: a class containing some masterpieces, of which 'The Man Who Would Be King,' 'The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes,' 'The Mark of the Beast,' 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' 'The Phantom Rickshaw,' and 'Beyond the Pale' are illustrations. Another division, of which 'Wee Willie Winkie' is the type, grouped in the book 'Wee Willie Winkie and Other Stories' (1888), deals with children, and exhibits a very winning aspect of the author. Still another contains the humorous cycle personified in the inimitable triad Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd, brought into an artistic unity by their common lot as British-Indian privates (with Dinah Shadd as a minor deity), one of the most spontaneous and successful of Kipling's ventures. The three sharply differentiated individualities have a reality as tangible as Dumas's Guardsmen. The range and variety of the stories under these heads furnish an emphatic testimonial to Kipling's many-sidedness. The successive volumes of short stories, from 'Plain Tales' to 'Many Inventions' in 1893, served to strengthen the feeling made by his début. The work was prevailingly, though by no means exclusively, inspired by Anglo-Indian motives: one such exception as the superbly imaginative psychologic study, 'A Disturber of Traffic,' indicates his independence of any prescribed place or subject. Kipling went to England in 1889, and in

1891 settled in the United States, where he married Miss Balestier, the sister of his friend Wolcott Balestier, with whom he collaborated in the novel 'The Naulakha'; a name he afterwards gave to the sightly house he built in Brattleboro, Vermont. His English and American experience entered into and somewhat conditioned his fiction, which up to this time had made its most distinct impression when it had come out of the East. But whatever the material of the art, the Kiplingesque attributes are pretty steadily present: a sinewy vernacular strength and beauty of diction; a wonderful power to see and to represent with bold synthetic effect; and a deep, broad, brotherly apprehension of the large fundamental passions and interests of humanity. If one had to name off-hand the qualities most noticeable in Kipling's short stories, one would say, strength and democratic sympathy.

Having done short-story work of so much power and flexibility, Kipling in 1894 produced that unique and wonderful series of animal fables, 'The Jungle Book'; a 'Second Jungle Book' following in 1895. Here was an absolutely fresh handling of the beast-epic — a theme familiar since the Middle Ages. But Kipling's attitude is new: the beast kind are considered from their own side of the fence, and man is an inferior rather than superior race. The writer's marvelous comprehension of animal life, and his equally marvelous technical knowledge of the Indian beast haunts, combine to give to what might have been grotesquely imaginative the realism of a latter-day annal; and a rich ethical suggestion covers it like an atmosphere. Kipling has given no plainer proof of his rightful claim to greatness than these Jungle fables. His Mowgli is a creation as definite as any of Æsop's; and its note of sympathy has a modernness which appeals to the present-day reader.

The essays in full-length fiction also call for attention. They were not at first strikingly successful. In 1890 appeared 'The Light that Failed' a novelette which certainly possesses strength of description and characterization, with some very dramatic scenes, but which does not strike one as having the form germane to the writer's genius. 'The Naulakha' (1892) is a very readable novel, the second part of which, where the scene shifts from the western United States to India, and some gruesomely powerful situations are well handled, Kipling is responsible for. The book as a whole is not close-knit enough nor homogeneous enough to make it an impressive piece of sustained art-work. Nor, judging Kipling by the high standard set by his own short tales, is the 'Captains Courageous' (1897) — a spirited narrative of the Gloucester (Massachusetts) fishermen.

The South African situation in 1897–98 took Kipling across the sea, and the Boer War brought new material to his hand, which had by no means lost its cunning. On his return to England he made his home at Rottingdean, and very soon published a new volume of short stories, 'The Day's Work,' but he had not relinquished the ambition of writing a good novel. 'Stalky and Company' (1899) was a long story of school life, which won cordial appreciation

from some of his old admirers, but was criticized by others as falling short not only in some matters of taste, but in its general conception. Undaunted, he returned to the field in which he had won his first success, and in 1901 published 'Kim,' a well-sustained novel touching upon the deeper as well as the more picturesque phases of Indian life, and universally acclaimed as his masterpiece in fiction. Two charming volumes for children, 'Just So Stories' (1902) and 'Puck of Pook's Hill' (1906), were immediately followed by the award of the Nobel prize, 1907.

It remains to speak of his poetry, which is now seen to be one of the most important outcomes of his literary genius. Readers of Kipling's short stories were early attracted by the snatches of verse mysteriously prefixed thereto and ascribed to imaginary sources. These fragments were sometimes startling for power and felicity in the pathetic, dramatic, and satiric veins. But before long the books of verse which appeared were a notification — if any were needed, for Kipling is a prose poet in much of his fiction — that the virile young Anglo-Indian must be reckoned with both as singer and sayer. 'Departmental Ditties' (1891), 'Barrack-Room Ballads' (1892), 'The Seven Seas' (1896), and 'The Five Nations' (1903), are collections of steadily ascending worth and importance. His first appeal was as a maker of rollicking rhymes, in which the common British soldier in his picturesque variations was hymned and limned. Kipling became the barrack-room bard whose seamy heroes, Danny Deever, Tommy Atkins, Bill 'Awkins, and their likes, were drawn in their habits as they lived, in their dramatic virtues and equally dramatic sins. The zest, the high-heartedness, and the infectious lilt of these verses were such as to commend them not only to the military of many lands, but to the great international democracy of civilians who love vital literature. The accent was caught, the epic of the rank-and-file revealed.

Had Kipling done no more than the barrack-room songs, he would have won place as a verse-writer; but his flight was freer and higher. In his later poetic utterance he established himself as the "bard of the greater Britain," the uncrowned laureate of the whole English-speaking folk wherever they are found. He proved himself the strongest ballad-writer of modern times. Tennyson, shortly before his death, wrote Kipling concerning 'The Ballad of East and West' that it was the *finest* thing of the kind in English verse. 'The English Flag,' 'The Last Chantey,' 'A Song of the English,' 'McAndrew's Hymn,' 'The Native Born' — such pieces as these could come only from a man of genuine power. Kipling seized, with superb courage and strong grasp, upon contemporaneous motives whose connotation is what we call practical, even vulgar; and as only the largely endowed, truly called poet can, he lifted the bald subject into the higher realms of imaginative thought and feeling. This is the truest of all idealism, because it stands four-square upon fact. A horny-handed and sin-seared skipper, a lawless soldier with a light-o'-love in every port, a cattle-keeper on shipboard, an engineer amidst his oily engines,

are put before us so that we recognize them as lovable fellow-creatures, responsive to the "thousandfold thrill of life." An electric cable, a steam-engine, a banjo, or a mess-room toast offer occasion for song; and lo, they are converted by the alchemy of the imagination until they become a type and an illumination of the red-blooded life of human kind. The ability to achieve this is a crowning characteristic and merit of Rudyard Kipling's poetry.

It is too soon to pass any permanent judgment upon Kipling's genius, but it is safe to say that he will take an abiding place in literature as one of the most vigorous and original writers of his time. Though he was by no means the first to find romantic material in India and the Colonies, he made English-speaking people conscious of their imperial inheritance to a degree and to an extent unknown before. For good or ill he was a potent force in the development of the imperialistic spirit, with its high ambitions and heavy responsibilities. His fine poem 'Recessional' shows that he was not unaware of the graver side of the creed of power he preached. Of the sincerity and forcefulness of his utterance there can be no question.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY

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BUT if it be a girl?"

"Lord of my life, it cannot be! I have prayed for so many nights, and sent gifts to Sheikh Badl's shrine so often, that I know God will give us a son — a man-child that shall grow into a man. Think of this and be glad. My mother shall be his mother till I can take him again, and the mullah of the Pattan Mosque shall cast his nativity — God send he be born in an auspicious hour! — and then, and then thou wilt never weary of me, thy slave."

"Since when hast thou been a slave, my queen?"

"Since the beginning — till this mercy came to me. How could I be sure of thy love when I knew that I had been bought with silver?"

"Nay, that was the dowry. I paid it to thy mother."

"And she has buried it, and sits upon it all day long like a hen. What talk is yours of dowry? I was bought as though I had been a Lucknow dancing-girl instead of a child."

"Art thou sorry for the sale?"

"I have sorrowed; but today I am glad. Thou wilt never cease to love me now? Answer, my king."

"Never — never. No."

"Not even though the *mem-log* — the white women of thy own blood — love thee? And remember, I have watched them driving in the evening; they are very fair."

"I have seen fire-balloons by the hundred; I have seen the moon, and — then I saw no more fire-balloons."

Ameera clapped her hands and laughed. "Very good talk," she said. Then, with an assumption of great stateliness, "It is enough. Thou hast my permission to depart — if thou wilt."

The man did not move. He was sitting on a low red-lacquered couch, in a room furnished only with a blue-and-white floor-cloth, some rugs, and a very complete collection of native cushions. At his feet sat a woman of sixteen, and she was all but all the world in his eyes. By every rule and law she should have been otherwise; for he was an Englishman and she a Mussulman's daughter, bought two years before from her mother, who being left without money, would have sold Ameera, shrieking, to the Prince of Darkness, if the price had been sufficient.

It was a contract entered into with a light heart. But even before the girl had reached her bloom she came to fill the greater portion of John Holden's life. For her and the withered hag, her mother, he had taken a little house overlooking the great red-walled city, and found, when the marigolds had sprung up by the well in the courtyard, and Ameera had established herself according to her own ideas of comfort, and her mother had ceased grumbling at the inadequacy of the cooking-places, the distance from the daily market, and matters of housekeeping in general, that the house was to him his home. Anyone could enter his bachelor's bungalow by day or night, and the life that he led there was an unlovely one. In the house in the city, his feet only could pass beyond the outer courtyard to the women's rooms; and when the big wooden gate was bolted behind him he was king in his own territory, with Ameera for queen. And there was going to be added to his kingdom a third person, whose arrival Holden felt inclined to resent. It interfered with his perfect happiness. It disarranged the orderly peace of the house that was his own. But Ameera was wild with delight at the thought of it, and her mother not less so. The love of a man, and particularly a white man, was at the best an inconstant affair; but it might, both women argued, be held fast by a baby's hands. "And then," Ameera would always say — "then he will never care for the white *mem-log*. I hate them all — I hate them all."

"He will go back to his own people in time," said the mother; "but by the blessing of God, that time is yet afar off."

Holden sat silent on the couch, thinking of the future, and his thoughts were not pleasant. The drawbacks of a double life are manifold. The government, with singular care, had ordered him out of the station for a fortnight on special duty, in the place of a man who was watching by the bedside of a sick wife. The verbal notification of the transfer had been edged by a cheerful

remark that Holden ought to think himself lucky in being a bachelor and a free man. He came to break the news to Ameera.

"It is not good," she said slowly, "but it is not all bad. There is my mother here, and no harm will come to me — unless indeed I die of pure joy. Go thou to thy work, and think no troublesome thoughts. When the days are done, I believe — nay, I am sure. And — then I shall lay *him* in thy arms, and thou wilt love me forever. The train goes tonight — at midnight, is it not? Go now, and do not let thy heart be heavy by cause of me. But thou wilt not delay in returning! Thou wilt not stay on the road to talk to the bold white *mem-log!* Come back to me swiftly, my life!"

As he left the courtyard to reach his horse, that was tethered to the gate-post, Holden spoke to the white-haired old watchman who guarded the house, and bade him under certain contingencies despatch the filled-up telegraph form that Holden gave him. It was all that could be done; and with the sensations of a man who has attended his own funeral, Holden went away by the night mail to his exile. Every hour of the day he dreaded the arrival of the telegram, and every hour of the night he pictured to himself the death of Ameera. In consequence, his work for the State was not of first-rate quality, nor was his temper towards his colleagues of the most amiable. The fortnight ended without a sign from his home; and torn to pieces by his anxieties, Holden returned to be swallowed up for two precious hours by a dinner at the club, wherein he heard, as a man hears in a swoon, voices telling him how execrably he had performed the other man's duties, and how he had endeared himself to all his associates. Then he fled on horseback through the night with his heart in his mouth. There was no answer at first to his blows on the gate; and he had just wheeled his horse round to kick it in, when Pir Khan appeared with a lantern and held his stirrup.

"Has aught occurred?" said Holden.

"The news does not come from my mouth, Protector of the Poor, but —" He held out his shaking hand, as befitted the bearer of good news who is entitled to a reward.

Holden hurried through the courtyard. A light burned in the upper room. His horse neighed in the gateway, and he heard a pin-pointed wail that sent all the blood into the apple of his throat. It was a new voice, but it did not prove that Ameera was alive.

"Who is there?" he called up the narrow brick staircase.

There was a cry of delight from Ameera, and then the voice of her mother, tremulous with old age and pride: "We be two women and — the — man — thy son."

On the threshold of the room Holden stepped on a naked dagger that was laid there to avert ill-luck, and it broke at the hilt under his impatient heel.

"God is great!" cooed Ameera in the half-light. "Thou hast taken his misfortunes on thy head."

"Ay, but how is it with thee, life of my life? Old woman, how is it with her?"

"She has forgotten her sufferings for joy that the child is born. There is no harm; but speak softly," said the mother.

"It only needed thy presence to make me all well," said Ameera. "My king, thou hast been very long away. What gifts hast thou for me? Ah! ah! It is I that bring gifts this time. Look, my life, look! Was there ever such a babe? Nay, I am too weak even to clear my arm from him."

"Rest, then, and do not talk. I am here, *bachheri*" [little woman].

"Well said; for there is a bond and a heel-rope [*peecharee*] between us now that nothing can break. Look — canst thou see in this light? He is without spot or blemish. Never was such a man-child. *Ya illah!* he shall be a pundit — no, a trooper of the Queen. And my life, dost thou love me as well as ever, though I am faint and sick and worn? Answer truly."

"Yea. I love as I have loved, with all my soul. Lie still, pearl, and rest."

"Then do not go. Sit by my side here — so. Mother, the lord of this house needs a cushion. Bring it." There was an almost imperceptible movement on the part of the new life that lay in the hollow of Ameera's arm. "Aho!" she said, her voice breaking with love. "The babe is a champion from his birth. He is kicking me in the side with mighty kicks. Was there ever such a babe? And he is ours to us — thine and mine. Put thy hand on his head; but carefully, for he is very young, and men are unskilled in such matters."

Very cautiously Holden touched with the tips of his fingers the downy head.

"He is of the Faith," said Ameera; "for, lying there in the night-watches, I whispered the Call to Prayer and the Profession of Faith into his ears. And it is most marvelous that he was born upon a Friday, as I was born. Be careful of him, my life; but he can almost grip with his hands."

Holden found one helpless little hand that closed feebly on his finger. And the clutch ran through his limbs till it settled about his heart. Till then his sole thought had been for Ameera. He began to realize that there was some one else in the world, but he could not feel that it was a veritable son with a soul. He sat down to think, and Ameera dozed lightly.

"Get hence, sahib," said her mother, under her breath. "It is not good that she should find you here on waking. She must be still."

"I go," said Holden submissively. "Here be rupees. See that my *baba* gets fat and finds all that he needs."

The chink of the silver roused Ameera. "I am his mother, and no hireling," she said weakly. "Shall I look to him more or less for the sake of money? Mother, give it back. I have borne my lord a son."

The deep sleep of weakness came upon her almost before the sentence was completed. Holden went down to the courtyard very softly, with his heart at ease. Pir Khan, the old watchman, was chuckling with delight.

"This house is now complete," he said; and without further comment

thrust into Holden's hands the hilt of a saber worn many years ago, when Pir Khan served the Queen in the police.

The bleat of a tethered goat came from the well-curb.

"There be two," said Pir Khan — "two goats of the best. I bought them, and they cost much money; and since there is no birth-party assembled, their flesh will be all mine. Strike craftily, sahib. 'Tis an ill-balanced saber at the best. Wait till they raise their heads from cropping the marigolds."

"And why?" said Holden, bewildered.

"For the birth sacrifice. What else? Otherwise the child, being unguarded from fate, may die. The Protector of the Poor knows the fitting words to be said."

Holden had learned them once, with little thought that he would ever say them in earnest. The touch of the cold saber hilt in his palm turned suddenly to the clinging grip of the child upstairs — the child that was his own son — and a dread of loss filled him.

"Strike!" said Pir Khan. "Never life came into the world but life was paid for it. See, the goats have raised their heads. Now! With a drawing cut!"

Hardly knowing what he did, Holden cut twice as he muttered the Mohammedan prayer that runs, "Almighty! In place of this my son I offer life for life, blood for blood, head for head, bone for bone, hair for hair, skin for skin." The waiting horse snorted and bounded in his pickets at the smell of the raw blood that spurted over Holden's riding-boots.

"Well smitten!" said Pir Khan, wiping the saber. "A swordsman was lost in thee. Go with a light heart, heaven-born. I am thy servant, and the servant of thy son. May the Presence live a thousand years, and — the flesh of the goats is all mine?"

Pir Khan drew back richer by a month's pay. Holden swung himself into the saddle, and rode off through the low-hanging wood smoke of the evening. He was full of riotous exultation, alternating with a vast vague tenderness directed towards no particular object, that made him choke as he bent over the neck of his uneasy horse. "I never felt like this in my life," he thought. "I'll go to the club and pull myself together."

A game of pool was beginning, and the room was full of men. Holden entered, eager to get to the light and the company of his fellows, singing at the top of his voice —

"In Baltimore a-walking, a lady I did meet."

"Did you?" said the club secretary from his corner. "Did she happen to tell you that your boots were wringing wet? Great goodness, man, it's blood!"

"Bosh!" said Holden, picking his cue from the rack. "May I cut in? It's dew. I've been riding through high crops. My faith! my boots are in a mess, though!

And if it be a girl, she shall wear a wedding-ring;
And if it be a boy, he shall fight for his king;
With his dirk, and his cap, and his little jacket blue,
He shall walk the quarter-deck — "

"Yellow on blue — green next player," said the marker monotonously.

"'He shall walk the quarter-deck' — am I green, marker? — 'He shall walk the quarter-deck' — ouch! that's a bad shot! — 'as his daddy used to do!'"

"I don't see that you have anything to crow about," said a zealous junior civilian acidly. "The government is not exactly pleased with your work when you relieved Sanders."

"Does that mean a wigging from headquarters?" said Holden, with an abstracted smile. "I think I can stand it."

The talk beat up round the ever-fresh subject of each man's work, and steadied Holden till it was time to go to his dark, empty bungalow, where his butler received him as one who knew all his affairs. Holden remained awake for the greater part of the night, and his dreams were pleasant ones.

"How old is he now?"

"*Ya illah!* What a man's question! He is all-but six weeks old; and on this night I go up to the housetop with thee, my life, to count the stars. For that is auspicious. And he was born on a Friday, under the sign of the Sun, and it has been told to me that he will outlive us both and get wealth. Can we wish for aught better, beloved?"

"There is nothing better. Let us go up to the roof, and thou shalt count the stars — but a few only, for the sky is heavy with cloud."

"The winter rains are late, and maybe they come out of season. Come, before all the stars are hid. I have put on my richest jewels."

"Thou hast forgotten the best of all."

"Ai! *Ours*. He comes also. He has never yet seen the skies."

Ameera climbed the narrow staircase that led to the flat roof. The child, placid and unwinking, lay in the hollow of her right arm, gorgeous in silver-fringed muslin, with a small skull-cap on his head. Ameera wore all that she valued most: the diamond nose-stud that takes the place of the Western patch in drawing attention to the curve of the nostril, the gold ornament in the center of the forehead studded with tallow-drop emeralds and flawed rubies, the heavy circlet of beaten gold that was fastened round her neck by the softness of the pure metal, and the chinking curb-patterned silver anklets hanging low over the rosy ankle-bone. She was dressed in jade-green muslin, as befitted a daughter of the Faith, and from shoulder to elbow and elbow to wrist ran bracelets of silver tied with floss silk; frail glass bangles slipped over the wrist in proof of the slenderness of the hand — and certain heavy gold

bracelets that had no part in her country's ornaments, but since they were Holden's gift, and fastened with a cunning European snap, delighted her immensely.

They sat down by the low white parapet of the roof, overlooking the city and its lights.

"They are happy down there," said Ameera. "But I do not think that they are as happy as we. Nor do I think the white *mem-log* are as happy. And thou?"

"I know they are not."

"How dost thou know?"

"They give their children over to the nurses."

"I have never seen that," said Ameera, with a sigh; "nor do I wish to see. Ahi!" — she dropped her head on Holden's shoulder — "I have counted forty stars, and I am tired. Look at the child, love of my life. He is counting too."

The baby was staring with round eyes at the dark of the heavens. Ameera placed him in Holden's arms, and he lay there without a cry.

"What shall we call him among ourselves?" she said. "Look! Art thou ever tired of looking? He carries thy very eyes! But the mouth —"

"Is thine, most dear. Who should know better than I?"

"'Tis such a feeble mouth. Oh, so small! And yet it holds my heart between its lips. Give him to me now. He has been too long away."

"Nay, let him lie: he has not yet begun to cry."

"When he cries thou wilt give him back, eh? What a man of mankind thou art! If he cried he were only the dearer to me. But, my life, what little name shall we give him?"

The small body lay close to Holden's heart. It was utterly helpless and very soft. He scarcely dared to breathe for fear of crushing it. The caged green parrot, that is regarded as a sort of guardian spirit in most native households, moved on its perch and fluttered a drowsy wing.

"There is the answer," said Holden. "Mian Mittu has spoken. He shall be the parrot. When he is ready he will talk mightily and run about. Mian Mittu is the parrot in thy — in the Mussulman tongue, is it not?"

"Why put me so far off?" said Ameera fretfully. "Let it be like unto some English name — but not wholly. For he is mine."

"Then call him Tota, for that is likest English."

"Ay, Tota! and that is still the parrot. Forgive me, my lord, for a minute ago; but in truth he is too little to wear all the weight of Mian Mittu for name. He shall be Tota — our Tota to us. Hearest thou, O small one? Littlest, thou art Tota."

She touched the child's cheek, and he waking wailed, and it was necessary to return him to his mother, who soothed him with the wonderful rhyme of "*Aré koko, Ja ré koko!*" which says: —

Oh, crow! Go, crow! Baby's sleeping sound,
And the wild plums grow in the jungle, only a penny a pound.
Only a penny a pound, *Baba* — only a penny a pound.

Reassured many times as to the price of those plums, Tota cuddled himself down to sleep. The two sleek white well-bullocks in the courtyard were steadily chewing the cud of their evening meal; old Pir Khan squatted at the head of Holden's horse, his police saber across his knees, pulling drowsily at a big water-pipe that croaked like a bull-frog in a pond. Ameera's mother sat spinning in the lower veranda, and the wooden gate was shut and barred. The music of a marriage procession came to the roof above the gentle hum of the city, and a string of flying-foxes crossed the face of the low moon.

"I have prayed," said Ameera after a long pause, with her chin in her hand — "I have prayed two things. First, that I may die in thy stead, if thy death is demanded; and in the second, that I may die in the place of the child. I have prayed to the Prophet and to Beebee Miriam. Thinkest thou either will hear?"

"From thy lips who would not hear the lightest word?"

"I asked for straight talk, and thou hast given me sweet talk. Will my prayers be heard?"

"How can I say? God is very good."

"Of that I am not sure. Listen now. When I die or the child dies, what is thy fate? Living, thou wilt return to the bold white *mem-log,* for kind calls to kind."

"Not always."

"With a woman, no. With a man it is otherwise. Thou wilt in this life, later on, go back to thine own folk. That I could almost endure, for I should be dead. But in thy very death thou wilt be taken away to a strange place and a paradise that I do not know."

"Will it be paradise?"

"Surely; for what God would harm thee? But we two — I and the child — shall be elsewhere; and we cannot come to thee, nor canst thou come to us. In the old days, before the child was born, I did not think of these things; but now I think of them perpetually. It is very hard talk."

"It will fall as it will fall. Tomorrow we do not know, but today and love we know well. Surely we are happy now."

"So happy that it were well to make our happiness assured. And thy Beebee Miriam should listen to me; for she is also a woman. But then she would envy me. It is not seemly for men to worship a woman."

Holden laughed aloud at Ameera's little spasm of jealousy.

"Is it not seemly? Why didst thou not turn me from worship of thee then?"

"Thou a worshiper! And of me! My king, for all thy sweet words, well I

know that I am thy servant and thy slave, and the dust under thy feet. And I would not have it otherwise. See! "

Before Holden could prevent her she stooped forward and touched his feet; recovering herself with a little laugh, she hugged Tota closer to her bosom. Then, almost savagely: —

"Is it true that the bold white *mem-log* live for three times the length of my life? Is it true that they make their marriages not before they are old women? "

"They marry as do others — when they are women."

"That I know; but they wed when they are twenty-five. Is that true? "

"That is true."

"*Ya illah!* At twenty-five! Who would of his own will take a wife even of eighteen? She is a woman — aging every hour. Twenty-five! I shall be an old woman at that age, and — those *mem-log* remain young forever. How I hate them! "

"What have they to do with us? "

"I cannot tell. I know only that there may now be alive on this earth a woman ten years older than I, who may come to thee and take thy love ten years after I am an old woman, gray-headed, and the nurse of Tota's son. That is unjust and evil. They should die too."

"Now for all thy years thou art a child, and shalt be picked up and carried down the staircase."

"Tota! Have a care for Tota, my lord! Thou at least art as foolish as any babe! " Ameera tucked Tota out of harm's way in the hollow of her neck, and was carried downstairs, laughing, in Holden's arms, while Tota opened his eyes and smiled after the manner of the lesser angels.

He was a silent infant; and almost before Holden could realize that he was in the world, developed into a small gold-colored godling, and unquestioned despot of the house overlooking the city. Those were months of absolute happiness to Holden and Ameera — happiness withdrawn from the world, shut in behind the wooden gate that Pir Khan guarded. By day Holden did his work, with an immense pity for such as were not so fortunate as himself, and a sympathy for small children that amazed and amused many mothers at the little station gatherings. At nightfall he returned to Ameera — Ameera full of the wondrous doings of Tota: how he had been seen to clap his hands together and move his fingers with intention and purpose, which was manifestly a miracle; how later he had of his own initiative crawled out of his low bedstead on to the floor, and swayed on both feet for the space of three breaths.

"And they were long breaths, for my heart stood still with delight," said Ameera.

Then he took the beasts into his councils — the well-bullocks, the little gray squirrels, the mongoose that lived in a hole near the well, and especially Mian

Mittu, the parrot, whose tail he grievously pulled, and Mian Mittu screamed till Ameera and Holden arrived.

"Oh, villain! Child of strength! This to thy brother on the housetop! *Tobah, tobah!* Fie! fie! But I know a charm to make him wise as Suleiman and Aflatoun. Now look," said Ameera. She drew from an embroidered bag a handful of almonds. "See! we count seven. In the name of God!"

She placed Mian Mittu, very angry and ruffled, on the top of his cage; and seating herself between the babe and the bird, cracked and peeled an almond less white than her teeth. "This is a true charm, my life: and do not laugh. See! I give the parrot one half, and Tota the other." Mian Mittu, with careful beak, took his share from between Ameera's lips, and she kissed the other half into the mouth of the child, who ate it slowly, with wondering eyes. "This I will do each day of seven, and without doubt he who is ours will be a bold speaker and wise. Eh, Tota, what wilt thou be when thou art a man and I am gray-headed?" Tota tucked his fat legs into adorable creases. He could crawl, but he was not going to waste the spring of his youth in idle speech. He wanted Mian Mittu's tail to tweak.

When he advanced to the dignity of a silver belt — which, with a magic square engraved on silver and hung round his neck, made up the greater part of his clothing — he staggered on a perilous journey down the garden to Pir Khan, and proffered him all his jewels in exchange for one little ride on Holden's horse. He had seen his mother's mother chaffering with peddlers in the veranda. Pir Khan wept, set the untried feet on his own gray head in sign of fealty, and brought the bold adventurer to his mother's arms, vowing that Tota would be a leader of men ere his beard was grown.

One hot evening, while he sat on the roof between his father and mother, watching the never-ending warfare of the kites that the city boys flew, he demanded a kite of his own, with Pir Khan to fly it, because he had a fear of dealing with anything larger than himself; and when Holden called him a "spark," he rose to his feet and answered slowly, in defense of his new-found individuality: "*Hum 'park nahin hai. Hum admi hai*" [I am no spark, but a man].

The protest made Holden choke, and devote himself very seriously to a consideration of Tota's future.

He need hardly have taken the trouble. The delight of that life was too perfect to endure. Therefore it was taken away, as many things are taken away in India, suddenly and without warning. The little lord of the house, as Pir Khan called him, grew sorrowful and complained of pains, who had never known the meaning of pain. Ameera, wild with terror, watched him through the night, and in the dawning of the second day the life was shaken out of him by fever — the seasonal autumn fever. It seemed altogether impossible that he could die; and neither Ameera nor Holden at first believed the evidence of the body on the bedstead. Then Ameera beat her head against the wall, and

would have flung herself down the well in the garden, had Holden not restrained her by main force.

One mercy only was granted to Holden. He rode to his office in broad daylight, and found waiting him an unusually heavy mail that demanded concentrated attention and hard work. He was not, however, alive to this kindness of the gods.

The first shock of a bullet is no more than a brisk pinch. The wrecked body does not send in its protest to the soul till ten or fifteen seconds later. Then comes thirst, throbbing and agony, and a ridiculous amount of screaming. Holden realized his pain slowly, exactly as he had realized his happiness; and with the same imperious necessity for hiding all trace of it. In the beginning he only felt that there had been a loss, and that Ameera needed comforting where she sat with her head on her knees, shivering, as Mian Mittu from the housetop called "Tota! Tota! Tota!" Later all his world and the daily life of it rose up to hurt him. It was an outrage that any one of the children at the band-stand in the evening should be alive and clamorous when his own child lay dead. It was more than mere pain when one of them touched him; and stories told by over-fond fathers of their children's latest performances cut him to the quick. He could not declare his pain. He had neither help, comfort, nor sympathy; and Ameera, at the end of each weary day, would lead him through the hell of self-questioning reproach which is reserved for those who have lost a child, and believe that with a little — just a little more care — it might have been saved. There are not many hells worse than this; but he knows one who has sat down temperately to consider whether he is or is not responsible for the death of his wife.

"Perhaps," Ameera would say, "I did not take sufficient heed. Did I, or did I not? The sun on the roof that day when he played so long alone, and I was — *ahi!* braiding my hair — it may be that the sun then bred the fever. If I had warned him from the sun he might have lived. But oh, my life, say that I am guiltless! Thou knowest that I loved him as I love thee! Say that there is no blame on me, or I shall die — I shall die!"

"There is no blame. Before God, none. It was written, and how could we do aught to save? What has been, has been. Let it go, beloved."

"He was all my heart to me. How can I let the thought go when my arm tells me every night that he is not here? *Ahi! ahi!* O Tota, come back to me — come back again, and let us be all together as it was before!"

"Peace! peace! For thine own sake, and for mine also, if thou lovest me, rest."

"By this I know thou dost not care; and how shouldst thou? The white men have hearts of stone and souls of iron. Oh that I had married a man of mine own people — though he beat me — and had never eaten the bread of an alien!"

"Am I an alien, mother of my son?"

"What else, sahib? — Oh, forgive me — forgive! The death has driven me mad. Thou art the life of my heart, and the light of my eyes, and the breath of my life, and — and I have put thee from me, though it was but for a moment. If thou goest away, to whom shall I look for help? Do not be angry. Indeed, it was the pain that spoke, and not thy slave."

"I know — I know. We be two who were three. The greater need therefore that we should be one."

They were sitting on the roof as of custom. The night was a warm one in early spring, and sheet-lightning was dancing on the horizon to a broken tune played by far-off thunder. Ameera settled herself in Holden's arms.

"The dry earth is lowing like a cow for the rain, and I — I am afraid. It was not like this when we counted the stars. But thou lovest me as much as before, though a bond is taken away? Answer."

"I love more, because a new bond has come out of the sorrow that we have eaten together; and that thou knowest."

"Yea, I know," said Ameera, in a very small whisper. "But it is good to hear thee say so, my life, who art so strong to help. I will be a child no more, but a woman and an aid to thee. Listen. Give me my *sitar,* and I will sing bravely."

She took the light silver-studded *sitar,* and began a song of the great hero Rajá Rasalu. The hand failed on the strings; the tune halted, checked, and at a low note turned off to the poor little nursery rhyme about the wicked crow: —

"And the wild plums grow in the jungle —
Only a penny a pound;
Only a penny a pound, *Baba* — only —"

Then came the tears and the piteous rebellion against fate, till she slept, moaning a little in her sleep, with the right arm thrown clear of the body, as though it protected something that was not there.

It was after this night that life became a little easier for Holden. The ever-present pain of loss drove him into his work; and the work repaid him by filling up his mind for eight or nine hours a day. Ameera sat alone in the house and brooded; but grew happier when she understood that Holden was more at ease — according to the custom of women. They touched happiness again, but this time with caution.

"It was because we loved Tota that he died. The jealousy of God was upon us," said Ameera. "I have hung up a large black jar before our window to turn the Evil Eye from us, and we must make no protestations of delight, but go softly underneath the stars, lest God find us out. Is that not good talk, worthless one?"

She had shifted the accent of the word that means "beloved," in proof

of the sincerity of her purpose. But the kiss that followed the new christening was a thing that any deity might have envied. They went about henceforward saying, "It is naught — it is naught," and hoping that all the Powers heard.

The Powers were busy on other things. They had allowed thirty million people four years of plenty, wherein men fed well and the crops were certain, and the birth-rate rose year by year; the districts reported a purely agricultural population varying from nine hundred to two thousand to the square mile of the overburdened earth. It was time to make room. And the Member for Lower Tooting, wandering about India in top-hat and frock-coat, talked largely of the benefits of British rule, and suggested as the one thing needful the establishment of a duly qualified electoral system, and a general bestowal of the franchise. His long-suffering hosts smiled and made him welcome; and when he paused to admire, with pretty picked words, the blossom of the blood-red dhak-tree, that had flowered untimely for a sign of the sickness that was coming, they smiled more than ever.

It was the Deputy Commissioner of Kot-Kumharsen, staying at the club for a day, who lightly told a tale that made Holden's blood run cold as he overheard the end.

"He won't bother anyone any more. Never saw a man so astonished in my life. By Jove! I thought he meant to ask a question in the House about it. Fellow-passenger in his ship — dined next him — bowled over by cholera, and died in eighteen hours. You needn't laugh, you fellows. The Member for Lower Tooting is awfully angry about it; but he's more scared. I think he's going to take his enlightened self out of India."

"I'd give a good deal if he were knocked over. It might keep a few vestrymen of his kidney to their parish. But what's this about cholera? It's full early for anything of that kind," said a warden of an unprofitable salt-lick.

"Dun'no," said the Deputy Commissioner, reflectively. "We've got locusts with us. There's sporadic cholera all along the north — at least, we're calling it sporadic for decency's sake. The spring crops are short in five districts, and nobody seems to know where the winter rains are. It's nearly March now. I don't want to scare anybody, but it seems to me that Nature's going to audit her accounts with a big red pencil this summer."

"Just when I wanted to take leave, too," said a voice across the room.

"There won't be much leave this year; but there ought to be a great deal of promotion. I've come in to persuade the government to put my pet canal on the list of famine-relief works. It's an ill wind that blows no good. I shall get that canal finished at last."

"Is it the old program, then," said Holden — "famine, fever, and cholera?"

"Oh no! Only local scarcity and an unusual prevalence of seasonal sickness. You'll find it all in the reports if you live till next year. You're a lucky chap.

You haven't got a wife to put out of harm's way. The hill stations ought to be full of women this year."

"I think you're inclined to exaggerate the talk in the *bazars*," said a young civilian in the secretariat. "Now I have observed —"

"I daresay you have," said the Deputy Commissioner, "but you've a great deal more to observe, my son. In the mean time I wish to observe to you —" And he drew him aside to discuss the construction of the canal that was so dear to his heart.

Holden went to his bungalow, and began to understand that he was not alone in the world; and also that he was afraid for the sake of another, which is the most soul-satisfying fear known to man.

Two months later, as the Deputy had foretold, Nature began to audit her accounts with a red pencil. On the heels of the spring reapings came a cry for bread, and the Government, which had decreed that no man should die of want, sent wheat. Then came the cholera from all four quarters of the compass. It struck a pilgrim gathering of half a million at a sacred shrine. Many died at the feet of their god; the others broke, and ran over the face of the land, carrying the pestilence with them. It smote a walled city, and killed two hundred a day. The people crowded the trains, hanging on to the footboards and squatting on the roofs of the carriages; and the cholera followed them, for at each station they dragged out the dead and dying on the platforms reeking of lime-wash and carbolic acid. They died by the roadside, and the horses of the Englishmen shied at the corpses in the grass. The rains did not come, and the earth turned to iron lest man should escape by hiding in her. The English sent their wives away to the Hills, and went about their work; coming forward as they were bidden to fill the gaps in the fighting line. Holden, sick with fear of losing his chiefest treasure on earth, had done his best to persuade Ameera to go away with her mother to the Himalayas.

"Why should I go?" said she one evening on the roof.

"There is sickness, and the people are dying, and all the white *mem-log* have gone."

"All of them?"

"All — unless perhaps there remain some old scald-head who vexes her husband's heart by running risk of death."

"Nay: who stays is my sister, and thou must not abuse her, for I will be a scald-head too. I am glad all the bold white *mem-log* are gone."

"Do I speak to a woman or a babe? Go to the Hills, and I will see to it that thou goest like a queen's daughter. Think, child. In a red-lacquered bullock-cart, veiled and curtained, with brass peacocks upon the pole and red-cloth hangings. I will send two orderlies for guard, and —"

"Peace! Thou art the babe in speaking thus. What use are those toys to me? *He* would have patted the bullocks and played with the housings. For

his sake, perhaps — thou hast made me very English — I might have gone. Now I will not. Let the *mem-log* run."

" Their husbands are sending them, beloved."

" Very good talk. Since when hast thou been my husband to tell me what to do? I have but borne thee a son. Thou art only all the desire of my soul to me. How shall I depart when I know that if evil befall thee by the breadth of so much as my littlest finger-nail — is not that small? — I should be aware of it though I were in Paradise. And here, this summer thou mayst die — *ai, janee,* die! — and in dying they might call to tend thee a white woman, and she would rob me in the last of thy love."

" But love is not borne in a moment, or on a death-bed."

" What dost thou know of love, stone-heart? She would take thy thanks at least; and by God and the Prophet, and Beebee Miriam the mother of thy Prophet, that I will never endure. My lord and my love, let there be no more foolish talk of going away. Where thou art, I am. It is enough." She put an arm round his neck and a hand on his mouth.

There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword. They sat together and laughed, calling each other openly by every pet name that could move the wrath of the gods. The city below them was locked up in its own torments. Sulphur-fires blazed in the streets; the conches in the Hindu temples screamed and bellowed, for the gods were inattentive in those days. There was a service in the great Mohammedan shrine, and the call to prayer from the minarets was almost unceasing. They heard the wailing in the houses of the dead, and once the shriek of a mother who had lost a child and was calling for its return. In the gray dawn they saw the dead borne out through the city gates, each litter with its own little knot of mourners. Wherefore they kissed each other and shivered.

It was a red and heavy audit; for the land was very sick, and needed a little breathing-space ere the torrent of cheap life should flood it anew. The children of immature fathers and undeveloped mothers made no resistance. They were cowed and sat still; waiting till the sword should be sheathed in November, if it were so willed. There were gaps among the English, but the gaps were filled. The work of superintending famine relief, cholera sheds, medicine distribution, and what little sanitation was possible, went forward because it was so ordered.

Holden had been told to hold himself in readiness to move to replace the next man who should fall. There were twelve hours in each day when he could not see Ameera; and she might die in three. He was considering what his pain would be if he could not see her for three months, or if she died out of his sight. He was absolutely certain that her death would be demanded: so certain that when he looked up from the telegram and saw Pir Khan breathless in the doorway, he laughed aloud. " And — ? " said he.

"When there is a cry in the night and the spirit flutters into the throat, who has a charm that will restore? Come swiftly, heaven-born. It is the Black Cholera."

Holden galloped to his home. The sky was heavy with clouds, for the long-deferred rains were at hand, and the heat was stifling. Ameera's mother met him in the courtyard, whimpering, "She is dying. She is nursing herself into death. She is all but dead. What shall I do, sahib?"

Ameera was lying in the room in which Tota had been born. She made no sign when Holden entered; because the human soul is a very lonely thing, and when it is getting ready to go away, hides itself in a misty borderland where the living may not follow. The Black Cholera does its work quietly and without explanation. Ameera was being thrust out of life as though the Angel of Death had himself put his hand upon her. The quick breathing seemed to show that she was either afraid or in pain, but neither eyes nor mouth gave any answer to Holden's kisses. There was nothing to be said or done. Holden could only wait and suffer. The first drops of the rain began to fall on the roof, and he could hear shouts of joy in the parched city.

The soul came back a little, and the lips moved. Holden bent down to listen. "Keep nothing of mine," said Ameera. "Take no hair from my head. *She* would make thee burn it later on. That flame I should feel. Lower! Stoop lower! Remember only that I was thine and bore thee a son. Though thou wed a white woman tomorrow, the pleasure of taking in thy arms thy first son is taken from thee forever. Remember me when thy son is born — the one that shall carry thy name before all men. His misfortunes be on my head. I bear witness — I bear witness" — the lips were forming the words on his ear — "that there is no God but — thee, beloved."

Then she died. Holden sat still, and thought of any kind was taken from him till he heard Ameera's mother lift the curtain.

"Is she dead, sahib?"

"She is dead."

"Then I will mourn, and afterwards take an inventory of the furniture in this house; for that will be mine. The sahib does not mean to resume it? It is so little, so very little, sahib, and I am an old woman. I would like to lie softly."

"For the mercy of God, be silent awhile! Go out and mourn where I cannot hear."

"Sahib, she will be buried in four hours."

"I know the custom. I shall go ere she is taken away. That matter is in thy hands. Look to it that the bed — on which — on which — she lies — "

"Aha! That beautiful red-lacquered bed. I have long desired — "

"— That the bed is left here untouched for my disposal. All else in the house is thine. Hire a cart, take everything, go hence; and before sunrise let there be nothing in this house but that which I have ordered thee to respect."

"I am an old woman. I would stay at least for the days of mourning, and the rains have just broken. Whither shall I go?"

"What is that to me? My order is that there is a going. The house-gear is worth a thousand rupees, and my orderly shall bring thee a hundred rupees tonight."

"That is very little. Think of the cart-hire."

"It shall be nothing unless thou goest, and with speed. O woman, get hence, and leave me to my dead!"

The mother shuffled down the staircase; and in her anxiety to take stock of the house-fittings forgot to mourn. Holden stayed by Ameera's side, and the rain roared on the roof. He could not think connectedly by reason of the noise, though he made many attempts to do so. Then four sheeted ghosts glided drippingly into the room and stared at him through their veils. They were the washers of the dead. Holden left the room, and went out to his horse. He had come in a dead, stifling calm, through ankle-deep dust. He found the courtyard a rain-lashed pond alive with frogs; a torrent of yellow water ran under the gate, and a roaring wind drove the bolts of the rain like buck-shot against the mud walls. Pir Khan was shivering in his little hut by the gate, and the horse was stamping uneasily in the water.

"I have been told the sahib's order," said he. "It is well. This house is now desolate. I go also, for my monkey face would be a reminder of that which has been. Concerning the bed, I will bring that to thy house yonder in the morning. But remember, sahib, it will be to thee as a knife turned in a green wound. I go upon a pilgrimage, and I will take no money. I have grown fat in the protection of the Presence, whose sorrow is my sorrow. For the last time I hold his stirrup."

He touched Holden's foot with both hands, and the horse sprang out into the road, where the creaking bamboos were whipping the sky and all the frogs were chuckling. Holden could not see for the rain in his face. He put his hands before his eyes and muttered, "Oh, you brute! You utter brute!"

The news of his trouble was already in his bungalow. He read the knowledge in his butler's eyes when Ahmed Khan brought in food, and for the first and last time in his life laid a hand upon his master's shoulder, saying, "Eat, sahib, eat. Meat is good against sorrow. I also have known. Moreover, the shadows come and go, sahib. The shadows come and go. These be curried eggs."

Holden could neither eat nor sleep. The heavens sent down eight inches of rain in that night and scoured the earth clean. The waters tore down walls, broke roads, and washed open the shallow graves in the Mohammedan burying-ground. All next day it rained, and Holden sat still in his house considering his sorrow. On the morning of the third day he received a telegram which said only — "Ricketts, Myndonie. Dying. Holden relieve. Immediate." Then he thought that before he departed he would look at the house wherein

he had been master and lord. There was a break in the weather. The rank earth steamed with vapor, and Holden was vermilion from head to heel with the prickly-heat born of sultry moisture.

He found that the rains had torn down the mud pillars of the gateway, and the heavy wooden gate that had guarded his life hung drunkenly from one hinge. There was grass three inches high in the courtyard; Pir Khan's lodge was empty and the sodden thatch sagged between the beams. A gray squirrel was in possession of the veranda, as if the house had been untenanted for thirty years instead of three days. Ameera's mother had removed everything except some mildewed matting. The *tick-tick* of the little scorpions as they hurried across the floor was the only sound in the house. Ameera's room and that other one where Tota had lived were heavy with mildew; and the narrow staircase leading to the room was streaked and stained with rain-borne mud. Holden saw all these things, and came out again; to meet in the road Durga Dass, his landlord — portly, affable, clothed in white muslin, and driving a C-spring buggy. He was overlooking his property, to see how the roofs withstood the stress of the first rains.

"I have heard," said he, "you will not take this place any more, sahib?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Perhaps I shall let it again."

"Then I will keep it on while I am away."

Durga Dass was silent for some time. "You shall not take it on, sahib," he said. "When I was a young man I also — But today I am a member of the Municipality. Ho! ho! No. When the birds have gone, what need to keep the nest? I will have it pulled down: the timber will sell for something always. It shall be pulled down, and the Municipality shall make a road across, as they desire, from the burning-ghat to the city wall. So that no man may say where this house stood."

"FUZZY-WUZZY"

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE)

WE'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sowdan;

You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
We gives you your certifikit, an' if you want it signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile;
The Burman guv us Irrewaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis and the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;
But for all the odds again you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you bruk the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which is no more;
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore:
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair —
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree;
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantree!
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sowdan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air —
You big black boundin' beggar — for you bruk a British square!

DANNY DEEVER

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Color-Sergeant said.
For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can 'ear the Dead March play,
The regiment's in 'ollow square — they're hangin' him today;
They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" says Files-on-Parade.
"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the Color-Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round.
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound —
Oh, they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.
"'E's sleepin' out an' far tonight," the Color-Sergeant said.
"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.
"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color-Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin' — you must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant said.
For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play;
The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer today,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

MANDALAY

BY the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a'settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells they say —
" Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay! "
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
And the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat — jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen;
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on a 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud —
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd —
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay — (etc.)

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing " *Kulla-lo-lo!* "
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek agin my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.
Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay — (etc.)

But that's all shove be'ind me — long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I'm learning' 'ere in London what the ten-year sodger tells:
" If you've 'eard the East a'callin', you won't never 'eed naught else."
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells!
On the road to Mandalay — (etc.)

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;

Though I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin' — but wot do they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and —
Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!
On the road to Mandalay — (etc.)

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be —
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea —
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

RECESSIONAL

In the London Times at the end of the Queen's Jubilee, 1897

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
  Amen.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE (created a Baronet in 1913) was born May 9, 1860, at Kirriemuir, Scotland ("Thrums"). In his early sketches he lovingly portrayed his father, a physician, as "Dr. McQueen," his mother and sister as "Jess" and "Leeby"; and he paid a direct tribute to his mother's character in the beautiful little study that bears as title her own name, Margaret Ogilvy. After an academy course at Dumfries, he entered at eighteen the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated M.A., and took honors in the English Literature class. A few months later he took a place on a newspaper in Nottingham, and in the spring of 1885 went to London, where the papers had begun to accept his work. Above all, the St. James's Gazette had published the first of the 'Auld Licht Idylls,' November 17, 1884; and the editor, Frederick Greenwood, instantly perceiving a new and rich genius, advised him to work the vein further, enforcing the advice by refusing to accept his contributions on other subjects. To his mother he owed much help in this early work. In answer to his excited letters, she "went in for literature," racking her brain for memories that he might convert into articles, and dictating them to his sisters. "How well I could hear her saying between the lines: 'But the editor-man will never stand that, it's perfect blethers.'"

He had the usual painful struggle to become a successful journalist detailed in 'When a Man's Single'; but his real work was other and greater. In 1887 'When a Man's Single' came out serially in the British Weekly; it has little merit except in the Scottish prelude, which is of high quality in style and pathos. His first published book was 'Better Dead' (1887); it works out a cynical idea which would be amusing in five pages, but is diluted into tediousness by being spread over fifty. But in 1889 came a second masterpiece, 'A Window in Thrums,' a continuation of the 'Auld Licht Idylls' from an inside instead of an outside standpoint — not superior to the first, but their full equal in a deliciousness of which one cannot say how much is matter and how much style. 'My Lady Nicotine' appeared in 1890; it was very popular and has some amusing sketches, but no enduring quality. 'An Edinburgh Eleven' (1890) is a set of sketches of his classmates and professors.

In 1891 the third of his Scotch works appeared — 'The Little Minister' — which raised him from the rank of an admirable sketch writer to that of an admirable novelist, despite its fantastic plot. 'Margaret Ogilvy' appeared in 1896; the novel 'Sentimental Tommy' and its sequel 'Tommy and Grizel' in 1896 and 1900; 'The Little White Bird,' a story, with many touches of fantasy, of an old bachelor's love for a child, in 1902.

Before 1902, he had written several plays, all fairly successful, but not notably original: 'Walker, London,' 'The Professor's Love Story,' 'The Little Minister' (dramatized from the novel), 'The Wedding Guest,' and 'Quality Street.' After 1902, he wrote almost entirely for the stage, and became one of the most popular and most individual of twentieth-century English dramatists. 'The Admirable Crichton' made a very notable run in 1902, when it was the success of the season, and it is to this play that Bernard Shaw gives the credit for "the final relegation of the nineteenth-century London theater to the dustbin." Other noteworthy plays by Barrie since that date have been 'Peter Pan' (1904); 'Alice Sit-by-the Fire' (1905); 'What Every Woman Knows' (1908); 'The Legend of Leonora' (1914); 'Dear Brutus' (1917); and 'Mary Rose' (1920). Of his one-act plays, 'Pantaloon' (1905); 'The Twelve-Pound Look' (1910), 'Rosalind' (1912), 'The Will' (1913), 'The New Word' (1915), 'The Old Lady Shows Her Medals' (1917), and 'A Well-Remembered Voice' (1918), are the most notable.

The plays, and the novels and stories, reveal different sides of Barrie's genius. As a writer of fiction, some of his characteristics are not hard to define. His wonderful keenness of observation and tenacity of remembrance of the pettinesses of daily existence, and his sensitiveness to the humorous aspects of their little misfits and hypocrisies and lack of proportion, might if untempered have made him a literary cynic like some others, remembered chiefly for the salience he gave to the ugly meannesses of life and the ironies of fate. But his good angel added to these a gift of quick, sure, and spontaneous sympathy and wide spiritual understanding. This fills all his higher work with a generous appreciativeness, a justness of judgment, a tenderness of feeling, which elevate as well as charm the reader. He makes us love the most grotesque characters, whom in life we should dislike and avoid, by the sympathetic fineness of his interpretation of their springs of life and their warping by circumstance. The impression left on one by the studies of the Thrums community is not primarily of intellectual and spiritual narrowness, or niggardly thrift, or dour natures: all are there, but with them are souls reaching after God and often flowering into beauty, and we reverence the quenchless aspiration of maligned human nature for an ideal far above its reach. He achieves the rare feat of portraying every pettiness and prejudice, even the meannesses and dishonors of a poor and hidebound country village, yet leaving us with both sincere respect and warm liking for it; a thing possible only to one himself of a fine nature as well as of a large mind. Nor is there any mawkishness or cheap surface sentimentality in it all. His pathos never makes you wince: you can always read his works aloud, the deadly and unfailing test of anything flat or pinchbeck in literature. His gift of humor saves him from this: true humor and true pathos are always found together because they are not two but one, twin aspects of the very same events. He who sees the ludicrous in misfits must see their sadness

too; he who can laugh at a tumble must grieve over it: both are inevitable and both are coincident.

As a literary artist, he belongs in the foremost rank. He has that sense of the typical in incident, of the universal in feeling, and of the suggestive in language, which marks the chiefs of letters. No one can express an idea with fewer strokes; he never expands a sufficient hint into an essay. His management of the Scotch dialect is masterly: he uses it sparingly, in the nearest form to English compatible with retaining the flavor; he never makes it so hard as to interfere with enjoyment; in few dialect writers do we feel so little alienness.

' The Little Minister ' is developed from the real story of a Scotch clergyman who brought home a wife from afar, of so alien a sort to the general run that the parish spent the rest of her short life in speculating on her previous history and weaving legends about her. Barrie's imagined explanation is of Arabian-Nights preposterousness of incident, and indeed is only a careless fairy-tale in substance; but it is so rich in delicious filling, so full of his best humor, sentiment, character-drawing, and fine feeling, that one hardly cares whether it has any plot at all.

' Sentimental Tommy ' is not only a great advance on ' The Little Minister ' in symmetry of construction, reality of matter, tragic power, and insight, but its tone is different. Though as rich in humor, the humor is largely of a grim, bitter, and sardonic sort. We feel that the writer's sensitive nature is wrung by the swarming catastrophes he cannot avert, the endless wrecks on the ocean of life he cannot succor, and hardly less by those spiritual tragedies and ironies so much worse than any material misfortune. The novel is a study of a sensitive mobile boy, a born *poseur,* who passes his life in cloud castles where he always dramatizes himself as the hero, who has no continuity of purpose, and no capacity of self-sacrifice except in spasms of impulse, and in emotional feeling which is real to itself; a spiritual Proteus who deceives even himself, and only now and then recognizes his own moral illusiveness, like Hawthorne's scarecrow-gentleman before the mirror; but with the irresistible instincts of the born literary creator and constructor. These instincts spell danger to their possessor in a world of facts. In ' Tommy and Grizel ' Tommy has grown up and won fame as an analyst of the emotions. Confronted with difficult situations, especially in his relations with the single-minded and sincere Grizel, who loves him and suffers through him, Tommy fails. He is merely an artist in the emotions — not a man. All experience is to him material for books; he is dominated by his artistic faculty, in spite of his efforts to control it. All that was wrong with him (as his creator says) was that he could not always be a boy, and live in a world of illusions. His death is the merest accident. The real tragedy is his failure to achieve manhood.

A delicate combination of the fantastic and the realistic, of the improbable in incident and the true in feeling and character, is typical of the " Barrie play." A feminine subtlety of insight into character and a childlike concreteness of

imagination give us truth to human nature masked in fantasy, which ranges from the slight to the most extravagant. Barrie for many years withheld his plays from publication, fearing that some of their elusive yet most characteristic qualities might be lost by attempting to print them in the skeletonized dialogue of the printed page. He finally solved the difficulty by following the lead of Shaw and enlarging the dramatist's privilege of stage directions, not only outlining and indicating business but also introducing and describing his characters and developing his situations almost as fully as in the novel. For the reader, then, a very essential part of his plays is to be found in these elaborate introductions and parentheses, which are done with all Barrie's whimsical humor and fantasy. It has been objected that this method encroaches upon that of the novel, and that it is a "fatally easy device leading the play away from the theater"; yet it is undeniable that in these printed plays Barrie always has the actual stage in mind and that he often succeeds in recreating what we are supposed to be seeing behind imaginary footlights. Indeed, Barrett H. Clark, a very competent student of modern drama, doubts whether the imaginative reader loses much by not seeing the plays on the stage.

Thus, in 'The Admirable Crichton,' before the curtain rises we see the Hon. Ernest Wooley driving up to the door of Loam House in Mayfair, and Barrie gives us an admirable thumbnail sketch of Ernest's appearance and character. "He is dressed in excellent taste, with just the little bit more which shows that he is not without a sense of humor: the dandiacal are often saved by carrying a smile at the whole thing in their spats, let us say. Ernest left Cambridge the other day, a member of the Athenæum (which he would be very sorry to have you confound with a club in London of the same name). He is a bachelor, but not of arts, no mean epigrammatist (as you shall see), and a favorite of the ladies. He is almost a celebrity in restaurants, where he dines frequently, returning to sup; and during this last year he has probably paid as much in them for the privilege of handing his hat to an attendant as the rent of a working-man's flat." He is on his way to the house of Lord Loam, an aggressively democratic peer who insists that once a month his three daughters shall entertain the servants at tea, much to the discomfort of everybody concerned. The butler Crichton, a perfect servant, suffers most of all at this letting down of the social barriers, insisting that there must always be master and servants in all civilized communities, this being a law of nature — an ominous note, for in the second act his contention is put to the test. The Loam family have been shipwrecked on a desert island, and Crichton proves to be the only one able to meet the emergency. He assumes leadership of the group, and the third act shows us the working out of the situation. Crichton had insisted there must always be one to command and others to obey, but the two servants — the butler and the kitchen-maid — have been proved to be the natural leaders, while the aristocrats, even the beautiful Lady Mary, the proudest of them all, have been reduced to a state of happy if abject and

adoring servitude. But they are rescued and return to civilization. Crichton is once more a butler, and the Loams have taken unto themselves the glory for all that took place on the island. Except for a faint trace of compunction on the part of Lady Mary, and an even fainter one on the part of a young clergyman who had been shipwrecked with them, we can see very little to admire in any of the group. A highly sentimental scene between Crichton and Lady Mary ensues which only succeeds in making Crichton a perfect exemplification of the very negative virtues — if not the vices — of the domestic, while Lady Mary as the aristocrat shows up worse than ever. Struck by the unfairness of the situation, she suggests that it is just possible there is something wrong with England and the state of things in general, but he refuses to listen to such heresy even from her; and the play ends on a proud gesture of renunciation on his part. To an American this renunciation may seem quite unnecessary, and it is remarkable that in the version of the play which was acted in London during the War the ending was changed in a way of which the only record now remaining is A. B. Walkley's criticism of it in the London Times: —

" Crichton glares at his old island subjects, and they cower with reminiscence. He glares at the formidable Lady Brocklehurst, and she, even she, quails. Lady Mary reminds him of the past, and even a *redintegratio amoris* is hinted at. In short, the author " hedges " — " hedges " against his old irony, that perfect thing. This *is* a butler, he seems to say, but remember, oh, please remember, he *was* a superman. As though we should forget it!

" And Crichton is even made to be wise after the event. He foresees the late war, and predicts that if England should ever hear the roll of the drums, then all the Bill Crichtons will get their chance. With more about England, etc., Crichton, our imperturbable *homme fort,* turned mouthing, sentimental ' patriot '! Good heavens! "

When the curtain goes up on the opening scene of ' What Every Woman Knows,' in which play, in external aspects anyway, Barrie returns to the world of reality, we see a worthy Scotch father and son on a Saturday evening in their own sitting-room engaged in the familiar amusement of playing at draughts or checkers. " James Wylie is about to make a move on the dambrod, and in the little Scotch room there is an awful silence befitting the occasion. James with his hand poised — for if he touches a piece he has to play it, Alick will see to that — raises his red head suddenly to read Alick's face. His father, who is Alick, is pretending to be in a panic lest James should make this move. James grins heartlessly, and his fingers are about to close on the ' man ' when some instinct of self-preservation makes him peep once more. This time Alick is caught: the unholy ecstasy on his face tells us plain as porridge that he has been luring James to destruction. James glares; and, too late, his opponent is a simple old father again. James mops his head, sprawls in the manner most conducive to thought in the Wylie family, and, protruding his underlip, settles down to a reconsideration of the board. Alick blows out his cheeks, and a drop

of water settles on the point of his nose." There is another brother, David, and all three of them worship Maggie, the only girl in the family. She is a typical Barrie heroine, who unfortunately fails to charm men, much to the amazement of her father and brothers, and is in great danger of being an old maid. However, their library (which is strictly for show) has enticed a poor but proud young neighbor through their window — he is too proud to use the door and thus be indebted to them — to do his studying secretly in their living-room after they have gone to bed. The brothers surprise him at this liberty, and it occurs to them that he may be purchased as a husband for Maggie. Maggie herself is a party to the transaction, and, although she feels " sort of sorry for the young man," a contract is drawn up to cover the agreement that he shall marry her when his education, for which the brothers are paying, is finished. The curtain falls upon Maggie taking some books to her room because she doesn't want her prospective husband to know anything she doesn't know. The next act shows him well on the way to success, a newly-elected M.P.; he magnanimously refuses to permit the homely little Maggie to release him from the contract. The rest of the play is devoted to showing how Maggie has been the power behind the throne throughout his whole career; how, unknown to him, she even writes his speeches and is directly responsible for every stroke of genius on his part; how she glories in effacing herself, letting him take all distinction unto his pompous self; how she unobtrusively rescues him from the inevitable siren. The situations are quite improbable, to say the least, but Barrie's whimsical humor carries us along with him to the very end, when the self-satisfied husband finds that his wife alone is responsible for his success. This apparently is what every woman knows, in Maggie's own words: " Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself, and the wife smiles and lets it go at that. It is our only joke " — which is flattering for the woman, but far from an agreeable reflection for the man, it must be admitted.

More fantastic is the situation in ' The Legend of Leonora.' Leonora is on trial for murdering a man, whom she pushed off a moving train because he refused to shut a window, despite the fact that her little girl had a cold. Leonora feels no remorse, and discerns no discrepancy between the offense and the punishment of her victim. She directs the procedure of the court, establishes confidential relations with the judge, embarrasses her own lawyer with her explanations and admissions, hopelessly ruins her case, legally, to the despair of the judge, accompanies the jury when they retire, and is pronounced " not guilty." Extravagantly burlesque in incident, it is full of keen analysis of motive and entertaining satire. What it all signifies is expressed by the judge, as he dismisses her: " Leonora, you are one of those round whom legends grow even in their lifetime. This is the sort of thing you might have done had your little girl had a cold. And this is how we might have acted had you done it. . . . You are not of today, foolish, wayward, unself-conscious, communicative Leonora. The ladies of today are different — and wiser. But as we look long-

ingly at you, we see again, in their habit, as they lived, those out-of-date, unreasoning, womanish creatures, our mothers and grandmothers and other dear ones, long ago loved and lost."

Something of Margaret Ogilvy is in nearly all the heroines her son created; "he tries to keep me out," she said gleefully, "but he canna." Motherliness, as W. D. Howells pointed out, is what he is always finding in women, "who are supposed by most dramatists to be mainly sweethearts and wives at the best, and flirts and adulteresses at the worst. He has thus added a grace to comedy which has seemed beyond or beside the reach of its art." This motherliness is woven into the fantastic fabric even of 'Peter Pan,' revealing itself not only in Mrs. Darling, but in the child Wendy, who mothers the Lost Boys in the Neverland.

'Peter Pan,' is a fairy play, a dramatization of the topsy-turvy day-dreams of childhood. Peter himself, playing his pipes like the god Pan, and crowing delightfully at his own exploits, is the boy who never grew up. He flew away the day he was born, because he heard his parents planning a career for him, and he wanted always to be a little boy. So he ran away to Kensington Gardens and lived for a time among the fairies. His adventures there are related in 'The Little White Bird.' Peter flies into the nursery of the Darling children — Wendy, John, and Michael — looking for his shadow; and presently they fly away with him to the Neverland, the enchanted island on the sea of dreams, where the Pirates hunt the Lost Boys, and the Redskins hunt the Pirates, and the Man-eating Beasts hunt the Redskins, round and round. Among the delights of the island are Tinker Bell, a most original fairy, made up of a gleam of light and a bell; a wonderful crocodile, which has swallowed a clock that goes on ticking inside; the terrible Captain Hook, and the pirate Smee, with his lovable ways ("for instance, after killing, it was his spectacles he wiped, not his weapons"). There are thrilling adventures without end; and there is the cosy underground home of Peter and the Lost Boys, to which Wendy gives a charming air of domesticity. We are over the borders of Fairyland, and yet have not lost our old familiar world.

After his victory over the terrible Hook, Peter cries out in the play, "I'm Youth — eternal Youth! I'm the sun rising! I'm the poet's song. I'm a little bird that has broken out of its egg. I'm joy!" To the creator of Peter Pan may be applied the words he used of Stevenson: he is "the spirit of boyhood tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play."

Even in the plays popularly regarded as optimistic or purely sentimental the critics have sometimes discovered a note of cynicism. With reference to 'The Admirable Crichton' the comment has been made that "beneath the fun and friendliness of this delightful comedy we get a glimpse of a very queer, very unhappy conception of the world and of human nature." The same critic describes 'What Every Woman Knows' as "bitter, cruel, and despairing, with

a strong hint of sneering." In 'The Twelve-Pound Look' Barrie's rather cynical view of masculine egotism and absurdity finds additional illustration. It deals chiefly with the affairs of Kate Sims, the former wife of a pompous self-made man, and lest we miss the point of the skit Barrie is careful to point out that "the scene is laid in your own house, and Harry Sims is you." Kate (or Everywoman as she then seems to be) had endured the yoke of matrimonial servitude until she discovered that she was able to earn her own livelihood by buying a typewriter for twelve pounds and learning how to use it; whereupon she saved up the twelve pounds and broke loose, leaving her husband to marry again. At the opening of the play she has been summoned from an agency to do some work for Sims, about to become *Sir* Harry Sims, although she has not been told the name of her prospective customer and he of course has no suspicion of who this unimportant typist really is. The shock is considerable when the two come together. Kate, however, who has the sense of humor that her husband lacks, is easily mistress of the situation. She warns her husband — all husbands — to beware the twelve-pound look in their wives' eyes when they realize the joys of independence. Sims, outraged, orders her away, and she goes contentedly. But, much to his horror, she has no sooner gone than the twelve-pound look appears in his new wife's eyes as she makes a casual inquiry about the cost of a typewriter.

'The Will' is even more harsh in tone. It shows us three successive phases in the life of another self-made man. In the first scene he and his wife, just married and very poor but "a bright young fellow with a dear young wife, such a happy pair," have come to the lawyer's office to draw up a will, which they do with much amiable dispute about bequests to even poorer relatives and charity — although with a rather calculating look into the future, when they shall be very rich and he shall be making as much as a pound a day. In the second scene they again appear, years later, to draw up another will; they have very long since exceeded their "pound a day" expectations, but they are sadly changed from a moral point of view — they are grasping and selfish, and their young love is quite dead if not transformed into actual hatred. In the last scene the husband appears alone to draw up still another will, embittered and absolutely alone in the world, having disowned his worthless children. His wife is dead, and he is frankly delighted over the fact that she was the first to go. He discovers he has no one left to leave his money to, and morosely leaves the office "for God knows where." This process of moral deterioration is symbolized by the illness of the old law clerk of the first scene, which begins "as a small black spot, no bigger than a pin's head, but waiting to spread and destroy him," a spot to be found in "pretty nigh all of us, and if we don't look out it does for us in the end." The allegory may be apt, but the situation is not a pleasant one to contemplate.

'Dear Brutus' and 'Mary Rose' are further refutations of the contention that Barrie's plays are "sugar-coated pills of sentimentality." The sugar-

coating may be there, but the kernel itself is bitter. In 'Dear Brutus' we are introduced to a house-party of comparative strangers who, unlike as they are, have this in common: they are all dissatisfied with life as they have found it, and are sure that with another chance they could have done themselves more credit. Their host, a mysterious little fellow called Lob, who turns out to be a sort of prankish earth-spirit, has assembled them on Midsummer Eve to give them this chance. One by one they escape into a magic wood to live life as it might have been for them, or as they like to think it might have been: only to return to life as it is with a distinct feeling of relief — with one exception, a childless wastrel who might have found a life of perfect realization had he really had such a daughter as he found waiting for him in the wood. As the bitter message of the fantasy, one of the disillusioned characters quotes the lines from 'Julius Cæsar': —

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves that we are underlings,

and another of the characters suggests that the words "dear audience" be substituted for "dear Brutus."

'Mary Rose' is another excursion into the supernatural, even eerier in atmosphere and more hopeless in tone than 'Dear Brutus.' Mary Rose is a thoroughly commonplace but charming girl who in her youth came under the spell of a lonely island in the Hebrides, "The Island that Likes to be Visited." When the island calls to anyone who has come under its spell, that person must go to it, disappearing from the sight of man, and return after the lapse of an indefinite period — hours, days, or even years. Mary Rose, happily married, hears the call after the birth of her first baby, and vanishes. She returns twenty-five years later to find that there is no place for her: her parents have adjusted themselves to her loss, her husband is changed beyond recognition, and the baby has grown up and run away. The problem is not even solved after her death, for her ghost remains restlessly searching after the lost baby — groping uncertainly, only half conscious of what has been — and finds a mystic release only at the very end of the play after a talk with the grown-up son.

The War afforded Barrie another opportunity to play upon the heart-strings. It was not the heroism and stark tragedy of the battle-field that served as an inspiration for such plays as 'The New Word,' 'The Old Lady Shows Her Medals,' and 'A Well-Remembered Voice,' but the gentler pathos of the War as London knew it — the sorrow of parting, the grief of those bereaved. In 'The New Word' we see a boy starting out bravely to go into training, having donned his uniform as second lieutenant for the first time, and for the first time in his life breaking down the wall of reserve that traditionally separates father and son in England. In 'The Old Lady Shows Her Medals' we have a lonely old charwoman who, in her vain desire to

shoulder some of the burdens of the War — and incidentally to impress some of her fellow-charwomen — has claimed as her son a soldier of the famous Black Watch Regiment whom she has never even seen, but whose name happens to be the same as hers and whose record appeals to her. He hears of the deception and hastens to confront her and expose her wickedness, but the old charwoman's wheedling ways and the music of her Scotch accent soften his fury, first into a grudging acquiescence, then into real affection. For a few days the old lady knows all the joys of motherhood, soon to be followed, however, by the pangs of parting. The last scene is pantomime; we see the old lady — her son has been killed — fondling his medals before she starts out resignedly on her day's work with mop and pail. She has learned the final joy of sacrifice.

In 'A Well-Remembered Voice' the situation is much the same as in 'The New Word' save that the boy in this case has been killed in action and returns to comfort his father. It was always his mother who seemed to mean most to him in life, but death has taught him that it was really his unassuming, undemonstrative father who really loved him best, and (spirits only being able to show themselves to one person) it is his father whom he chooses. He goes back to the vague life of the hereafter, about which Barrie is far from encouraging, with the warning that the happiness of the dead is dependent on the happiness of the living, and a final injunction to his father, "Be bright, father."

Barrie's last play, 'Shall We Join the Ladies,' is again in a quite different vein. It is in one act as it now stands, but professes to have been intended as the first act of a longer play. We are shown a dinner-party with thirteen at table; we learn that all of those present have been invited because each of them for one reason or another is under suspicion of being guilty of the mysterious murder of a relative of the host. By allusions to events and circumstances which are known to only one or two of them, he arouses terror in the mind of first one then of another, and the audience is kept in uncertainty as to the real culprit not only until the curtain falls but after it has fallen. The continuation of the play and the solution of the mystery are left to the imagination of the audience. If Barrie has his own solution he has never revealed it.

THE COURTING OF T'NOWHEAD'S BELL

From 'Auld Licht Idylls'

FOR two years it had been notorious in the square that Sam'l Dickie was thinking of courting T'nowhead's Bell, and that if little Sanders Elshioner (which is the Thrums pronunciation of Alexander Alexander) went in for her, he might prove a formidable rival. Sam'l was a weaver

in the Tenements, and Sanders a coal-carter whose trade-mark was a bell on his horse's neck that told when coals were coming. Being something of a public man, Sanders had not, perhaps, so high a social position as Sam'l; but he had succeeded his father on the coal-cart, while the weaver had already tried several trades. It had always been against Sam'l, too, that once when the kirk was vacant he had advised the selection of the third minister who preached for it, on the ground that it came expensive to pay a large number of candidates. The scandal of the thing was hushed up, out of respect for his father, who was a God-fearing man, but Sam'l was known by it in Lang Tammas's circle. The coal-carter was called Little Sanders, to distinguish him from his father, who was not much more than half his size. He had grown up with the name, and its inapplicability now came home to nobody. Sam'l's mother had been more far-seeing than Sanders's. Her man had been called Sammy all his life, because it was the name he got as a boy, so when their eldest son was born she spoke of him as Sam'l while still in his cradle. The neighbors imitated her, and thus the young man had a better start in life than had been granted to Sammy, his father.

It was Saturday evening — the night in the week when Auld Licht young men fell in love. Sam'l Dickie, wearing a blue Glengarry bonnet with a red ball on the top, came to the door of a one-story house in the Tenements, and stood there wriggling, for he was in a suit of tweeds for the first time that week, and did not feel at one with them. When his feeling of being a stranger to himself wore off, he looked up and down the road, which straggles between houses and gardens, and then, picking his way over the puddles, crossed to his father's hen-house and sat down on it. He was now on his way to the square.

Eppie Fargus was sitting on an adjoining dike, knitting stockings, and Sam'l looked at her for a time.

"Is't yersel, Eppie?" he said at last.

"It's a' that," said Eppie.

"Hoo's a' wi' ye?" asked Sam'l.

"We're juist aff an' on," replied Eppie, cautiously.

There was not much more to say, but as Sam'l sidled off the hen-house, he murmured politely, "Ay, ay." In another minute he would have been fairly started, but Eppie resumed the conversation.

"Sam'l," she said, with a twinkle in her eye, "ye can tell Lisbeth Fargus I'll likely be drappin' in on her aboot Munday or Teisday."

Lisbeth was sister to Eppie, and wife of Thomas McQuhatty, better known as T'nowhead, which was the name of his farm. She was thus Bell's mistress.

Sam'l leaned against the hen-house, as if all his desire to depart had gone.

"Hoo d'ye kin I'll be at the T'nowhead the nicht?" he asked, grinning in anticipation.

"Ou, I'se warrant ye'll be after Bell," said Eppie.

"Am no sae sure o' that," said Sam'l, trying to leer. He was enjoying himself now.

"Am no sure o' that," he repeated, for Eppie seemed lost in stitches.

"Sam'l?"

"Ay."

"Y'll be speirin' her sune noo, I dinna doot?"

This took Sam'l, who had only been courting Bell for a year or two, a little aback.

"Hoo d'ye mean, Eppie?" he asked.

"Maybe ye'll do't the nicht."

"Na, there's nae hurry," said Sam'l.

"Weel, we're a' coontin' on't, Sam'l."

"Gae wa wi' ye."

"What for no?"

"Gae wa wi' ye," said Sam'l again.

"Bell's gei an' fond o' ye, Sam'l."

"Ay," said Sam'l.

"But am dootin' ye're a fell billy wi' the lasses."

"Ay, oh, I d'na kin, moderate, moderate," said Sam'l, in high delight.

"I saw ye" said Eppie speaking with a wire in her mouth, "gaen on terr'ble wi' Mysy Haggart at the pump last Saturday."

"We was juist amoosin' oorsels," said Sam'l.

"It'll be nae amoosement to Mysy," said Eppie, "gin ye brak her heart."

"Losh, Eppie," said Sam'l, "I didna think o' that."

"Ye maun kin weel, Sam'l, 'at there's mony a lass wid jump at ye."

"Ou, weel," said Sam'l, implying that a man must take these things as they come.

"For ye're a dainty chield to look at, Sam'l."

"Do ye think so, Eppie? Ay, ay; oh, I d'na kin am onything by the ordinar."

"Ye mayna be," said Eppie, "but lasses doesna do to be ower partikler."

Sam'l resented this, and prepared to depart again.

"Ye'll no tell Bell that?" he asked, anxiously.

"Tell her what?"

"Aboot me an' Mysy."

"We'll see hoo ye behave yersel, Sam'l."

"No 'at I care, Eppie; ye can tell her gin ye like. I widna think twice o' tellin' her mysel."

"The Lord forgie ye for leein', Sam'l," said Eppie, as he disappeared down Tammy Tosh's close. Here he came upon Henders Webster.

"Ye're late, Sam'l," said Henders.

"What for?"

"Ou, I was thinkin' ye wid be gaen the length o' T'nowhead the nicht an' I saw Sanders Elshioner makkin's wy there an oor syne."

"Did ye?" cried Sam'l, adding craftily; "but its naething to me."

"Tod, lad," said Henders; "gin ye dinna buckle to, Sanders'll be carryin' her off!"

Sam'l flung back his head and passed on.

"Sam'l!" cried Henders after him.

"Ay," said Sam'l, wheeling round.

"Gie Bell a kiss frae me."

The full force of this joke struck neither all at once. Sam'l began to smile at it as he turned down the school-wynd, and it came upon Henders while he was in his garden feeding his ferret. Then he slapped his legs gleefully, and explained the conceit to Will'um Byars, who went into the house and thought it over.

There were twelve or twenty little groups of men in the square, which was lighted by a flare of oil suspended over a cadger's cart. Now and again a staid young woman passed through the square with a basket on her arm, and if she had lingered long enough to give them time, some of the idlers would have addressed her. As it was, they gazed after her, and then grinned to each other.

"Ay, Sam'l," said two or three young men, as Sam'l joined them beneath the town clock.

"Ay, Davit," replied Sam'l.

This group was composed of some of the sharpest wits in Thrums, and it was not to be expected that they would let this opportunity pass. Perhaps when Sam'l joined them he knew what was in store for him.

"Was ye lookin' for T'nowhead's Bell, Sam'l?" asked one.

"Or mabbe ye was wantin' the minister?" suggested another, the same who had walked out twice with Chirsty Duff and not married her after all.

Sam'l could not think of a good reply at the moment, so he laughed good-naturedly.

"Ondoobtedly she's a snod bit crittur," said Davit, archly.

"An michty clever wi' her fingers," added Jamie Deuchars.

"Man, I've thocht o' makin' up to Bell myself," said Pete Ogle. "Wid there be ony chance, think ye, Sam'l?"

"I'm thinkin' she widna hae ye for her first, Pete," replied Sam'l, in one of those happy flashes that come to some men, "but there's nae sayin' but what she micht tak ye to finish up wi'."

The unexpectedness of this sally startled everyone. Though Sam'l did not set up for a wit, however, like Davit, it was notorious that he could say a cutting thing once in a way.

"Did ye ever see Bell reddin' up?" asked Pete, recovering from his overthrow. He was a man who bore no malice.

"It's a sicht," said Sam'l, solemnly.

"Hoo will that be?" asked Jamie Deuchars.

"It's weel worth yer while," said Pete, "to ging atower to the T'nowhead an' see. Ye'll mind the closed-in beds i' the kitchen? Ay, weel, they're a fell spoilt crew, T'nowhead's litlins, an' no that aisy to manage. Th' ither lasses Lisbeth's ha'en had a michty trouble wi' them. When they war i' the middle o' their reddin up the bairns wid come tumblin' about the floor, but, sal, I assure ye, Bell didna fash lang wi' them. Did she, Sam'l?"

"She did not," said Sam'l, dropping into a fine mode of speech to add emphasis to his remark.

"I'll tell ye what she did," said Pete to the others. "She juist lifted up the litlins, twa at a time, an' flung them into the coffin-beds. Syne she snibbit the doors on them, an' keepit them there till the floor was dry."

"Ay, man, did she so?" said Davit, admiringly.

"I've seen her do't myself," said Sam'l.

"There's no a lassie maks better bannocks this side o' Fetter Lums," continued Pete.

"Her mither tocht her that," said Sam'l; "she was a gran' han' at the bakin', Kitty Ogilvy."

"I've heard say," remarked Jamie, putting it this way so as not to tie himself down to anything, "'at Bell's scones is equal to Mag Lunan's."

"So they are," said Sam'l, almost fiercely.

"I kin she's a neat han' at singein' a hen," said Pete.

"An' wi't a'," said Davit, "she's a snod, canty bit stocky in her Sabbath claes."

"If onything, thick in the waist," suggested Jamie.

"I dinna see that," said Sam'l.

"I d'na care for her hair either," continued Jamie, who was very nice in his tastes; "something mair yallowchy wid be an improvement."

"A'body kins," growled Sam'l, "'at black hair's the bonniest."

The others chuckled.

"Puir Sam'l!" Pete said.

Sam'l, not being certain whether this should be received with a smile or a frown, opened his mouth wide as a kind of compromise. This was position one with him for thinking things over.

Few Auld Lichts, as I have said, went the length of choosing a helpmate for themselves. One day a young man's friends would see him mending the washing-tub of a maiden's mother. They kept the joke until Saturday night, and then he learned from them what he had been after. It dazed him for a time, but in a year or so he grew accustomed to the idea, and they were then married. With a little help, he fell in love just like other people.

Sam'l was going the way of the others, but he found it difficult to come to the point. He only went courting once a week, and he could never take up the running at the place where he left off the Saturday before. Thus he had not, so far, made great headway. His method of making up to Bell had been to

drop in at T'nowhead on Saturday nights and talk with the farmer about the rinderpest.

The farm-kitchen was Bell's testimonial. Its chairs, tables, and stools were scoured by her to the whiteness of Rob Angus's saw-mill boards, and the muslin blind on the window was starched like a child's pinafore. Bell was brave, too, as well as energetic. Once Thrums had been overrun with thieves. It is now thought that there may have been only one; but he had the wicked cleverness of a gang. Such was his repute, that there were weavers who spoke of locking their doors when they went from home. He was not very skilful, however, being generally caught, and when they said they knew he was a robber he gave them their things back and went away. If they had given him time there is no doubt that he would have gone off with his plunder. One night he went to T'nowhead, and Bell, who slept in the kitchen, was awakened by the noise. She knew who it would be, so she rose and dressed herself, and went to look for the candle. The thief had not known what to do when he got in, and as it was very lonely he was glad to see Bell. She told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and would not let him out by the door until he had taken off his boots, so as not to soil the carpet.

On this Saturday evening Sam'l stood his ground in the square, until by and by he found himself alone. There were other groups there still, but his circle had melted away. They went separately, and no one said good-night. Each took himself off slowly, backing out of the group until he was fairly started.

Sam'l looked about him, and then, seeing that the others had gone, walked round the town-house into the darkness of the brae that leads down and then up to the farm of T'nowhead.

To get into the good graces of Lisbeth Fargus you had to know her ways and humor them. Sam'l, who was a student of women, knew this, and so, instead of pushing the door open and walking in, he went through the rather ridiculous ceremony of knocking. Sanders Elshioner was also aware of this weakness of Lisbeth, but though he often made up his mind to knock, the absurdity of the thing prevented his doing so when he reached the door. T'nowhead himself had never got used to his wife's refined notions, and when anyone knocked he always started to his feet, thinking there must be something wrong.

Lisbeth came to the door, her expansive figure blocking the way in.

"Sam'l," she said.

He shook hands with the farmer's wife, knowing that she liked it, but only said, "Ay, Bell," to his sweetheart, "Ay, T'nowhead," to McQuhatty, and "It's yersel, Sanders," to his rival.

They were all sitting round the fire; T'nowhead with his feet on the ribs, wondering why he felt so warm, and Bell darned a stocking, while Lisbeth kept an eye on a goblet full of potatoes.

"Sit in to the fire, Sam'l," said the farmer, not, however, making way for him.

"Na, na," said Sam'l, "I'm to bide nae time." Then he sat in to the fire. His face was turned away from Bell, and when she spoke he answered her without looking round. Sam'l felt a little anxious. Sanders Elshioner, who had one leg shorter than the other, but looked well when sitting, seemed suspiciously at home. He asked Bell questions out of his own head, which was beyond Sam'l, and once he said something to her in such a low voice that the others could not catch it. T'nowhead asked curiously what it was, and Sanders explained that he had only said, "Ay, Bell, the morn's the Sabbath." There was nothing startling in this, but Sam'l did not like it. He began to wonder if he was too late, and had he seen his opportunity would have told Bell of a nasty rumor, that Sanders intended to go over to the Free Church if they would make him kirk-officer.

Sam'l had the good-will of T'nowhead's wife, who liked a polite man. Sanders did his best, but from want of practice he constantly made mistakes. Tonight, for instance, he wore his hat in the house, because he did not like to put up his hand and take it off. T'nowhead had not taken his off either, but that was because he meant to go out by and by and lock the byre door. It was impossible to say which of her lovers Bell preferred. The proper course with an Auld Licht lassie was to prefer the man who proposed to her.

"Ye'll bide a wee, an' hae something to eat?" Lisbeth asked Sam'l, with her eyes on the goblet.

"No, I thank ye," said Sam'l, with true gentility.

"Ye'll better?"

"I dinna think it."

"Hoots ay; what's to hender ye?"

"Weel, since ye're sae pressin', I'll bide."

No one asked Sanders to stay. Bell could not, for she was but the servant, and T'nowhead knew that the kick his wife had given him meant that he was not to do so either. Sanders whistled to show that he was not uncomfortable.

"Ay, then, I'll be stappin' ower the brae," he said at last.

He did not go, however. There was sufficient pride in him to get him off his chair, but only slowly, for he had to get accustomed to the notion of going. At intervals of two or three minutes he remarked that he must now be going. In the same circumstances Sam'l would have acted similarly. For a Thrums man it is one of the hardest things in life to get away from anywhere.

At last Lisbeth saw that something must be done. The potatoes were burning, and T'nowhead had an invitation on his tongue.

"Yes, I'll hae to be movin'," said Sanders, hopelessly, for the fifth time.

"Guid-nicht to ye, then, Sanders," said Lisbeth. "Gie the door a fling-to ahent ye."

Sanders, with a mighty effort, pulled himself together. He looked boldly

at Bell, and then took off his hat carefully. Sam'l saw with misgivings that there was something in it which was not a handkerchief. It was a paper bag glittering with gold braid, and contained such an assortment of sweets as lads bought for their lasses on the Muckle Friday.

"Hae, Bell," said Sanders, handing the bag to Bell in an offhand way, as if it were but a trifle. Nevertheless, he was a little excited, for he went off without saying good-night.

No one spoke. Bell's face was crimson. T'nowhead fidgeted on his chair, and Lisbeth looked at Sam'l. The weaver was strangely calm and collected, though he would have liked to know whether this was a proposal.

"Sit in by to the table, Sam'l," said Lisbeth, trying to look as if things were as they had been before.

She put a saucerful of butter, salt, and pepper near the fire to melt, for melted butter is the shoeing-horn that helps over a meal of potatoes. Sam'l, however, saw what the hour required, and jumping up, he seized his bonnet.

"Hing the tatties higher up the joint, Lisbeth," he said with dignity; "I'se be back in ten meenits."

He hurried out of the house, leaving the others looking at each other.

"What do ye think?" asked Lisbeth.

"I d'na kin," faltered Bell.

"Thae tatties is lang o' comin' to the boil," said T'nowhead.

In some circles a lover who behaved like Sam'l would have been suspected of intent upon his rival's life, but neither Bell nor Lisbeth did the weaver that injustice. In a case of this kind it does not much matter what T'nowhead thought.

The ten minutes had barely passed when Sam'l was back in the farm-kitchen. He was too flurried to knock this time, and indeed Lisbeth did not expect it of him.

"Bell, hae!" he cried, handing his sweetheart a tinsel bag twice the size of Sanders' gift.

"Losh preserve's!" exclaimed Lisbeth; "I'se warrant there's a shillin's worth."

"There's a' that, Lisbeth — an' mair," said Sam'l firmly.

"I thank ye, Sam'l," said Bell, feeling an unwonted elation as she gazed at the two paper bags in her lap.

"Ye're ower extravegint, Sam'l," Lisbeth said.

"Not at all," said Sam'l; "not at all. But I wouldna advise ye to eat thae ither anes, Bell — they're second quality."

Bell drew back a step from Sam'l.

"How do ye kin?" asked the farmer, shortly; for he liked Sanders.

"I speired i' the shop," said Sam'l.

The goblet was placed on a broken plate on the table, with the saucer beside it, and Sam'l, like the others, helped himself. What he did was to take pota-

toes from the pot with his fingers, peel off their coats, and then dip them into the butter. Lisbeth would have liked to provide knives and forks, but she knew that beyond a certain point T'nowhead was master in his own house. As for Sam'l, he felt victory in his hands, and began to think that he had gone too far.

In the meantime, Sanders, little witting that Sam'l had trumped his trick, was sauntering along the kirk-wynd with his hat on the side of his head. Fortunately he did not meet the minister.

The courting of T'nowhead's Bell reached its crisis one Sabbath about a month after the events above recorded. The minister was in great force that day, but it is no part of mine to tell how he bore himself. I was there, and am not likely to forget the scene. It was a fateful Sabbath for T'nowhead's Bell and her swains, and destined to be remembered for the painful scandal which they perpetrated in their passion.

Bell was not in the kirk. There being an infant of six months in the house, it was a question of either Lisbeth or the lassie's staying at home with him, and though Lisbeth was unselfish in a general way, she could not resist the delight of going to church. She had nine children besides the baby, and being but a woman, it was the pride of her life to march them into the T'nowhead pew, so well watched that they dared not misbehave, and so tightly packed that they could not fall. The congregation looked at that pew, the mothers enviously, when they sung the lines: —

> Jerusalem like a city is
> Compactly built together.

The first half of the service had been gone through on this particular Sunday without anything remarkable happening. It was at the end of the psalm which preceded the sermon that Sanders Elshioner, who sat near the door, lowered his head until it was no higher than the pews, and in that attitude, looking almost like a four-footed animal, slipped out of the church. In their eagerness to be at the sermon, many of the congregation did not notice him, and those who did, put the matter by in their minds for future investigation. Sam'l, however, could not take it so coolly. From his seat in the gallery he saw Sanders disappear and his mind misgave him. With the true lover's instinct, he understood it all. Sanders had been struck by the fine turn-out in the T'nowhead pew. Bell was alone at the farm. What an opportunity to work one's way up to a proposal. T'nowhead was so overrun with children that such a chance seldom occurred, except on a Sabbath. Sanders, doubtless, was off to propose, and he, Sam'l, was left behind.

The suspense was terrible. Sam'l and Sanders had both known all along that Bell would take the first of the two who asked her. Even those who thought her proud admitted that she was modest. Bitterly the weaver repented having waited so long. Now it was too late. In ten minutes Sanders would be

at T'nowhead; in an hour all would be over. Sam'l rose to his feet in a daze. His mother pulled him down by the coat-tail, and his father shook him, thinking he was walking in his sleep. He tottered past them, however, hurried up the aisle, which was so narrow that Dan'l Ross could only reach his seat by walking sideways, and was gone before the minister could do more than stop in the middle of a whirl and gape in horror after him.

A number of the congregation felt that day the advantage of sitting in the laft. What was a mystery to those downstairs was revealed to them. From the gallery windows they had a fine open view to the south; and as Sam'l took the common, which was a short cut, though a steep ascent, to T'nowhead, he was never out of their line of vision. Sanders was not to be seen, but they guessed rightly the reason why. Thinking he had ample time, he had gone round by the main road to save his boots — perhaps a little scared by what was coming. Sam'l's design was to forestall him by taking the shorter path over the burn and up the commonty.

It was a race for a wife, and several onlookers in the gallery braved the minister's displeasure to see who won. Those who favored Sam'l's suit exultingly saw him leap the stream, while the friends of Sanders fixed their eyes on the top of the common where it ran into the road. Sanders must come into sight there, and the one who reached this point first would get Bell.

As Auld Lichts do not walk abroad on the Sabbath, Sanders would probably not be delayed. The chances were in his favor. Had it been any other day in the week, Sam'l might have run. So some of the congregation in the gallery were thinking, when suddenly they saw him bend low and then take to his heels. He had caught sight of Sanders' head bobbing over the hedge that separated the road from the common, and feared that Sanders might see him. The congregation who could crane their necks sufficiently saw a black object, which they guessed to be the carter's hat, crawling along the hedge-top. For a moment it was motionless, and then it shot ahead. The rivals had seen each other. It was now a hot race. Sam'l, dissembling no longer, clattered up the common, becoming smaller and smaller to the onlookers as he neared the top. More than one person in the gallery almost rose to their feet in their excitement. Sam'l had it. No, Sanders was in front. Then the two figures disappeared from view. They seemed to run into each other at the top of the brae, and no one could say who was first. The congregation looked at one another. Some of them perspired. But the minister held on his course.

Sam'l had just been in time to cut Sanders out. It was the weaver's saving that Sanders saw this when his rival turned the corner; for Sam'l was sadly blown. Sanders took in the situation and gave in at once. The last hundred yards of the distance he covered at his leisure, and when he arrived at his destination he did not go in. It was a fine afternoon for the time of year, and he went round to have a look at the pig, about which T'nowhead was a little sinfully puffed up.

" Ay," said Sanders, digging his fingers critically into the grunting animal; " quite so."

" Grumph! " said the pig, getting reluctantly to his feet.

" Ou ay; yes," said Sanders, thoughtfully.

Then he sat down on the edge of the sty, and looked long and silently at an empty bucket. But whether his thoughts were of T'nowhead Bell, whom he had lost forever, or of the food the farmer fed his pig on, is not known.

" Lord preserve's! Are ye no at the kirk? " cried Bell, nearly dropping the baby as Sam'l broke into the room.

" Bell! " cried Sam'l.

Then T'nowhead's Bell knew that her hour had come.

" Sam'l," she faltered.

" Will ye hae's, Bell? " demanded Sam'l, glaring at her sheepishly.

" Ay," answered Bell.

Sam'l fell into a chair.

" Bring's a drink o' water, Bell," he said.

But Bell thought the occasion required milk, and there was none in the kitchen. She went out to the byre, still with the baby in her arms, and saw Sanders Elshioner sitting gloomily on the pigsty.

" Weel, Bell," said Sanders.

" I thocht ye'd been at the kirk, Sanders," said Bell.

Then there was a silence between them.

" Has Sam'l speired ye, Bell? " asked Sanders, stolidly.

" Ay," said Bell again, and this time there was a tear in her eye. Sanders was little better than an " orra man," and Sam'l was a weaver, and yet —

But it was too late now. Sanders gave the pig a vicious poke with a stick, and when it had ceased to grunt, Bell was back in the kitchen. She had forgotten about the milk, however, and Sam'l only got water after all.

In after days, when the story of Bell's wooing was told, there were some who held that the circumstances would have almost justified the lassie in giving Sam'l the go-by. But these perhaps forgot that her other lover was in the same predicament as the accepted one — that, of the two, indeed, he was the more to blame, for he set off to T'nowhead on the Sabbath of his own accord, while Sam'l only ran after him. And then there is no one to say for certain whether Bell heard of her suitor's delinquencies until Lisbeth's return from the kirk. Sam'l could never remember whether he told her, and Bell was not sure whether, if he did, she took it in. Sanders was greatly in demand for weeks after to tell what he knew of the affair, but though he was twice asked to tea to the manse among the trees, and subjected thereafter to ministerial cross-examinations, this is all he told. He remained at the pig-sty until Sam'l left the farm, when he joined him at the top of the brae, and they went home together.

" It's yersel, Sanders," said Sam'l.

"It is so, Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Very cauld," said Sam'l.

"Blawy," assented Sanders.

After a pause —

"Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Ay."

"I'm hearin' yer to be mairit."

"Ay."

"Weel, Sam'l, she's a snod bit lassie."

"Thank ye," said Sam'l.

"I had ance a kin' o' notion o' Bell mysel," continued Sanders.

"Ye had? "

"Yes, Sam'l; but I thocht better o't."

"Hoo d'ye mean? " asked Sam'l, a little anxiously.

"Weel, Sam'l, mairitch is a terrible responsibeelity."

"It is so," said Sam'l, wincing.

"An' no the thing to take up withoot conseederation."

"But it's a blessed and honorable state, Sanders; ye've heard the minister on't."

"They say," continued the relentless Sanders, "'at the minister doesna get on sair wi' the wife himsel."

"So they do," cried Sam'l, with a sinking at the heart.

"I've been telt," Sanders went on, "'at gin you can get the upper han' o' the wife for awhile at first, there's the mair chance o' a harmonious exeestence."

"Bell's no the lassie," said Sam'l, appealingly, "to thwart her man."

Sanders smiled.

"D'ye think she is, Sanders? "

"Weel, Sam'l, I d'na want to fluster ye, but she's been ower lang wi' Lisbeth Fargus no to hae learnt her ways. An' a'body kins what a life T'nowhead has wi' her."

"Guid sake, Sanders, hoo did ye no speak o' this afoore? "

"I thocht ye kent o't, Sam'l."

They had now reached the square, and the U. P. kirk was coming out. The Auld Licht kirk would be half an hour yet.

"But, Sanders," said Sam'l, brightening up, "ye was on yer wy to speir her yersel."

"I was, Sam'l," said Sanders, "and I canna but be thankfu' ye was ower quick for's."

"Gin't hadna been for you," said Sam'l, "I wid never hae thocht o't."

"I'm sayin' naething agin Bell," pursued the other, "but, man Sam'l, a body should be mair deleeberate in a thing o' the kind."

"It was michty hurried," said Sam'l, woefully.

"It's a serious thing to speir a lassie," said Sanders.

"It's an awfu' thing," said Sam'l.

"But we'll hope for the best," added Sanders, in a hopeless voice.

They were close to the Tenements now, and Sam'l looked as if he were on his way to be hanged.

"Sam'l?"

"Ay, Sanders."

"Did ye — did ye kiss her, Sam'l?"

"Na."

"Hoo?"

"There's was varra little time, Sanders."

"Half an 'oor," said Sanders.

"Was there? Man Sanders, to tell ye the truth, I never thocht o't."

Then the soul of Sanders Elshioner was filled with contempt for Sam'l Dickie.

The scandal blew over. At first it was expected that the minister would interfere to prevent the union, but beyond intimating from the pulpit that the souls of Sabbath-breakers were beyond praying for, and then praying for Sam'l and Sanders at great length, with a word thrown in for Bell, he let things take their course. Some said it was because he was always frightened lest his young men should intermarry with other denominations, but Sanders explained it differently to Sam'l.

"I hav'na a word to say agin the minister," he said; "they're gran' prayers, but Sam'l he's a mairit man himsel."

"He's the better for that, Sanders, isna he?"

"Do ye no see," asked Sanders, compassionately, "'at he's tryin' to mak the best o't?"

"Oh, Sanders, man!" said Sam'l.

"Cheer up, Sam'l," said Sanders; "it'll sune be ower."

Their having been rival suitors had not interfered with their friendship. On the contrary, while they had hitherto been mere acquaintances, they became inseparables as the wedding-day drew near. It was noticed that they had much to say to each other, and that when they could not get a room to themselves they wandered about together in the churchyard. When Sam'l had anything to tell Bell, he sent Sanders to tell it, and Sanders did as he was bid. There was nothing that he would not have done for Sam'l.

The more obliging Sanders was, however, the sadder Sam'l grew. He never laughed now on Saturdays, and sometimes his loom was silent half the day. Sam'l felt that Sanders' was the kindness of a friend for a dying man.

It was to be a penny wedding, and Lisbeth Fargus said it was delicacy that made Sam'l superintend the fitting-up of the barn by deputy. Once he came to see it in person, but he looked so ill that Sanders had to see him home. This was on the Thursday afternoon, and the wedding was fixed for Friday.

"Sanders, Sanders," said Sam'l, in a voice strangely unlike his own, "it'll a' be ower by this time the morn."

"It will," said Sanders.

"If I had only kent her langer," continued Sam'l.

"It wid hae been safer," said Sanders.

"Did ye see the yallow floor in Bell's bonnet?" asked the accepted swain.

"Ay," said Sanders, reluctantly.

"I'm dootin' — I'm sair dootin' she's but a flichty, licht-hearted crittur, after a'."

"I had ay my suspeecions o't," said Sanders.

"Ye hae kent her langer than me," said Sam'l.

"Yes," said Sanders, "but there's nae gettin' at the heart o' women. Man Sam'l, they're desperate cunnin'."

"I'm dootin't; I'm sair dootin't."

"It'll be a warnin' to ye, Sam'l, no to be in sic a hurry i' the futur," said Sanders.

Sam'l groaned.

"Ye'll be gaein up to the manse to arrange wi' the minister the morn's mornin'," continued Sanders, in a subdued voice.

Sam'l looked wistfully at his friend.

"I canna do't, Sanders," he said, "I canna do't."

"Ye maun," said Sanders.

"It's aisy to speak," retorted Sam'l, bitterly.

"We have a' oor troubles, Sam'l," said Sanders, soothingly, "an every man maun bear his ain burdens. Johnny Davie's wife's dead, an' he's no repinin'."

"Ay," said Sam'l, "but a death's no a mairitch. We hae haen deaths in our family, too."

"It may a' be for the best," added Sanders, "an' there wid be a michty talk i' the hale country-side gin ye didna ging to the minister like a man."

"I maun hae langer to think o't," said Sam'l.

"Bell's mairitch is the morn," said Sanders, decisively.

Sam'l glanced up with a wild look in his eyes.

"Sanders!" he cried.

"Sam'l!"

"Ye hae been a guid friend to me, Sanders, in this sair affliction."

"Nothing ava," said Sanders; "dount mention't."

"But, Sanders, ye canna deny but what your rinnin oot o' the kirk that awfu' day was at the bottom o't a'."

"It was so," said Sanders, bravely.

"An' ye used to be fond o' Bell, Sanders."

"I dinna deny 't."

"Sanders, laddie," said Sam'l, bending forward and speaking in a wheedling voice, "I aye thocht it was you she likit."

"I had some sic idea mysel," said Sanders.

"Sanders, I canna think to pairt twa fowk sae weel suited to ane anither as you an' Bell."

"Canna ye, Sam'l?"

"She wid make ye a guid wife, Sanders. I hae studied her weel, and she's a thrifty, douce, clever lassie. Sanders, there's no the like o' her. Mony a time, Sanders, I hae said to mysel, There's a lass ony man micht be prood to tak. A'body says the same, Sanders. There's nae risk ava, man; nane to speak o'. Tak her, laddie, tak her, Sanders, it's a grand chance, Sanders. She's yours for the speirin. I'll gie her up, Sanders."

"Will ye, though?" said Sanders.

"What d'ye think?" asked Sam'l.

"If ye wid rayther," said Sanders, politely.

"There's my han' on't," said Sam'l. "Bless ye, Sanders; ye've been a true frien' to me."

Then they shook hands for the first time in their lives; and soon afterward Sanders struck up the brae to T'nowhead.

Next morning Sanders Elshioner, who had been very busy the night before, put on his Sabbath clothes and strolled up to the manse.

"But — but where is Sam'l?" asked the minister. "I must see himself."

"It's a new arrangement," said Sanders.

"What do you mean, Sanders?"

"Bell's to marry me," explained Sanders.

"But — but what does Sam'l say?"

"He's willin'," said Sanders.

"And Bell?"

"She's willin', too. She prefers it."

"It is unusual," said the minister.

"It's a' richt," said Sanders.

"Well, you know best," said the minister.

"You see, the hoose was taen, at ony rate," continued Sanders. "An' I'll juist ging in til't instead o' Sam'l."

"Quite so."

"An' I cudna think to disappoint the lassie."

"Your sentiments do you credit, Sanders," said the minister; "but I hope you do not enter upon the blessed state of matrimony without full consideration of its responsibilities. It is a serious business, marriage."

"It's a' that," said Sanders; "but I'm willin' to stan' the risk."

So, as soon as it could be done, Sanders Elshioner took to wife T'nowhead's Bell, and I remember seeing Sam'l Dickie trying to dance at the penny wedding.

Years afterward it was said in Thrums that Sam'l had treated Bell badly, but he was never sure about it himself.

"It was a near thing — a michty near thing," he admitted in the square.

"They say," some other weaver would remark, "'at it was you Bell liked best."

"I d'na kin," Sam'l would reply, "but there's nae doot the lassie was fell fond o' me. Ou, a mere passin' fancy's ye micht say."

AFTER THE SERMON

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ONE may gossip in a glen on Sabbaths, though not in a town, without losing his character, and I used to await the return of my neighbor, the farmer of Waster Lunny, and of Birse, the Glen Quharity post, at the end of the school-house path. Waster Lunny was a man whose care in his leisure hours was to keep from his wife his great pride in her. His horse, Catlaw, on the other hand, he told outright what he thought of it, praising it to its face and blackguarding it as it deserved, and I have seen him, when completely baffled by the brute, sit down before it on a stone and thus harangue: — "You think you're clever, Catlaw, my lass, but you're mista'en. You're a thrawn limmer, that's what you are. You think you have blood in you. You ha'e blood! Gae awa, and dinna blether. I tell you what, Catlaw, I met a man yestreen that kent your mither, and he says she was a feikie,[1] fushionless besom. What do you say to that?"

As for the post, I will say no more of him than that his bitter topic was the unreasonableness of humanity, which treated him graciously when he had a letter for it, but scowled at him when he had none, "aye implying that I ha'e a letter, but keep it back."

On the Sabbath evening after the riot, I stood at the usual place awaiting my friends, and saw before they reached me that they had something untoward to tell. The farmer, his wife, and three children, holding each other's hands, stretched across the road. Birse was a little behind, but a conversation was being kept up by shouting. All were walking the Sabbath pace, and the family having started half a minute in advance, the post had not yet made up on them.

"It's sitting to snaw," Waster Lunny said, drawing near, and just as I was to reply, "It is so," Silva slipped in the words before me.

"You wasna at the kirk," was Elspeth's salutation. I had been at the glen church, but did not contradict her, for it is Established, and so neither here nor there. I was anxious, too, to know what their long faces meant, and therefore asked at once — "Was Mr. Dishart on the riot?"

"Forenoon, ay; afternoon, no," replied Waster Lunny, walking round his

[1] Over-particular.

wife to get nearer me. "Dominie, a queery thing happened in the kirk this day, sic as — "

"Waster Lunny," interrupted Elspeth sharply, "have you on your Sabbath shoon or have you no on your Sabbath shoon? "

"Guid care you took I should ha'e the dagont oncanny things on," retorted the farmer.

"Keep out o' the gutter, then," said Elspeth, "on the Lord's day."

"Him," said her man, "that is forced by a foolish woman to wear genteel 'lastic-sided boots canna forget them until he takes them aff. Whaur's the extra reverence in wearing shoon twa sizes ower sma'? "

"It mayna be mair reverent," suggested Birse, to whom Elspeth's kitchen was a pleasant place, "but it's grand, and you canna expect to be baith grand and comfortable."

I reminded them that they were speaking of Mr. Dishart.

"We was saying," began the post briskly, "that — "

"It was me that was saying it," said Waster Lunny. "So, Dominie — "

"Haud your gabs, baith o' you," interrupted Elspeth. "You've been roaring the story to one another till you're hoarse."

"In the forenoon," Waster Lunny went on determinedly, "Mr. Dishart preached on the riot, and fine he was. Oh, dominie, you should hae heard him ladling it on to Lang Tammas, no by name, but in sic a way that there was no mistaking wha he was preaching at. Sal! oh, losh! Tammas got it strong."

"But he's dull in the uptake," broke in the post, "by what I expected. I spoke to him after the sermon, and I says, just to see if he was properly humbled: — 'Ay, Tammas,' I says, 'them that discourse was preached against winna think themselves seven-feet men for a while again.' 'Ay, Birse,' he answers, 'and glad I am to hear you admit it, for he had you in his eye.' I was fair scunnered at Tammas the day."

"Mr. Dishart was preaching at the whole clan-jamfray o' you," said Elspeth.

"Maybe he was," said her husband, leering; "but you needna cast it at us, for my certie, if the men got it frae him in the forenoon, the women got it in the afternoon."

"He redd them up most michty," said the post. "Thae was his very words or something like them: — 'Adam,' says he, 'was an erring man, but aside Eve he was respectable.' "

"Ay, but it wasna a' women he meant," Elspeth explained, "for when he said that, he pointed his finger direct at T'nowhead's lassie, and I hope it'll do her good."

"But, I wonder," I said, "that Mr. Dishart chose such a subject today. I thought he would be on the riot at both services."

"You'll wonder mair," said Elspeth, "when you hear what happened afore

he began the afternoon sermon. But I canna get in a word wi' that man o' mine."

"We've been speaking about it," said Birse, "ever since we left the kirk door. Tod, we've been sawing it like seed a' alang the glen."

"And we meant to tell you about it at once," said Waster Lunny; "but there's aye so muckle to say about a minister. Dagont, to hae ane keeps a body out o' languor. Ay, but this breaks the drum. Dominie, either Mr. Dishart wasna weel or he was in the devil's grip."

This startled me, for the farmer was looking serious.

"He was weel eneuch," said Birse, "for a heap o' fowk speired at Jean if he had ta'en his porridge as usual, and she admitted he had. But the lassie was skeered hersel', and said it was a mercy Mrs. Dishart wasna in the kirk."

"Why was she not there?" I asked anxiously.

"Ou, he winna let her out in sic weather."

"I wish you would tell me what happened," I said to Elspeth.

"So I will," she answered, "if Waster Lunny would haud his wheest for a minute. You see the afternoon diet began in the ordinary way, and a' was richt until we came to the sermon. 'You will find my text,' he says, in his piercing voice, 'in the eighth chapter of Ezra.'"

"And at thae words," said Waster Lunny, "my heart gae a loup, for Ezra is an unca ill book to find; ay, and so is Ruth."

"I kent the books o' the Bible by heart," said Elspeth, scornfully, "when I was a sax-year-auld."

"So did I," said Waster Lunny, "and I ken them yet, except when I'm hurried. When Mr. Dishart gave out Ezra he a sort o' keeked round the kirk to find out if he had puzzled onybody, and so there was a kind o' a competition among the congregation wha would lay hand on it first. That was what doited me. Ay, there was Ruth when she wasna wanted, but Ezra, dagont, it looked as if Ezra had jumped clean out o' the Bible."

"You wasna the only distressed crittur," said his wife. "I was ashamed to see Eppie McLaren looking up the order o' the books at the beginning o' the Bible."

"Tibbie Birse was even mair brazen," said the post, "for the sly cuttie opened at Kings and pretended it was Ezra."

"None o' thae things would I do," said Waster Lunny, "and sal, I dauredna, for Davit Lunan was glowering ower my shuther. Ay, you may scowl at me, Elspeth Proctor, but as far back as I can mind Ezra has done me. Mony a time afore I start for the kirk I take my Bible to a quiet place and look Ezra up. In the very pew I says canny to mysel', 'Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job,' the which should be a help, but the moment the minister gi'es out that awfu' book, away goes Ezra like the Egyptian."

"And you after her," said Elspeth, "like the weavers that wouldna fecht. You make a windmill of your Bible."

"Oh, I winna admit I'm beat. Never mind, there's queer things in the world forby Ezra. How is cripples aye so puffed up mair than other folk? How does flour-bread aye fall on the buttered side?"

"I will mind," Elspeth said, "for I was terrified the minister would admonish you frae the pulpit."

"He couldna hae done that, for was he no baffled to find Ezra himsel'?"

"Him no find Ezra!" cried Elspeth. "I hae telled you a dozen times he found it as easy as you could yoke a horse."

"The thing can be explained in no other way," said her husband doggedly; "if he was weel and in sound mind."

"Maybe the dominie can clear it up," suggested the post, "him being a scholar."

"Then tell me what happened," I asked.

"Man, hae we no telled you?" Birse said. "I thocht we had."

"It was a terrible scene," said Elspeth, giving her husband a shove. "As I said, Mr. Dishart gave out Ezra eighth. Weel, I turned it up in a jiffy, and syne looked cautiously to see how Eppie McLaren was getting on. Just at that minute I heard a groan frae the pulpit. It didna stop short o' a groan. Ay, you may be sure I looked quick at the minister, and there I saw a sicht that would hae made the grandest gape. His face was as white as a baker's, and he had a sort of fallen against the back o' the pulpit, staring demented-like at his open Bible."

"And I saw him," said Birse, "put up his hand atween him and the Book, as if he thocht it was to jump at him."

"Twice," said Elspeth, "he tried to speak, and twice he let the words fall."

"That," said Waster Lunny, "the whole congregation admits, but I didna see it mysel', for a' this time you may picture me hunting savage-like for Ezra. I thocht the minister was waiting till I found it."

"Hendry Munn," said Birse, "stood upon one leg, wondering whether he should run to the session-house for a glass of water."

"But by that time," said Elspeth, "the fit had left Mr. Dishart, or rather it had ta'en a new turn. He grew red, and it's gospel that he stamped his foot."

"He had the face of one using bad words," said the post. "He didna swear, of course, but that was the face he had on."

"I missed it," said Waster Lunny, "for I was in full cry after Ezra, with the sweat running down my face."

"But the most astounding thing has yet to be telled," went on Elspeth. "The minister shook himsel' loke one wakening frae a nasty dream, and he cries in a voice of thunder, just as if he was shaking his fist at somebody —"

"He cries," Birse interposed, cleverly, "he cries, 'You will find the text in Genesis, chapter three, verse six.'"

"Yes," said Elspeth, "first he gave out one text, and then he gave out another, being the most amazing thing to my mind that ever happened in the

town of Thrums. What will our children's children think o't? I wouldna ha'e missed it for a pound note."

"Nor me," said Waster Lunny, "though I only got the tail o't. Dominie, no sooner had he said Genesis third and sixth, than I laid my finger on Ezra. Was it no provoking? Onybody can turn up Genesis, but it needs an able-bodied man to find Ezra."

"He preached on the Fall," Elspeth said, "for an hour and twenty-five minutes, but powerful though he was I would rather he had telled us what made him gie the go-by to Ezra."

"All I can say," said Waster Lunny, "is that I never heard him mair awe-inspiring. Whaur has he got sic a knowledge of women? He riddled them, he fair riddled them, till I was ashamed o' being married."

"It's easy kent whaur he got his knowledge of women," Birse explained, "it's a' in the original Hebrew. You can howk ony mortal thing out o' the original Hebrew, the which all ministers hae at their finger ends. What else makes them ken to jump a verse now and then when giving out a psalm?"

"It wasna women like me he denounced," Elspeth insisted, "but young lassies that leads men astray wi' their abominable wheedling ways."

"Tod," said her husband, "if they try their hands on Mr. Dishart they'll meet their match."

"They will," chuckled the post. "The Hebrew's a grand thing, though teuch, I'm telled, michty teuch."

"His sublimest burst," Waster Lunny came back to tell me, "was about the beauty o' the soul being everything and the beauty o' the face no worth a snuff. What a scorn he has for bonny faces and toom souls! I dinna deny but what a bonny face fell takes me, but Mr. Dishart wouldna gi'e a blade o' grass for't. Ay, and I used to think that in their foolishness about women there was dagont little differ atween the unlearned and the highly edicated."

JOSEPH CONRAD

BETWEEN the birth of Feodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski, the child of Polish parents, in the Ukraine on December 6, 1856, and the death of Joseph Conrad, Master Mariner and leading English novelist, at his English home, Bishopsbourne, Oswalds, Kent, on August 4, 1924, the bearer of those two names underwent vicissitudes of fortune as strange as those that befell the hero of any of his own adventureful romances.

He grew up in Poland and Russia amid the changes and uncertainties which it has been the unhappy fate of Poland to undergo. After the death of his parents, for which the sufferings of disappointment and exile were largely responsible, he was affectionately cared for by an uncle, his mother's brother. He was put in charge of an excellent tutor to be prepared for the University of Kracow; but he had been obsessed from childhood by an unaccountable desire to go to sea — a desire which neither the incredulous amazement of his relatives, nor the reasoning of his tutor served to abate. Eventually, at the age of seventeen, just as he was ready to matriculate, he left Poland, and shipped on a sailing vessel out of Marseilles — an incorrigible Don Quixote. From then on for more than twenty years he led the life of a deep-water sailor. The details of Conrad's youthful adventures are somewhat vaguely shadowed in his autobiographical sketch 'A Personal Record,' but they were not generally known until 1927, when his friend, Sir Hugh Clifford, Governor of Ceylon, gave them to the world in an address on Conrad, delivered to the Ceylon branch of the English Association. Sir Hugh Clifford's intimate association with Conrad and the fact that he obtained Conrad's life story from the novelist's own lips give the following narrative peculiar interest and significance: —

" I have a shrewd suspicion that young Conrad ran away from school; and he certainly made two voyages to the West Indies as a cabin boy, or something like it, on board a French ship ere ever he turned his thoughts towards the British mercantile marine. But from the first the sea — of which he later wrote with such extraordinary power and imaginative force — exercised over him an irresistible fascination, and in spite of the adverse circumstances amid which his earlier voyages were undertaken he landed from the last of them at Brest firmly determined to become a professional sailor.

" Though he knew and spoke French perfectly, and might therefore with much greater ease have qualified for the mercantile marine of France, his aspiring spirit urged him to throw in his lot with the greatest merchant navy

of the world, and accordingly we find him landing at Lowestoft at the age of nineteen possessed of not a single word of English, but with the set purpose of becoming a British seaman under the Red Ensign.

"At Lowestoft he made the casual acquaintance of an old fellow named Captain Cook who for untold years had been in command of a collier which plied regularly between that port and Cardiff. He was by then well stricken in years, but it was popularly reported of him that during the whole course of his sea service he had never been out of sight of land — a fact which, combined with the historic name he bore, caused him to be commonly known as 'The Great Circumnavigator.' By this old man was young Conrad befriended, and it was on board his collier that the latter, first as a common hand and later as an able seaman, made a succession of voyages between Lowestoft and Cardiff.

"Conrad had had a sound education, though the spirit of adventure in him had put a premature period to his studies. He had spoken Polish and French from infancy, and also knew, I think, some Russian and German, and he seems to have picked up a working knowledge of English with ease and rapidity. Meanwhile, during the long, uneventful days afloat, old Captain Cook, who had taken a fancy to the lad, coached him in navigation and seamanship, and when he believed his pupil to be ripe for the experiment sent him up to London to sit for his examination for his second mate's certificate.

"Conrad must have been not quite twenty-one years of age when he sailed to the East as the second mate on board the Judea, and thereafter for nearly thirteen years he knocked about the world, mostly on sailing ships and steam tramps. In turn he visited all the principal ports of both hemispheres, unconsciously accumulating memories which he subsequently put to such stupendous use; and during all this time, he told me, though he read voraciously in French and English, he hardly ever put pen to paper, and very rarely even wrote to his uncle in Kracow. Toward the end of that time he, for a space, lay ill for some weeks in the hospital at Singapore, but even then the inclination to write did not assert itself.

"He had worked hard, however, for many years wrestling with the sea, and of a sudden he felt himself to be weary and in need of rest. He told his friends that he had decided to give himself a holiday and to spend a year ashore — out of sight of the sea. He chose for this purpose lodgings in Bessborough Gardens, a dismal place in Pimlico off the Vauxhall Bridge Road; and he presently made the discovery that living in this unlovely locality amid a wilderness of strangers, even though it were out of sight of the sea, was one of the roughest jobs to which he had set his hand. Yet he was loth to acknowledge himself defeated — to return to the sea in spite of his resolve and his proclamation of his intentions to his friends; and thus it was as it were in self-defense and because idleness was foreign to his nature, that he began, as one might say by accident, to write.

"The book which was thus begun was, as all the world now knows, 'Almayer's Folly.' And when presently Conrad returned to the sea the manuscript went with him; and from the days its first page was written in 1889, until it was at last sent off to a publisher in 1894, it was his constant companion. It went with him to sea; it went with him to Poland during the first visit that he had paid to his native land for a decade and a half; it went with him to West Africa and up the Congo, where he commanded for a short time a river steamboat; and never once, I think, during all the time that he was engaged in working at it was anything in the nature of literary ambition present to his consciousness."

The success of Conrad's first novel, written under such extraordinary conditions, was in itself sufficiently remarkable; but even more astonishing was his almost immediate mastery of the principles and methods of the art he came to practise late in life and in a language not his own. The preface he wrote for 'The Nigger of the Narcissus,' may be classed with Maupassant's preface to 'Pierre et Jean' among the permanent contributions to literary theory, especially as it affects the art of modern fiction, and nothing else throws so much light on Conrad's own work — the aims he has in view and the means by which he strives to accomplish them.

He begins with a very clear definition of art, contrasting it with philosophy, which deals with ideas, and science, which deals with facts and theories, and leads up to the conclusion that "the artist appeals to that part of our being which is not dependent on wisdom; to that in us which is a gift and not an acquisition — and, therefore, more permanently enduring. He speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives: to our sense of pity, and beauty, and pain: to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation; and to the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts: to that solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity — the dead to the living, and the living to the unborn."

He then goes on to justify fiction as an art:

"Fiction — if it at all aspires to be art — appeals to temperament. And in truth it must be, like painting, like music, like all art, the appeal of one temperament to all the other innumerable temperaments whose subtle and resistless power endows passing events with their true meaning, and creates the moral, the emotional atmosphere of the place and time. Such an appeal, to be effective, must be an impression conveyed through the senses; and, in fact, it cannot be made in any other way, because temperament, whether individual or collective, is not amenable to persuasion. All art, therefore, appeals primarily to the senses, and the artistic aim when expressing itself in written words must also make its appeal through the senses, if its high desire is to reach the secret spring of responsive emotions. It must strenuously aspire

to the plasticity of sculpture, to the color of painting, and to the magic suggestiveness of music — which is the art of arts. And it is only through complete unswerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting, never-discouraged care for the shape and ring of sentences that an approach can be made to plasticity, to color; and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words: of the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage.

"The sincere endeavor to accomplish that creative task, to go as far on that road as his strength will carry him, to go undeterred by faltering, weariness, or reproach, is the only valid justification for the worker in prose. And if his conscience is clear, his answer to those who, in the fullness of a wisdom that looks for immediate profit, demand specifically to be edified, consoled, amused; who demand to be promptly improved or encouraged, or frightened, or shocked, or charmed, must run thus: — My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel — it is, before all, to make you *see*. That — and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts: encouragement, consolation, fear, charm — all you demand and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask."

Every one of Conrad's novels and stories shows a fidelity to the ideal thus eloquently set forth. Books so conceived and executed do not fail to have definite and rather unusual characteristics, some of which are at first reading disconcerting. In the earlier works his style, for instance, is too consciously sonorous. It must be said, however, that this is due not so much to an excess of "care for the shape and ring of sentences" as to the fact that he has yet to realize that English prose has not the crystal resonance of French. Obviously this early style is founded on French models. The later works do not contain such conscious profusion of rhythm and regular cadence, though even in 'Victory' there is often a suspicion of timbre that is not English.

His desire to give to fiction as an art something of the plasticity of sculpture may account in a general way for another, and to some a more disconcerting characteristic, which becomes more and more prominent in the novels and stories after 'Lord Jim.' It is an extremely complicated method of telling a story by means of several observers and narrators. From one point of view this is Conrad's compromise with the convention of the novelist's omniscience; for compromise it is, though in 'Chance' he has achieved such results with it as to raise very pressingly the question whether or not he has broken quite away from tradition and created a new art of the novel. So far as story-telling is concerned, the simple assumption by a novelist of a complete knowledge of characters, motives, causes, and effects makes easy going for both the writer and the reader, and is indeed desirable for the sake of smoothness in narration. Conrad himself has assumed such knowledge in his first three novels, in 'The

Secret Agent,' and in many of his short stories. But for the presentation of 'Lord Jim' he seems to have felt the need of a method that would give more relief, that would make his characters stand out from their background, and would endow them with a movement more varied than that of a marionette pulled in a straight groove across the stage. With this aim in view he created Captain Marlow. Marlow is a man past middle age, whose wide experience of life, similar to Conrad's own, has left him with a detached but thoroughly kind interest in human beings. He pieces the story of Jim out of what he has actually seen of him, what he has heard, and what he has thought. His tale is, of course, often straight narration, but the novel of 'Lord Jim' is the story of Marlow telling the story of Jim; and it is the creation of Jim out, as it were, of Marlow, and at the same time the creation of Marlow wholly apart from Jim, that give Jim all but the breath of life. Unfortunately the novel (which still retains its undeserved fame of being Conrad's masterpiece) suffers rather seriously from Marlow's interminable psychological speculations. Conrad has given him much too free a rein; and all such narrators are of the kind that given an inch will take an ell.

But his handling of Marlow and the like has since become prodigiously skilful. In 'Chance' he has employed at least four narrators: Marlow, Captain Powell, and Mr. and Mrs. Fyne, and there are others besides. Three of these characters play a part in the novel quite distinct from their parts as narrators; yet Conrad has handled all the complications which such a method must occasion so smoothly that the reader hardly realizes the difficulties that the author has surmounted. They are difficulties with which most authors would not choose to burden themselves. Indeed, Henry James wrote that 'Chance' had proved Conrad the votary of the "way to do a thing that shall undergo most doing." But Conrad's success is beyond question, and the vindication of the method may be found in the intricate and perfect counterfeit of reality which 'Chance' presents. It is a method which has given to the novel not a little of the plasticity of sculpture. 'Chance' as a whole is a perfectly rounded work of art, art in the abstract sense of form and structure. Moreover, the two central figures, Flora de Barral and Captain Anthony, are molded, as it were, by the subtle touches of many pairs of hands, the source of whose single inspiration — Conrad's high creative force — is all but concealed by the method. Of course, these characters are more than statues; they have been endowed with faculties of movement and sensation. And the greatest triumph of the method is that they move, not against a background, but in the midst of a circumfluent reality.

It was perhaps as much the desire to present his characters so surrounded as the high artistic aim to give to his novels the plasticity of sculpture that impelled Conrad to devise and perfect the method of presentation of which 'Chance' is so splendid a result. Speaking of Marlow, who relates 'Heart of Darkness,' he has said:

"To him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel, but outside, enveloping the tale, which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of these misty halos that are made sometimes visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine."

Such an envelopment of the chief episodes is one of the most striking characteristics of nearly all Conrad's novels and stories.

Less rich in suggestion to fellow-craftsmen than this perfected method, but not less important in the general effect of Conrad's work, is his incessant appeal to the senses, or rather to the sense imagination, of his readers. He has set before himself the task of making his readers feel, hear, and above all see. Therefore he is as scrupulously precise in naming a color, in tracing a line, and in describing a sound, a taste, or a smell, as Meredith in polishing an aphorism, or Henry James in analyzing a manner; and he demands of the reader as concentrated an effort to imagine as Meredith or James to comprehend. For one who has made this effort his novels are uniquely vivid. The memories retained of them are as of things actually seen and heard, and in some places even experienced. His work necessarily abounds in passages of description, and a study of his development in the mastery of this special art of writing would be interesting. The descriptions in the early works often suffer from the consciousness of style. 'Youth,' for example, one of the most poetic of his stories, is marred by monotonousness of rhythm and cadence. One suspects deliberateness in the heaping on of color. As his style grows more flexible, his descriptions become less sensuous but more vivid, less massive but more finely brilliant. Yet it must be added that he has never written finer description than in 'The Nigger of the Narcissus,' or anything more vivid than the account of the passage of the Patna ('Lord Jim'), or than that of Jim himself before the court of inquiry. He handles color as a painter; and adds to this such a suggestion of sound and smell as to convey to his readers in many passages the sensation of life itself.

This emphasis on the sensible attributes of all he wishes to write about is a marked positive result of his conception of the function of the novelist striving for artistic expression. A negative result, not less marked, is the absence from his books of much of what most novelists have deemed suitable matter for novels. Of criticism, of doctrine, and of general philosophy his novels contain little or nothing. He suggests no reform; he champions no ideal. For the most part he withholds both commendation and blame from his characters. Indeed it would be hard to find traces of even a personal sympathy with more than two or three of the many men and women he has created. As an artist he makes no compromise with life. To this extent he is a realist; and if he were nothing more, an estimate of his work might end here with admiration for its vividness and power. But he is more.

The realist deals with local actualities. The reality he portrays is circumscribed. He may achieve perfect verisimilitude, but he reveals no more than a

fragment of the truth. In Conrad's work there is no hint of such circumscription. His life upon the sea and his varied experience in many lands and among many kinds of people have given him an extraordinary breadth of vision. The fragments of truth he has chosen here and there to reveal are arranged in perspective and in relation to all life. Consequently there are in his work qualities of general understanding and of general revelation which, though not uncommon in our best poetry, produce upon the ordinary reader of modern fiction an effect of strangeness.

Yet Conrad is not a visionary. He presents life as it is. His characters have nothing of the heroic, and they are extraordinarily real. Few are wholly despicable; none is idealized. It can be said of none that here is a standard-bearer for the race. They show no literary earmarks. He has drawn them without prejudice for race, color, and social caste; and they are so distinct from each other that it is impossible to generalize about them, except to say that all, being in the midst of life, are compelled to struggle against a force that is not benevolent. It is the revelation of such a force, not visionary but real, influencing the lives of men in all circumstances and in all parts of the world, that Conrad's novels and stories have accomplished. The revelation is distinct and articulate. Conrad has not shown man miserable in conflict with the impersonal forces of nature. On the contrary, as a sailor he has seen how men in ships unite against the wind and sea when they are hostile, and become strong and noble in their union. That force which brings grief and misery upon the races rises out of man himself, out of man's greed, which turns him against his own kind and renders him distrustful, envious, and cruel. Here is the tragedy, harshly evident to the eyes of the sailor visiting the habitations of man after months on the sea.

Conrad's first four novels deal almost exclusively with life in the eastern archipelagoes, to which the search for profit and gold has brought the white man. The subtle disguises of western civilization have been left far behind. 'Almayer's Folly' tells of the slow moral degradation of a man who quite openly sold himself, who married a savage Malay girl for the sake of the money her protector, the powerful Captain Lingard, had promised should go with her. 'An Outcast of the Islands' is the story of a man who resorted to treachery to get hold of a treasure he believed hidden in the interior of Borneo, and who suffered a terrible vengeance in consequence. 'The Nigger of the Narcissus' stands by itself as a story dealing wholly with life on the sea; but even here, the miserable Donkin, who stirred up discontent and mutiny upon the ship, Conrad has only finally branded as utterly despicable in an act of thieving from a man dying alone and helpless. 'Lord Jim' is the story of a man whom one act of cowardice drove farther and farther from civilization; yet that act was due to the rottenness of a steamer which but for the hidden greed of men had never sailed the seas with its crowded mass of pilgrims.

The next novel, 'Nostromo,' is in some ways the most remarkable of Con-

rad's achievements. It has the qualities of an epic. It seems the complete expression of modern life, of life actuated by the far-reaching and powerful spirit of commercial enterprise. There are a dozen stories in it; there are a dozen sets of characters, astonishingly alive; there are success and failure, love and hate, true patriotism and selfish scheming, aspiration, defiance, tenderness, and cruelty. There is hardly a human passion but plays its part in the intricate tangle of the action; but through it all runs the dominating influence of the great San Tomé silver mine, the symbol of law and order, the cause of revolutions, the source of tragedy. Conrad has created a South American republic and has peopled it with men and women. There are the native inhabitants to whom the land belongs, of partly Spanish and partly Indian origin; there are men and women of various European nationalities who have drifted there, and there are men who have come there on purpose to develop the material possibilities of the land. The vast drama of their lives, enacting itself for the most part between the mine, back in the mountains, and the town of Sulaco on the shores of the Placid Gulf, Conrad has cast in the form of a novel for which, in the completeness of its revelation of modern life, it would be perhaps impossible to find a parallel.

In three of the four novels following 'Nostromo' — 'The Secret Agent,' 'Under Western Eyes,' and 'Chance' — Conrad has turned his attention to life in Europe; and in 'Victory,' the chief characters have preserved their western subtleties. 'The Secret Agent' and 'Under Western Eyes' fill the space between 'Nostromo' on the one hand and 'Chance' on the other. Having in 'Nostromo' revealed once and for all, and on a scale that is truly colossal, the motive power of the spirit of avarice in human affairs, Conrad falls back for his next two novels upon the concentrated study of two brief episodes of special interest: an explosion in Greenwich, for which he imagines the anarchists in London are indirectly responsible; and a political assassination in Russia, with its effect upon a man who is essentially order-loving. The characters are, like all his characters, astonishingly definite and alive, but they are relatively few in number. The range of interest, too, is restricted, so that in spite of the brilliance of technique and the vitality of both novels, 'The Secret Agent' and 'Under Western Eyes' may be taken as the product of a period of replenishment, that is, of spiritual replenishment, since there is no sign in either of flagging energy or mental fatigue.

Having passed through this period, Conrad approaches his next novels with a changed, matured, and ever deepening interest in the mystery of human destiny. He is still the realist in method, representing life as it is. His drawing and modeling are still clear and firm; his colors still brilliant. But over both 'Chance' and 'Victory' there play shadows like those that fall upon the land from great clouds moving across the sky. Out of man's greed has risen a cloud of Fate, as the smoke rose from the genie's lamp. In both novels the instance of greed from which evil has grown may be found. That which first

embittered Flora de Barral, and which proved to be the origin of most of the misery which she was forced to undergo, was the imprisonment of her father for dishonesty in pursuit of his financial ambitions. In 'Victory' that which brought evil and death to Samburan, a lonely island whither Axel Heyst had taken the girl Lena to save her from the vile persecutions of the hotel keeper, Schomberg, was a shameless lust for booty. But Conrad's interest is here not in the corroding influence of greed upon those who have given way to it, but in the struggle of unselfish men and women against the general power of evil which love of gain has turned loose upon the world. That power has been personified. Old de Barral, coming crazed from prison and full of murderous intent, and the utterly cold-blooded and malevolent Jones are more than standard villains in melodrama. They are symbols of all the evil in the world.

For Conrad, evil is that power which turns man against his kind, tearing that bond of fellowship, of solidarity as he has called it, in which is man's source of comfort and strength. The tragedy of human life he finds in its loneliness, in that particular loneliness of man living in the midst of his fellows. The tragedy of Almayer's life is not that it is passed in a remote quarter of the globe, far from men and women of his own class and race, but that he has lost the power to feel confidence, that he regards his fellow-beings with suspicion and distrust. So it is in both 'Chance' and 'Victory.' Flora de Barral dares trust nobody. Hence the terrible loneliness of her life, which all but warps her soul. Lena, that pathetic figure of 'Victory' about whom alone of all his characters Conrad has allowed a radiance to shine, has from babyhood found no honest friend. In neither of these wan and helpless girls is there evil. They suffer under a malignant fate.

If evil is that force which turns man against his kind, then the force to oppose it must be one that unites the members of the race. Conrad has found many types of such a force: fidelity, the sense of obligation, common need in the face of danger, and it is almost needless to add, love. These last two novels are the story of a victory of love over fate.

In neither 'Chance' nor 'Victory' does love achieve the radiant triumph of romance. The victory is not in that opposition has been wholly overcome, but in that two human beings have become united in spite of fate. Does that union, short-lived, but complete, symbolize the solidarity of the race, of which Conrad has written so eloquently in the preface to 'The Nigger of the Narcissus'? He has promised that if he succeeds in his self-appointed task as an artist, and there seems to be no reasonable doubt that he has succeeded, we shall find in the result of his work what we look for in art: something of encouragement and hope, among other things. On first thought there seems to be nothing for comfort in the gloomy novel of 'Chance'; and 'Victory' is indeed a tragedy, a match for 'Hamlet' in general mortality. Yet there is a hint in the title of the latter which points to a deep meaning not only in that novel but in all that Conrad has written. It is a meaning felt but not easily

perceived, for it envelops all life and is more vague and more vast than the act of all living. Conrad — sailor, novelist, realist, fatalist, mystic, or poet, call him what you will — stands revealed by his work as a prophet of one great truth: the solidarity of the human race, masked by social distinctions, forgotten in national prejudice, terribly rent by selfishness and greed, but eternally indestructible.

'The Rescue' stands apart in the list of Conrad's works, not merely by the fact that twenty years elapsed between its beginning and its completion. First published in 1920, it was far advanced in 1898, when the author laid it aside to begin and complete without a pause 'The Nigger of the Narcissus.' The contents and the close of the story he had clearly in mind at the earlier date; what he had lost for the moment was "the sense of the proper formula of expression, of the only formula that would suit"; in reality, he says, it was "the doubt of my prose, the doubt of its adequacy." There can be no doubt of the adequacy of the style of the finished work; it is Conrad at his highest perfection. What gives the novel its supreme value is, however, a certain brooding quality which Professor H. S. Canby has singled out as that which distinguishes Conrad from all other writers in English — a characteristic of the Slav mind. In no other novel has the author displayed greater skill as a psychologist. The problem he had set before himself was a most difficult one — the impact of a highly-sophisticated woman's soul upon that of a simple, passionate, great-hearted adventurer — our old friend Captain Lingard, in the prime of his youth, still full of eager ambitions, dreams, and plans. These high schemes of his are troubled and brought to naught by his passion, which confuses his mind, weakens his will, and saps his native energy at the crucial moment so that he seems, even to himself, to have broken his pledged word and betrayed his friends. This inner conflict is analyzed by Conrad with mature power, while the subordinate interests of an exciting plot retain the verve and brilliance of an earlier period. The Malay characters are vividly imagined, and if the sophisticated Europeans are less completely realized, they are still living enough to be convincing and to carry on the story. The central figure is, of course, the youthful Lingard; in the grip of an overwhelming enthralment, he struggles manfully against the Fates, and retains the fascinated and sympathetic interest of the reader until, in the very last words of the novel, he gives the command, "Steer north," which separates him forever from the woman, still the object of his devout adoration, who has all but wrecked his life.

In the last years of his life Conrad turned his romantic imagination once more to Europe, and especially to that period of European history which had long engaged his attention — the rise and fall of Napoleon. He began a great novel dealing with the period of suspense between the two exiles of Elba and St. Helena which culminated in the battle of Waterloo, and turned aside from it to finish a shorter interlude dealing with an earlier phase of Na-

poleonic adventure before Trafalgar, 'The Rover,' in which we have a fleeting glimpse of the other great romantic hero of the time, Nelson. Whether in the more important work, 'Suspense,' published after Conrad's death, in the fragmentary state in which he left it, we should have had a similar glimpse of Napoleon, we shall never know. It seems possible, even probable, for the young Englishman in whose fortunes the three hundred pages of 'Suspense' mainly interests us, was, where the story breaks off, cruising near Elba in the company of Italian conspirators, whose plans might well form part of some Napoleonic scheme. But how Conrad intended to develop his plot was not known even to himself. Only the day before his death, scarcely an hour before his fatal seizure, he said to his friend Richard Curle, "I see five or six different lines of treatment," and attempts by other hands to indicate the course the story might have followed show the problem to be utterly baffling.

Notwithstanding the objective artistry of Conrad's work, every page he has written is infused with a vivid personality. The minute care in choice of words and the prolonged yet intense pursuit of sensible revelation, abstract craftsmanship in themselves, are brilliant tokens of the craftsman. Rigorous fidelity to an artistic ideal gives to his tales and romances an unmistakable personal warmth. Upon the urging of friends, he once applied this fidelity to the task of revealing himself, and the result — 'Some Reminiscences,' published in the United States under the title, 'A Personal Record' — is one of the most brilliant pieces of autobiography in English. Many a self-constituted judge has kicked against the pricks of its seemingly wanton disorder. The pages have been, to use the author's own words, "charged with discursiveness, with disregard of chronological order (which is in itself a crime), with unconventionality of form (which is an impropriety). I was told severely that the public would view with displeasure the informal character of my recollections. 'Alas,' I protested, mildly. 'Could I begin with the sacramental words, "I was born on such a date in such a place"? The remoteness of the locality would have robbed the statement of all interest. I haven't lived through wonderful adventures to be related *seriatim*.'"

As it is with the episodes and characters in his stories, so it is with this disclosure of himself. The reader has not been given the inner secret nakedly. Conrad shines through his circumstances, giving them the shape and color which they have for us and by which the character of the man within them is suggested. There are not lacking passages of keenly direct personal expression, but on the whole the most significant expression is indirect, a diffusion of spirit through transparencies of time and place. Circumstance after circumstance, episode after episode grow luminous before the reader. One moment it is a dingy London boarding-house, the next it is a drive across the snowbound plains of Poland, the old family coachman on the box and the jingle of sleigh-bells in the cold air. Then it is far up a fever-haunted tropical river, or before an examining officer of the British shipping board; and at the last,

for a profoundly moving, enchanted spell, it is a boy of seventeen in a boat full of Provençal pilots in *le vieux port,* Marseilles, the ancient houses, the quays, the waters of the harbor, the breakwater, the chateau d'If, the islets, all drenched in moonlight.

"Yet, these memories, put down without any regard for established conventions, have not been thrown off without system and purpose. They have their hope and their aim. The hope that from the reading of these pages there may emerge at last the vision of a personality: the man behind the books so fundamentally dissimilar as, for instance, 'Almayer's Folly' and 'The Secret Agent,' and yet a coherent, justifiable personality both in its origin and in its action. This is the hope. The immediate aim, closely associated with the hope, is to give the record of personal memories by presenting faithfully the feelings and sensations connected with the writing of my first book and with my first contact with the sea. In the purposely mingled resonance of this double strain a friend here and there will perhaps detect a subtle accord."

The accord is unmistakable. There is no dissonance between the unpremeditated rapture of the first contact with the sea and the prolonged, groping, mental effort to tell the story of Almayer. Neither is there between plastic youth and man whom life has roughly fixed; but the note to which they are attuned has a low ring, though sweet.

This note must have sounded often in Conrad's ear. 'Youth' makes it poignant, giving it the romantic sadness of disillusionment. A later book, 'The Shadow Line,' takes its key therefrom; but here there is no regret for illusions. Neither is there any metaphysical implication of the fading of a glory into the common light of day.

One ventures to say that 'The Shadow Line' is the record of an actual personal experience. It is called a confession, and it is written in a familiar, colloquial style. In the absence of conscious shape and ring of sentences, one finds a material corollary to the differences in mood and conclusion which distinguished it from 'Youth.' The earlier work is fervid, sensuously poetic, and vibrant with regret; 'The Shadow Line' is calm and, though touched with sadness, full of that sort of hope which is courage.

There is something special in the ring of it. In view of the fact that it was published during the Great War, and in view of the dedication — to his son, at that time serving in the British army, and to all young men who must cross the Shadow Line — one cannot escape the feeling that Conrad published it, if he did not actually write it, with the trust that it was timely. At any rate, the deepest and best of him are in it; and through the simple yet mysterious narrative there shines the solace of a strong spirit, the unshakable conviction that though in passing through the worst of life man may lose forever much that was even dearer than he knew, his strength will become more augustly beautiful as he takes upon himself the responsibility of faith in the solidarity and in the common destiny of his fellow-beings.

LELAND HALL

FROM 'LORD JIM'

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THE Patna was a local steamer as old as the hills, lean like a greyhound, and eaten with rust worse than a condemned water-tank. She was owned by a Chinaman, chartered by an Arab, and commanded by a sort of renegade New South Wales German, very anxious to curse publicly his native country, but who, apparently on the strength of Bismarck's victorious policy, brutalized all those he was not afraid of, and wore a "blood-and-iron" air, combined with a purple nose and a red moustache. After she had been painted outside and whitewashed inside, eight hundred pilgrims (more or less) were driven on board of her as she lay with steam up alongside a wooden jetty.

They streamed aboard over three gangways, they streamed in urged by faith and the hope of paradise, they streamed in with a continuous tramp and shuffle of bare feet, without a word, a murmur, or a look back; and when clear of confining rails spread on all sides over the deck, flowed forward and aft, overflowed down the yawning hatchways, filled the inner recesses of the ship — like water filling a cistern, like water flowing into crevices and crannies, like water rising silently even with the rim. Eight hundred men and women with faith and hopes, with affections and memories, they had collected there, coming from north and south and from the outskirts of the East, after treading the jungle paths, descending the rivers, coasting in praus along the shallows, crossing in small canoes from island to island, passing through suffering, meeting strange sights, beset by strange fears, upheld by one desire. They came from solitary huts in the wilderness, from populous campongs, from villages by the sea. At the call of an idea they had left their forests, their clearings, the protection of their rulers, their prosperity, their poverty, the surroundings of their youth, and the graves of their fathers. They came covered with dust, with sweat, with grime, with rags — the strong men at the head of family parties, the lean old men pressing forward without hope of return; the young boys with fearless eyes glancing curiously, shy little girls with tumbled long hair; the timid women muffled up and clasping to their breasts, wrapped in loose ends of soiled head-cloths, their sleeping babies, the unconscious pilgrims of an exacting belief.

"Look at dese cattle," said the German skipper to his new chief mate.

An Arab, the leader of that pious voyage, came last. He walked slowly aboard, handsome and grave in his white gown and large turban. A string of servants followed, loaded with his luggage; the Patna cast off and backed away from the wharf.

She was headed between two small islets, crossed obliquely the anchoring-

ground of sailing ships, swung through half a circle in the shadow of a hill, then ranged close to a ledge of foaming reefs. The Arab, standing up aft, recited aloud the prayer of travelers by sea. He invoked the favor of the Most High upon that journey, implored His blessing on men's toil and on the secret purposes of their hearts; the steamer pounded in the dusk the calm water of the Strait; and far astern of the pilgrim ship a screw-pile lighthouse, planted by unbelievers on a treacherous shoal, seemed to wink at her its eye of flame, as if in derision of her errand of faith.

She cleared the Straits, crossed the bay, continued on her way through the "One-degree" passage. She held on straight for the Red Sea under a serene sky, under a sky scorching and unclouded, enveloped in a fulgor of sunshine that killed all thought, oppressed the heart, withered all impulses of strength and energy. And under the sinister splendor of that sky the sea, blue and profound, remained still, without a stir, without a ripple, without a wrinkle — viscous, stagnant, dead. The Patna, with a slight hiss, passed over that plain luminous and smooth, unrolled a black ribbon of smoke across the sky, left behind her on the water a white ribbon of foam that vanished at once, like the phantom of a track drawn upon a lifeless sea, by the phantom of a steamer.

Every morning the sun, as if keeping pace in his revolutions with the progress of the pilgrimage, emerged with a silent burst of light exactly at the same distance astern of the ship, caught up with her at noon, pouring the concentrated fire of his rays on the pious purposes of the men, glided past on his descent, and sank mysteriously into the sea evening after evening, preserving the same distance ahead of her advancing bows. The five whites on board lived amidships, isolated from the human cargo. The awnings covered the deck with a white roof from stem to stern, and a faint hum, a low murmur of sad voices, alone revealed the presence of a crowd of people upon the great blaze of the ocean. Such were the days, still, hot, heavy, disappearing one by one into the past, as if falling into an abyss forever open in the wake of the ship; and the ship, lonely under a wisp of smoke, held on her steadfast way black and smoldering in a luminous immensity, as if scorched by a flame flicked at her from a heaven without pity.

The nights descended on her like a benediction.

A marvelous stillness pervaded the world, and the stars, together with the serenity of their rays, seemed to shed upon the earth the assurance of everlasting security. The young moon, recurved, and shining low in the west, was like a slender shaving thrown up from a bar of gold, and the Arabian Sea, smooth and cool to the eye like a sheet of ice, extended its perfect level to the perfect circle of a dark horizon. The propeller turned without a check, as though its beat had been part of the scheme of a safe universe; and on each side of the Patna two deep folds of water, permanent and somber on the unwrinkled shimmer, enclosed within their straight and diverging ridges a few white

swirls of foam bursting in a low hiss, a few wavelets, a few ripples, a few undulations that, left behind, agitated the surface of the sea for an instant after the passage of the ship, subsided splashing gently, calmed down at last into the circular stillness of water and sky with the black speck of the moving hull remaining everlastingly in its center.

Jim on the bridge was penetrated by the great certitude of unbounded safety and peace that could be read on the silent aspect of nature like the certitude of fostering love upon the placid tenderness of a mother's face. Below the roof of awnings, surrendered to the wisdom of white men and to their courage, trusting the power of their unbelief and the iron shell of their fireship, the pilgrims of an exacting faith slept on mats, on blankets, on bare planks, on every deck, in all the dark corners, wrapped in dyed cloths, muffled in soiled rags, with their heads resting on small bundles, with their faces pressed to bent forearms; the men, the women, the children; the old with the young, the decrepit with the lusty — all equal before sleep, death's brother.

A draught of air, fanned from forward by the speed of the ship, passed steadily through the long gloom between the high bulwarks, swept over the rows of prone bodies; a few dim flames in globe-lamps were hung short here and there under the ridge-poles, and in the blurred circles of light thrown down and trembling slightly to the unceasing vibration of the ship appeared a chin upturned, two closed eyelids, a dark hand with silver rings, a meager limb draped in a torn covering, a head bent back, a naked foot, a throat bared and stretched as if offering itself to the knife. The well-to-do had made for their families shelters with heavy boxes and dusty mats; the poor reposed side by side with all they had on earth tied up in a rag under their heads; the lone, old men slept, with drawn-up legs, upon their prayer-carpets, with their hands over their ears and one elbow on each side of the face: a father, his shoulders up and his knees under his forehead, dozed dejectedly by a boy who slept on his back with tousled hair and one arm commandingly extended; a woman covered from head to foot, like a corpse, with a piece of white sheeting, had a naked child in the hollow of each arm; the Arab's belongings, piled right aft, made a heavy mound of broken outlines, with a cargo-lamp swung above, and a great confusion of vague forms behind: gleams of paunchy brass pots, the foot-rest of a deck-chair, blades of spears, the straight scabbard of an old sword leaning against a heap of pillows, the spout of a tin coffee-pot. The patent log on the taffrail periodically rang a single tinkling stroke for every mile traversed on an errand of faith. Above the mass of sleepers a faint and patient sigh at times floated, the exhalation of a troubled dream; and short metallic clangs bursting out suddenly in the depths of the ship, the harsh scrape of a shovel, the violent slam of a furnace-door, exploded brutally, as if the men handling the mysterious things below had their breasts full of fierce anger; while the slim high hull of the steamer went on evenly ahead, without

a sway of her bare masts, cleaving continuously the great calm of the waters under the inaccessible serenity of the sky.

Jim paced athwart, and his footsteps in the vast silence were loud to his own ears, as if echoed by the watchful stars: his eyes, roaming about the line of the horizon, seemed to gaze hungrily into the unattainable, and did not see the shadow of the coming event. The only shadow on the sea was the shadow of the black smoke pouring heavily from the funnel its immense streamer, whose end was constantly dissolving in the air. Two Malays, silent and almost motionless, steered, one on each side of the wheel, whose brass rim shone fragmentarily in the oval of light thrown out by the binnacle. Now and then a hand, with black fingers alternately letting go and catching hold of revolving spokes, appeared in the illumined part; the links of wheel chains ground heavily in the grooves of the barrel. Jim would glance at the compass, would glance around the unattainable horizon, would stretch himself till his joints cracked with a leisurely twist of the body in the very excess of well-being; and, as if made audacious by the invincible aspect of the peace, he felt he cared for nothing that could happen to him to the end of his days. From time to time he glanced idly at a chart pegged out with four drawing-pins on a low three-legged table abaft the steering-gear case. The sheet of papers portraying the depths of the sea presented a shiny surface under the light of a bull's-eye lamp lashed to a stanchion, a surface as level and smooth as the glimmering surface of the waters. Parallel rulers with a pair of dividers reposed on it; the ship's position at last noon was marked with a small black cross, and the straight pencil-line drawn firmly as far as Perim figured the course of the ship — the path of souls towards the holy place, the promise of salvation, the reward of eternal life — while the pencil with its sharp end touching the Somali coast lay round and still like a naked ship's spar floating in the pool of a sheltered dock. "How steady she goes," thought Jim with wonder, with something like gratitude for this high peace of sea and sky. At such times his thought would be full of valorous deeds; he loved these dreams and the success of his imaginary achievements. They were the best parts of life, its secret truth, its hidden reality. They had a gorgeous virility, the charm of vagueness, they passed before him with a heroic tread; they carried his soul away with them and made it drunk with the divine philter of an unbounded confidence in itself. There was nothing he could not face. He was so pleased with the idea that he smiled, keeping perfunctorily his eyes ahead; and when he happened to glance back he saw the white streak of the wake drawn as straight by the ship's keel upon the sea as the black line drawn by the pencil upon the chart.

The ash-buckets racketed, clanking up and down the stoke-hold ventilators, and this tin-pot clatter warned him the end of his watch was near. He sighed with content, with regret as well, at having to part from that serenity which fostered the adventurous freedom of his thoughts. He was a little sleepy, too,

and felt a pleasurable languor running through every limb as though all the blood in his body had turned to warm milk. His skipper had come up noiselessly, in pajamas and with his sleeping jacket flung wide open. Red of face, only half awake, the left eye partly closed, the right staring stupid and glassy, he hung his head over the chart and scratched his ribs sleepily. There was something obscene in the sight of his naked flesh. His bared breast glistened soft and greasy, as though he had sweated out his fat in his sleep. He pronounced a professional remark in a voice harsh and dead, resembling the rasping sound of a wood-file on the edge of a plank; the fold of his double chin hung like a bag triced up close under the hinge of his jaw. Jim started, and his answer was full of deference; but the odious and fleshy figure, as though seen for the first time in a revealing moment, fixed itself in his memory forever as the incarnation of everything vile and base that lurks in the world we love: in our own hearts we trust for our salvation, in the men that surround us, in the sights that fill our eyes, in the sounds that fill our ears, and in the air that fills our lungs.

The thin gold shaving of the moon floating slowly downwards had lost itself on the darkened surface of the waters, and the eternity beyond the sky seemed to come down nearer to the earth, with the augmented glitter of the stars, with the more profound somberness in the luster of the half-transparent dome covering the flat disk of an opaque sea. The ship moved so smoothly that her onward motion was imperceptible to the senses of men, as though she had been a crowded planet speeding through the dark spaces of ether behind the swarm of suns, in the appalling and calm solitudes awaiting the breath of future creations. "Hot is no name for it down below," said a voice.

Jim smiled without looking round. The skipper presented an unmoved breadth of back: it was the renegade's trick to appear pointedly unaware of your existence unless it suited his purpose to turn at you with a devouring glare before he let loose a torrent of foamy, abusive jargon that came like a gush from a sewer. Now he emitted only a sulky grunt; the second engineer at the head of the bridge-ladder, kneading with damp palms a dirty sweat-rag, unabashed, continued the tale of his complaints. The sailors had a good time of it up here, and what was the use of them in the world he would be blowed if he could see. The poor devils of engineers had to get the ship along anyhow, and they could very well do the rest too; by gosh they — "Shut up!" growled the German, stolidly. "Oh yes! Shut up — and when anything goes wrong you fly to us, don't you?" went on the other. He was more than half cooked, he expected; but anyway, now, he did not mind how much he sinned, because these last three days he had passed through a fine course of training for the place where the bad boys go when they die — b'gosh he had — besides being made jolly well deaf by the blasted racket below. The durned, compound, surface-condensing, rotten scrap-heap rattled and banged down there like an

old deck-winch, only more so; and what made him risk his life every night and day that God made amongst the refuse of a breaking-up yard flying round at fifty-seven revolutions, was more than *he* could tell. He must have been born reckless, b'gosh. He . . . "Where did you get drink?" inquired the German, very savage, but motionless in the light of the binnacle, like a clumsy effigy of a man cut out of a block of fat. Jim went on smiling at the retreating horizon; his heart was full of generous impulses, and his thought was contemplating his own superiority. "Drink!" repeated the engineer with amiable scorn; he was hanging on with both hands to the rail, a shadowy figure with flexible legs. "Not from you, captain. You're far too mean, b'gosh. You would let a good man die sooner than give him a drop of schnaps. That's what you Germans call economy. Penny wise, pound foolish." He became sentimental. The chief had given him a four-finger nip about ten o'clock — "only one, s'elp me!" — good old chief; but as to getting the old fraud out of his bunk — a five-ton crane couldn't do it. Not it. Not tonight anyhow. He was sleeping sweetly like a little child, with a bottle of prime brandy under his pillow. From the thick throat of the commander of the Patna came a low rumble, on which the sound of the word *schwein* fluttered high and low like a capricious feather in a faint stir of air. He and the chief engineer had been cronies for a good few years — serving the same jovial, crafty old Chinaman, with horn-rimmed goggles and strings of red silk plaited into the venerable gray hairs of his pigtail. The quay-side opinion in the Patna's home-port was that these two in the way of brazen peculation "had done together pretty well everything you can think of." Outwardly they were badly matched: one dull-eyed, malevolent, and of soft fleshy curves; the other lean, all hollows, with a head long and bony like the head of an old horse, with sunken cheeks, with sunken temples, with an indifferent glazed glance of sunken eyes. He had been stranded out East somewhere — in Canton, in Shanghai, or perhaps in Yokohama; he probably did not care to remember himself the exact locality, nor yet the cause of his shipwreck. He had been, in mercy to his youth, kicked quietly out of his ship twenty years ago or more, and it might have been so much worse for him that the memory of the episode had in it hardly a trace of misfortune. Then, steam navigation expanding in these seas, and men of his craft being scarce at first, he had "got on" after a sort. He was eager to let strangers know in a dismal mumble that he was "an old stager out here." When he moved a skeleton seemed to sway loose in his clothes; his walk was mere wandering, and he was given to wander thus around the engine-room skylight, smoking, without relish, doctored tobacco in a brass bowl at the end of a cherrywood stem four feet long, with the imbecile gravity of a thinker evolving a system of philosophy from the hazy glimpse of a truth. He was usually anything but free with his private store of liquor; but on that night he had departed from his principles, so that his second, a weak-headed child of Wapping, what with the unexpectedness of the treat and the strength of

the stuff, had become very happy, cheeky, and talkative. The fury of the New South Wales German was extreme; he puffed like an exhaust-pipe, and Jim, faintly amused by the scene, was impatient for the time when he could get below: the last ten minutes of the watch were irritating like a gun that hangs fire; those men did not belong to the world of heroic adventure; they weren't bad chaps, though. Even the skipper himself . . . His gorge rose at the mass of panting flesh from which issued gurgling mutters, a cloudy trickle of filthy expressions; but he was too pleasurably languid to dislike actively this or any other thing. The quality of these men did not matter; he rubbed shoulders with them, but they could not touch him; he shared the air they breathed, but he was different. . . . Would the skipper go for the engineer? . . . The life was easy and he was too sure of himself — too sure of himself to . . . The line dividing his meditation from a surreptitious doze on his feet was thinner than a thread in a spider's web.

The second engineer was coming by easy transitions to the consideration of his finances and of his courage.

"Who's drunk? I? No, no, captain! That won't do. You ought to know by this time the chief ain't free-hearted enough to make a sparrow drunk, b'gosh. I've never been the worse for liquor in my life; the stuff ain't made yet that would make *me* drunk. I could drink fire against your whisky peg for peg, b'gosh, and keep as cool as a cucumber. If I thought I was drunk I would jump overboard — do away with myself, b'gosh. I would! Straight! And I won't go off the bridge. Where do you expect me to take the air on a night like this, eh? On deck amongst that vermin down there? Likely — ain't it! And I am not afraid of anything you can do."

The German lifted two heavy fists to heaven and shook them a little without a word.

"I don't know what fear is," pursued the engineer, with the enthusiasm of sincere conviction. "I am not afraid of doing all the bloomin' work in this rotten hooker, b'gosh! And a jolly good thing for you that there are some of us about the world that aren't afraid of their lives, or where would you be — you and this old thing here with her plates like brown paper — brown paper, s'elp me? It's all very fine for you — you get a power of pieces out of her one way and another; but what about me — what do I get? A measly hundred and fifty dollars a month and find myself. I wish to ask you respectfully — respectfully, mind — who wouldn't chuck a dratted job like this? 'Tain't safe, s'elp me, it ain't! Only I am one of them fearless fellows. . . ."

He let go the rail and made ample gestures as if demonstrating in the air the shape and extent of his valor; his thin voice darted in prolonged squeaks upon the sea, he tiptoed back and forth for the better emphasis of utterance, and suddenly pitched down head-first as though he had been clubbed from behind. He said "Damn!" as he tumbled; an instant of silence followed upon his screeching; Jim and the skipper staggered forward by common accord, and

catching themselves up, stood very stiff and still, gazing, amazed, at the undisturbed level of the sea. Then they looked upwards at the stars.

What had happened? The wheezy thump of the engines went on. Had the earth been checked in her course? They could not understand; and suddenly the calm sea, the sky without a cloud, appeared formidably insecure in their immobility, as if poised on the brow of yawning destruction. The engineer rebounded vertically full length and collapsed again into a vague heap. This heap said "What's that?" in the muffled accents of profound grief. A faint noise as of thunder, of thunder infinitely remote, less than a sound, hardly more than a vibration, passed slowly, and the ship quivered in response, as if the thunder had growled deep down in the water. The eyes of the two Malays at the wheel glittered towards the white men, but their dark hands remained closed on the spokes. The sharp hull driving on its way seemed to rise a few inches in succession through its whole length, as though it had become pliable, and settled down again rigidly to its work of cleaving the smooth surface of the sea. Its quivering stopped, and the faint noise of thunder ceased all at once, as though the ship had steamed across a narrow belt of vibrating water and of humming air.

VICTORY OVER DEATH

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[Axel Heyst, acting upon an almost Quixotic impulse, has brought to his bungalow on the lonely island of Samburan a girl whom he calls Lena, saving her thus from the persecution of a man named Schomberg, keeper of a hotel at Sourabaya at which the girl had been playing in a Ladies' Orchestra. Heyst comes from a noble Swedish family. Partly because of his temperament, partly because of his training, he has come to regard life with an almost perfect indifference and deeply to distrust all human emotion and human affairs. Outwardly he is invariably smiling and courteous. Lena cannot, of course, understand him, but she loves him entirely with a passionate devotion. Heyst finds her physically attractive, yet his fastidious mind never ceases to be amazed at the unwonted impulse which had brought them thus together and regards her not unkindly but curiously and critically. Meanwhile the thwarted and enraged Schomberg breathes to two unprincipled gamblers who have drifted to Sourabaya that a man named Heyst lives alone and quite unprotected on Samburan with a rich treasure he has stolen. He makes no mention of the girl, Lena. The two gamblers, Mr. Jones and his henchman, Martin Ricardo, set out with their brutish slave, Pedro, to murder and rob Heyst. They arrive at Samburan nearly dead with thirst. Heyst distrusts them at once, but gives

them water and food, and houses them in one of the deserted buildings of the Tropical Belt Coal Company, of which, before the company failed, he had been treasurer. Wang, Heyst's Chinese servant, scents misfortune impending and deserts his master, taking Heyst's revolver with him and thus leaving Heyst and Lena utterly defenseless. The next evening Heyst, realizing the danger in which they are, instructs Lena to go into the tropical forest behind the bungalow and there wait for him while he has a parley with Mr. Jones. But Lena has that very morning had a terrible encounter with Ricardo. This she keeps secret from Heyst, overcoming her hideous fear, knowing that she can so work upon Ricardo that he will give his knife into her keeping. Armed with such a knife Heyst, she thinks, will be able to save himself. Almost senseless with fear, she yet succeeds in her purpose while Heyst is down at the wharf talking with Jones. Jones learns from Heyst that there is a woman on the island with him. The knowledge renders him furious, for he is obsessed by an insane hatred of women. He suspects at once that Ricardo is up at the house with Lena. Heyst and Jones go back there, and, peering through the door, discover Lena apparently accepting Ricardo's love-making. Jones fires over Heyst's shoulder at Ricardo, but Ricardo makes his escape unharmed. Heyst enters the room, not doubting that Lena had found Ricardo desirable.]

MR. JONES, after firing his shot over Heyst's shoulder, had thought it proper to dodge away. Like the specter he was, he had noiselessly vanished from the veranda. Heyst stumbled into the room and looked around. All the objects in there — the books, the gleam of old silver familiar to him from boyhood, the very portrait on the wall — seemed shadowy, unsubstantial, the dumb accomplices of an amazing dream-plot ending in an illusory effect of awakening and the impossibility of ever closing his eyes again. With dread he forced himself to look at the girl. Still in the chair, she was leaning forward far over her knees, and had hidden her face in her hands. Heyst remembered Wang suddenly. How clear all this was — and how extremely amusing! Very.

She sat up a little, then leaned back, and, taking her hands from her face, pressed both of them to her breast, as if moved to the heart by seeing him there looking at her with a black, horror-struck curiosity. He would have pitied her, if the triumphant expression of her face had not given him a shock which destroyed the balance of his feelings. She spoke with an accent of wild joy:

"I knew you would come back in time! You are safe now. I have done it! I would never, never have let him — " Her voice died out, while her eyes shone at him as when the sun breaks through a mist. "Never get it back. Oh, my beloved! "

He bowed his head gravely, and said in his polite, Heystian tone:

"No doubt you acted from instinct. Women have been provided with their own weapon. I was a disarmed man. I have been a disarmed man all my life as I see it now. You may glory in your resourcefulness and your profound knowledge of yourself; but I may say that the other attitude, suggestive of shame, had its charm. For you are full of charm!"

The exultation vanished from her face.

"You mustn't make fun of me now. I know no shame. I was thanking God with all my sinful heart for having been able to do it — for giving you to me in that way — oh, my beloved — all my own at last!"

He stared as if mad. Timidly she tried to excuse herself for disobeying his directions for her safety. Every modulation of her enchanting voice cut deep into his very breast, so that he could hardly understand the words for the sheer pain of it. He turned his back on her; but a sudden drop, an extraordinary faltering of her tone, made him spin round. On her white neck her pale head dropped as in a cruel drought a withered flower droops on its stalk. He caught his breath, looked at her closely, and seemed to read some awful intelligence in her eyes. At the moment when her eyelids fell as if smitten from above by an invisible power, he snatched her up bodily out of the chair, and disregarding an unexpected metallic clatter on the floor, carried her off into the other room. The limpness of her body frightened him. Laying her down on the bed, he ran out again, seized a four-branched candlestick on the table, and ran back, tearing down with a furious jerk the curtain that swung stupidly in his way; but after putting the candlestick on the table by the bed, he remained absolutely idle. There did not seem anything more for him to do. Holding his chin in his hand, he looked down intently at her still face.

"Has she been stabbed with this thing?" asked Davidson, whom suddenly he saw standing by his side and holding up Ricardo's dagger to his sight. Heyst uttered no word of recognition or surprise. He gave Davidson only a dumb look of unutterable awe; then, as if possessed with a sudden fury, started tearing open the front of the girl's dress. She remained insensible under his hands, and Heyst let out a groan which made Davidson shudder inwardly — the heavy plaint of a man who falls clubbed in the dark.

They stood side by side, looking mournfully at the little black hole made by Mr. Jones's bullet under the swelling breast of a dazzling and as it were sacred whiteness. It rose and fell slightly — so slightly that only the eyes of the lover could detect the faint stir of life. Heyst, calm and utterly unlike himself in the face, moving about noiselessly, prepared a wet cloth, and laid it on the insignificant wound, round which there was hardly a trace of blood to mar the charm, the fascination, of that mortal flesh.

Her eyelids fluttered. She looked drowsily about, serene, as if fatigued only by the exertions of her tremendous victory, capturing the very sting of death in the service of love. But her eyes became very wide awake when they caught

sight of Ricardo's dagger, the spoil of vanquished death, which Davidson was still holding unconsciously.

"Give it to me!" she said. "It is mine."

Davidson put the symbol of her victory into her feeble hands extended to him with the innocent gesture of a child reaching eagerly for a toy.

"For you," she gasped, turning her eyes to Heyst. "Kill nobody."

"No," said Heyst, taking the dagger and laying it gently on her breast, while her hands fell powerless by her side.

The faint smile on her deep-cut lips waned, and her head sank deep into the pillow, taking on the majestic pallor and immobility of marble. But over the muscles, which seemed set in their transfigured beauty forever, passed a slight and awful tremor. With an amazing strength she asked loudly:

"What's the matter with me?"

"You have been shot, dear Lena," Heyst said in a steady voice, while Davidson, at the question, turned away and leaned his head against the post at the foot of the bed.

"Shot? I did think, too, that something had struck me."

Over Samburan the thunder had ceased to growl at last, and the world of material forms shuddered no more under the emerging stars. The spirit of the girl which was passing away from under them clung to her triumph, convinced of the reality of her victory over death.

"No more," she muttered. "There will be no more! Oh, my beloved," she cried weakly, "I've saved you! Why don't you take me into your arms and carry me out of this lonely place?"

Heyst bent low over her, cursing his fastidious soul, which even at that moment kept the true cry of love from his lips in its infernal mistrust of all life. He dared not touch her, and she had no longer the strength to throw her arms about his neck.

"Who else could have done this for you?" she whispered gloriously.

"No one in the world," he answered her in a murmur of unconcealed despair.

She tried to raise herself, but all she could do was to lift her head a little from the pillow. With a terrified and gentle movement, Heyst hastened to slip his arm under her neck. She felt relieved at once of an intolerable weight, and was content to surrender to him the infinite weariness of her tremendous achievement. Exulting, she saw herself extended on the bed, in a black dress, and profoundly at peace; while, stooping over her with a kindly, playful smile, he was ready to lift her up in his firm arms and take her into the sanctuary of his innermost heart — forever! The flush of rapture flooding her whole being broke out in a smile of innocent, girlish happiness; and with that divine radiance on her lips she breathed her last, triumphant, seeking for his glance in the shades of death.

BRITISH FICTION IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

EVERY age is in some sense an age of revolt as well as of transition. Literature in the twentieth century has shown unusually rapid and violent changes in method and content, to match humanity's sudden shifts of mood and manner. The whole process has been speeded up to the tempo of a theatrical "quick change." Poetry has found new wings or at worst new legs. Philosophy and history and biography have warmed themselves at new fires. And fiction has undertaken to run the whole show. It has given vigorous if not enduring expression to a multitude of current ideas and reactions, moral, esthetic, and social. For the moment, at least, the novel has become the most widely-heard voice in the market-place. Sometimes it sings, or tells a tale, but oftener it chooses to be a vehicle or carryall. All sorts of people have adopted fiction, or its trappings, for all sorts of ends, as a handy conveyance of opinion, or a weapon of controversy, or an engine of attack.

H. G. Wells, born story-teller, has always been bullied and compromised by H. G. Wells the social theorist, amateur scientist, and minor prophet. He frankly confessed indifference to the art of fiction, and his intention of using the novel for the purposes of a treatise or a tract. But such was his natural power that he could never help telling a story, the sugar coating quite atoned for the pill, and people actually began to ask for pills. At once, in competition, hundreds of obliging literary apothecaries came forward. Their doses did not taste the same; nevertheless the general view of the novel as a bolus had been adopted. Even John Galsworthy, an artist who saw and cultivated the novel as a form of expression involving careful construction and just balance, and never let his idea swamp his human action — even Galsworthy was seldom able to get along without his idea or purpose in the offing. But the novel really fails only when its ideas fail to be embodied in the action. The main thing is that a novelist shall tell his story so that it is a story, and also brings home his idea without effort or underlining.

But it is hard to tell "idea" from theory or prejudice or fact or fancy or notion. So far as they are detachable, most of the ideas in early twentieth century fiction are based on protest. This is natural: modernism, in every age, takes off from dislike and distrust of the previous age. The past always looks smug and hollow to the present, so proud of its novel and ardent search for "reality," or "return to nature." So British fiction in this century has been anti-Victorian or anti-Georgian first and (perhaps) something else next. It

has scorned its immediate past as a thing done with, and hated it as a thing imposed upon the present. It has loathed the nineteenth century for having valued and fostered and passed on those qualities which itself most despises — convention, respectability, the middle class virtues. Wells, for an early example, is a prophet; but his glorious future, like most glorious futures, hangs upon a demolished past. Things are wrong — smash them! Then, perhaps, we may take measures towards building up again. The "mind of the race" exists, but half enslaved: it is bound to express itself fully when once it has made sure of its freedom. How pitifully, after all the centuries, we remain tied to empty forms! Religion — how ineffectual; government — how clumsy; the attitude of age towards youth — how futile; marriage — how deadly in its possibilities! And, alas, the whole question of sex — how crucial, how absorbing, how absorbent of all other questions that exist under the canopy!

For there seems to be some strange law which ordains that persons who try to turn the novel into a vehicle for theories of art or philosophy or conduct shall almost invariably end in the more or less single-minded celebration of sex. There, it would seem, is the one indubitably common ground upon which all schools, all factions, may meet. It is as a commentary on sex that the work of the French and Russian naturalists, and of Britons like George Moore and James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence, takes on some aspects of intelligibility. One sphere of human experience these writers are sure of — the sphere of physical sensation and its immediate reactions; and consequently, for them, life is pretty well included in that sphere. A brilliant essayist and spokesman of the "new" experimental criticism, John Cowper Powys, has some very frank words on this head. Among his literary gods are Rousseau, Oscar Wilde, and Rémy de Gourmont. Here he expounds the modern Frenchman as critic and philosopher: "The whole philosophical attitude of Rémy de Gourmont is full of interest and significance for those who are watching the deeper movements of European thought. At one, in a limited sense, with Bergson and William James in their protests against final or 'static' truth, de Gourmont's writings, when taken as a whole, form a most salutary and valuable counterpoise to the popular and vulgar implications of this modern mysticism." A philosopher, it seems: what then is the basis of his philosophy? Powys presently tells us: "Never for a single moment in all his writings are we allowed to forget the essential wonder and mystery of sex. Sex, in all its caprices and eccentricities, in all its psychological masks and ritualistic symbols, interests him ultimately more than anything else. Rémy de Gourmont would have sex and sex-emotions put frankly into the foreground of everything, as far as art and letters are concerned." And so, it seems, would Powys and most of his contemporaries.

Continental influences have been largely responsible for the spread of this sort of doctrine among critics and story-tellers of the English-speaking races. The Latins and the Slavs have never been hampered in the practice of art

by considerations of the "young person." Whether, as critics like Powys think, this has worked altogether to the advantage of either art or "life" remains in doubt. Sex-freedom, with these Continental writers, and especially with the novelists, has often borne the fruits of sex-obsession. Men of fine genius, like Gabriele d'Annunzio, Théophile Gautier, Guy de Maupassant, have produced work after work which, with all their magnificence of form, lack the final quality of great and sane art by reason of the same excessive preoccupation with one aspect of life which colored all the labors of the critic de Gourmont. It might be more instructive than edifying if some inspired statistician were to tabulate for us the part played by sexual curiosity and incitement in the popularity of novels, good or bad, possessing genuine merit, which have been published during the present century. Surely, more than one author of serious purpose must have been humiliated by a sense of the meretricious nature of a sudden fame won by exceptional frankness upon the perennial theme. The pursuit of "realism" has involved special risk of this sort. The phrase "the real facts of life" has too often meant nothing but the risky or dreary side of sex. There are, after all, a great many other things in the world.

The influence of French and Russian naturalism upon the novel in English is still strong, though more subtle than of old. Actual echoes of foreign idioms are less frequently heard than in the nineties, when the new brew went a little to the head of English and American customers. There is an occasional Gallic rhythm in later English writers, notably and naturally in the work of Joseph Conrad, or, as it seems, less naturally in the work of some younger novelist like D. H. Lawrence. With George Moore, of course, the French influence has from first to last been dominant. Arnold Bennett has recorded, with his usual candor and self-mockery, the models upon which, in the "Yellow-booky" days of the mid-nineties, his first novel was deliberately based. The passage is worth quoting for its summary of those external traits of Gallic and Slavic fiction which, as our century came in, were imposing themselves upon English literature:

"So I sat down to write my first novel, under the sweet influences of the de Goncourts, Turgenev, Flaubert, and de Maupassant. It was to be entirely unlike all English novels except those of one author, whose name I shall not mention now, for the reason that I have aforetime made my admiration of that author very public. I clearly remember that the purpose uppermost in my mind was to imitate what I may call the physical characteristics of French novels. There were to be no poetical quotations in my novel, no titles to the chapters; the narrative was to be divided irregularly into sections by Roman numerals only and it was indispensable that a certain proportion of these should begin or end abruptly. As thus, for a beginning: — 'Gerald suddenly changed the conversation, and taking the final match from his match-box at last agreed to light a cigar.' And for an ending: —'Her tremulous eyes sought

his; breathing a sigh she murmured . . .' O succession of dots, charged with significance vague but tremendous, there were to be hundreds of you in my novel, because you play so important a part in the literature of the country of Victor Hugo and M. Loubet! So much for the physical characteristics. To come nearer to the soul of it, my novel was to be a mosaic consisting exclusively of Flaubert's *mots justes* — it was to be *mots justes* composed into the famous *écriture artiste* of the de Goncourts. The sentences were to perform the trick of the 'rise and fall.' The adjectives were to have color, the verbs were to have color, and perhaps it was a *sine qua non* that even the pronouns should be prismatic — I forget. And all these effects were to be gained without the slightest sacrifice of truth. There was to be no bowing in the house of the Rimmon of sentimentality. Life being gray, sinister, and melancholy, my novel must be gray, sinister, and melancholy. As a matter of fact, life deserved none of these epithets; I was having a very good time; but at twenty-seven one is captious, and liable to err in judgment."

It is interesting to note that this was written in 1903, and that much of it might seem to have had satirical reference to 'The Old Wives' Tale,' which was not published till five years later. In Bennett's solider work, the 'Tale,' and the 'Clayhanger' trilogy, the continental influence is unmistakably strong.

But the normal British or American reader remains strange to the Russian temperament and mentality, even after the closer contacts brought about by war and revolution. He may apply himself to Dostoyevsky or Artzibashev with the best will in the world, and yet bring away little but a sense of futile nightmare. This experience was satisfactorily explained by Professor Warner Fite, in a little paper called 'The Rejection of Consciousness,' in which the so-called new realism in philosophy and art is shown to be a pseudo-science based on purely naturalistic theory:

"The new realism is philosophy in the pose of natural science. If we return to the realistic novel, we find art in a similar pose. The *roman experimental* is fiction equipped with all the apparatus of scientific method, a technological vocabulary, a carefully compiled list of facts (only the bibliography of sources is wanting), a disavowal of all theoretical preconception, and a sublime contempt for all human interests — with the honorable exception of sex. . . . Historically, the realistic novel is a protest against the older romantic novel with the happy ending — which was always the reward of virtue. The romantic happy ending was due, however, less to the natural productiveness of virtue than to some rather irrelevant beneficence on the part of nature or the social order. Now, such a consummation implies that the world is a moral order; indeed, a supernatural order. Yet the supernatural is not finally disposed of by the elimination of happy chance. What if, by the exercise of moral courage, intelligence, and foresight, virtue may produce its own reward? This implies the efficiency of consciousness. And this, as I have suggested, is still, from a standpoint strictly naturalistic, to admit the supernatural.

"Accordingly, in the strictly scientific novel, consciousness is made ineffective. Either the characters are preternaturally stupid, like the husband of Madame Bovary (and French husbands in general), or they are persons of unusual intelligence whose powers of action are obstructed by introspection. In Russian realism it seems that everyone who is not a clod is, like Turgeniev's chance acquaintance, a Hamlet — 'of the District Tschigri' or some other district. Dmitri Roudine is uncertain whether he is a hero or a humbug. Neschdanoff, in 'Virgin Soil,' is a nihilist who discovers in the end that nihilism is merely esthetic. Even honest Bezukhov, in Tolstoy's 'War and Peace,' is haunted by a constant sense of not meaning what he says. All this may perhaps be true of Russian character. But it seems that in English realism intelligence is similarly inefficient, and indeed especially prone to disaster. Hardy's 'Return of the Native,' for example, is a tragedy of seemingly trivial errors. The dominant note of literary realism is the helplessness of man before the accidents of events; and in the realistic world, events always go wrong."

And these Slavic heroes are too often clod or Hamlet in grossest mood; sure of the body and its demands, but for the rest living in a world of vivid hallucination, of wistful or shameful illusion. These traits of the naturalistic novel have not grown less marked in recent years. Tolstoy and Turgenev never held themselves strictly to the naturalistic grindstone — might at any time betray their sense of character, of truth inherent in and more or less successfully controlling fact. In Dostoyevsky the method fairly takes possession. Read, for example, 'A Raw Youth.' Two figures may, with some pains, be detached from the tangle of detail which fills these pages, a father and a son. The father is a sort of splendid child, good-humored, ardent, and utterly without consistency or responsibility. The son, in default of a character which he could not well inherit, is endowed with an immense and defiant egotism. He has no inkling of a humane or magnanimous view of life, his purpose is merely to win a shallow and spectacular success — himself against the world. Out of the long rigmarole of the narrative, there does emerge a vivid sense of certain bodily and temperamental presences. Nightmare is once more the word that suggests itself, however, in connection with this vividness. The higher realism of character in action is almost totally lacking. But for two women who stand out strangely from the context, we might put the book down wondering (as we may have wondered even in closing 'The Brothers Karamazov') whether the author does not really believe character itself (that is, a stable personality) to be the great hallucination.

One or two of Dostoyevsky's successors carry us even farther into the morass. Gorky, it is true, shows the Russian mysticism as well as the Russian despair of the present. In 'The Confession,' his central figure is a peasant boy of unknown paternity, who gropes his way through the filth of everyday experience and the false glamour of formal religion, to a religion of humanity, a healing belief in the People as the creators or embodiment of divinity; he,

like his creator, is saved from despair only by mysticism. Intellect merely tortures him: "My thoughts," he says, with his painful ingenuousness, "were like water-hens in a puddle, jumping from stump to stump."

No mysticism tempers the despair of Artzibashev, beholding the human fact. In 'Sanine' he conveys the impression of a force often morbid and brutal, but still a force. In 'Breaking-Point' there is nothing but a sort of hysterical impotence — a disheartening example of the frantic and unfruitful pessimism to which naturalism is capable of descending, nightmare of lust and despair and death, the more dreadful because of the intellectual energy devoted to its weaving. The persons themselves, a galley of lost souls, harrow us because, despite their manias, their vices, their paltriness, we cannot quite turn away from them as inhuman. And their humanity is not that of piteous ignorance. They think, they philosophize, their minds torture them with the consciousness of their own enormity. And the upshot of all their thinking is that life has no distinguishable meaning, and the sooner one is rid of it the better! Yet even this final negation, this supreme "rejection of consciousness," has been accepted as a working basis by various English novelists of recent years. We discern the figure of the common little hero of erotic romance, less grossly drawn, holding the stage in the work of many of the brilliant younger novelists of ante-bellum England. In the stories of those writers whom Henry James, in a paper on 'The New Novel,' gives high rank among the immediate successors of Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy — in much at least of the work of Hugh Walpole, Gilbert Cannan, Compton Mackenzie, and D. H. Lawrence — we are in contact with a new type of British hero in whom, indeed, we seem to discern mixed ancestry. Whence have descended upon sturdy England these mentally eager, emotionally excitable, morally unstable youths, well equipped with brains and quite unfurnished with spines — groping and fumbling for a foothold, a consciousness, which forever eludes them? Who are these Oxford-bred young adventurers, voyaging forth with a locker-full of charts and no compass to try the unknown, full of fears and random desires and sensibilities, yearning over themselves, bursting into tears in the face of danger or suffering?

It is true that, if we are to accept the ante-bellum literature as evidence, British character was changing very rapidly as the new century came in. Wells, Shaw, Bennett, Chesterton — what have these names to do with the solid, self-contained, slightly stodgy John Bull of Victorian tradition? They represent an England as unlike the England of Gladstone and Matthew Arnold as the England of Shakespeare was. Here indeed is a type offering some striking analogies to the Elizabethan type — a brilliant, mercurial, youthfully enterprising and irresponsible race. The Victorian Englishman used to reproach us in America for our mere cleverness, our high spirits which led us nowhere, our humor which we coddled at the expense of sober achievement. Well, the twentieth century beheld the situation reversed. It was the American

who plodded, who pulled a long face, who was conscious of his responsibilities and his dignity; it was the Briton who sported, who capered, who attired himself in motley and refused to admit that there is any other wear. So Time brings in his revenges.

One of the last critical utterances of the late Henry James was the paper already mentioned above. By "the New Novel" he meant the novel of the younger British story-tellers, the twentieth-century novel. We may well take our cue from him in examining the physical qualities of that novel and its standing as a product of literary art. Henry James found it a fiction which lacked the guidance or the checking of intelligent criticism: "No equal outpouring of matter into the mold of literature, or what roughly passes for such, has been noted to live its life and maintain its flood, its level at least of quantity and mass, in such free and easy independence of critical attention." He surmised that the low pitch of criticism might have helped to establish a low pitch of accomplishment for the artist. Or, putting it otherwise, "the flood of 'production' has so inordinately exceeded the activity of control that this latter anxious agent, first alarmed but then indifferent, has been forced backward out of the gate, leaving the contents of the reservoir to boil and evaporate." And both the bulkiness and the lawlessness of this product were, he thought, democratic phenomena: "Beyond number are the ways in which the democratic example, once gathering momentum, sets its mark on societies and seasons that stand in its course. Nowhere is that example written larger, to our perception, than in 'the new novel'; through this, we hasten to add, not in the least because prose fiction now occupies itself as never before with the 'condition of the people,' a fact quite irrelevant to the nature it has taken on, but because that nature amounts exactly to the complacent declaration of a common literary level." In short, James found that the democratic principle, eschewing selection, naturally has little regard for criticism or for that artistic excellence which it is the chief business of criticism to celebrate. The democratic tendency is therefore "to regard, and above all to treat, one manner of book, like one manner of person, as, if not absolutely as good as another, yet good enough for any democratic use."

In the new novel, then, James, and we with him, must necessarily be content with a vast deal of material, and a "high average workmanship," and with little of the highest artistic quality or distinction. Coming to his cases, James finds that Bennett and Wells bear a quasi-parental relation to the most promising of the very youngest British novelists. He perceives that their practice, if not their doctrine of fiction, is as a product of immersion or "saturation." Bennett, for example, knows his Five Towns so thoroughly, is so soaked in his material, that he has only to squeeze himself to be interesting. His office is to give off the thing itself, not to interpret it. So after finding 'Clayhanger' and its sequel "the most monumental of Bennett's recitals," we proceed to recognize it as "so describable through its being a monument exactly not to

an idea, a pursued and captured meaning, or in short, *to* anything whatever, but just simply *of* the quarried and gathered material it happened to contain, the stones and bricks and rubble and cement and promiscuous constituents of every sort that have been heaped in it, and thanks to which it quite massively piles itself up." So also, in the guidance of Henry James, we find that Wells's novels, the best of them, "are so very much more attestations of the presence of material than attestations in the use of it, that we ask ourselves again and again why so fondly neglected a state of leakage comes not to be fatal to any provision of quantity, or even to stores more specially selected for the ordeal than Wells's always strike us as being."

These sayings are in the difficult Jacobite manner. Being interpreted, they mean that in Henry James's opinion neither Bennett nor Wells has succeeded in transmuting his limitless ores of fact into the gold of art, and that this failure is shared by virtually all of the novelists of our period. We must remember that to Henry James the art of story-telling was extremely intricate and elaborate. He carried over from the nineties a feeling for style and form in literature which the later generation have disowned and discredited. The current novelist is all for speaking straight out, in such accents as Providence may have bestowed upon him and his next-door neighbor. We think ourselves well rid of the elegance and artifices of yesterday, and we take pride in a robust and forthright way of putting things. No doubt the reaction is good and wholesome, in its way. Stevenson might have been a bigger man without his affectations — or is it that a bigger man would not have been guilty of them? Henry James nearly lost himself in later years in the mazes of his style. It is pleasant to think that the literary preciosities of our day appeal to small and unrepresentative constituencies. It is well that the writing man can no longer afford to mince his words and speak prettily. But it is not altogether well, on the other hand, that he can now afford to make his utterance as offhand and slipshod as he likes.

William Watson, in a little monograph called 'Pencraft' once took up arms for the older and more lettered way. He argues for the "scriptive" as against the "loquitive" methods of expression, the literary word as against the vernacular. But the truth is, both forms of expression are literary, though one is based on books and the other on speech. The American magazine style of the moment is in point: it is picturesque, it spurns restraint and elegance, it professes to employ the speech of the man in the street. Of course, it does not employ that speech. If it did, its vast popularity would vanish quickly enough. But it creates the illusion. The sources of current style are not in the vernacular, they are still in the printed word: only it is the newspaper word, the magazine word, instead of the book word. For the printed word has its own literary fashions and models, whether it is conscious of them or not. Stevenson and the men of his generation were strongly conscious of them, and used to look for them in books, in the great books of the world. They imi-

tated, they tried effects, they labored towards the perfection of a vehicle for their thoughts or their inventions. Then came the reaction; and British letters for half a generation has been in the hands of a group trained in journalism, men who brought many of the tricks of journalism to their business of authorship. It was as writers of timely " copy " that Shaw, Wells, Bennett, Chesterton, Belloc contracted the brusque, clever, whimsical, jolting form of expression which was the accepted British style for a decade and more.

I suspect that Henry James was so little able to forgive Bennett and Wells for their lack of distinction in style, that their other qualities were hopelessly obscured for him. There was a tendency in certain quarters — as there is bound to be when two contemporary writers are of measurably equal rank and influence — to hold these two novelists up side by side and guess at their relative merits. Yet if one were asked whether he preferred ' The Old Wives' Tale ' or ' The Research Magnificent,' his fair retort would be, " Do you prefer curried mutton or champagne? " There is no good reason for praising one at the expense of the other. Indeed, these two books, and these two writers, represent two distinct tendencies in twentieth-century fiction. The power of ' The Old Wives' Tale ' lies in the deep current of irony flowing under the surface of its trivial fond records. One gets the same impression from ' Clayhanger ' and ' Hilda Lessways.' In ' These Twain ' we find the trail of the serpent — or, let us say, the Dead Sea fruits of that brilliant incontinence to which, for most of his working days, Bennett so frankly yields himself. Here is the inconsequent cleverness, the pursuit of the comic fillip, the voluptuous cuddling of paradox, which vulgarized British letters for two decades. In ' These Twain ' that deeper irony too often fades to sarcasm, making what headway it may against the current of Bennett's obtruding cleverness. But at his best I read him not as a profound interpreter of his time, but as an ironist of power, deeply preoccupied with the homely traits of human character and experience. For this ironic spirit the Five Towns are, after all, a local habitation.

Now Wells has never been content to paint his human scene in the light of a diffused and half-hidden irony. He is not a realist with a settled view of life, but a seeker. A critic who likes Bennett and dislikes Wells has said that ' The Research Magnificent ' seems like child's play compared with ' The Old Wives' Tale.' Admirers of Wells may comfortably concede this. Child's play has poetic and even prophetic qualities; it is seldom realistic and never ironic. Wells at his worst is (as Bennett is in a different sense) childish. At his best he is, if one chooses, childlike — a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. No doubt he lacks the common-sense which has been hailed as " the one priceless possession " of mankind, and which is certainly the one foundation of conduct — and of irony. But other possessions are priceless — among them the uncommon-nonsense of an occasional writer like Wells. At his height he serves to remind us that, among the anxious brilliancies and careful ironies

of our time, imagination has not yet lost its faculty of splendid recklessness, of fruitful folly. And more than once — most notably and triumphantly in 'Mr. Britling Sees it Through' — the prophet has laid aside his mantle for the achievement of a fine realism, a fruitful interpretation of human character in action.

But the twentieth-century English novel does not lack its practitioners of style and form. There were the two older story-tellers, Maurice Hewlett and Joseph Conrad, contemporaries of the "loquitive" writers, Wells and Bennett and the rest, yet quite without relation to them. Hewlett was a romancer whose allegiance to romance never wavered. It seemed until recently that his imagination needed a certain remoteness in time and space: his most characteristic achievements were in a sort of glorified "costume" romance, as in 'The Forest Lovers' or 'Richard Yea-and-Nay.' When he came nearer modernity, as in 'Mrs. Lancelot,' or 'Bendish,' or 'Open Country,' he was less successful because he seemed less sincere. But 'Love and Lucy' disposed of this impression: Hewlett has done nothing more characteristic, though he here waives that detachment from the present which has seemed essential to the weaving of his spell. In this story he takes a theme such as Locke or Bennett might have chosen, and invests it with his own peculiar enchantment. He does that thing for which the critics are always crying — takes the ordinary person, living on anybody's street, and fills him and his affairs with the glamour of romance, garbs him in the cloth of gold of "style."

Joseph Conrad always stood apart from his English contemporaries. His style shows a strong French influence, but his substance is more British than the modern Briton in its restraint and reticence. His method of telling a story is strangely involved, yet the subtle simplicity of his effects depends upon it. Often we feel that he conquers the difficulty inherent in his chosen theme by a separate *tour de force*. With him the reader must become accustomed and acclimated, so that he may feel the thrill of a familiar strangeness in that atmospheric charm with which this writer's fancy invests the sea and its exotic peoples and shores. In the end we feel that he represents himself, and not any school or tendency.

Among the younger British novelists, several have distinctly risen above that dead level of style which Henry James deplored. Miss Ethel Sidgwick, for example, and Compton Mackenzie, and D. H. Lawrence, and Hugh Walpole. There is evident pursuit of style in the work of Gilbert Cannan. Cannan translated 'Jean-Christophe,' and tried his own hand at the "life novel." In 'Three Sons and a Mother,' the neutral, circumstantial life story is at its best. The chronicle is painstakingly objective and indeterminate. Between its covers certain human beings do, according to their ability, live and have their being. The question — the burning question for the reader — remains: whether they concern him in any way. And this question we find ourselves plaintively asking in connection with very much of the brilliant or faithful

chronicling of these younger novelists. Compton Mackenzie has unmistakably meant to be an artist, a stylist as well as an interpreter. He compassed the style, but we are less sure about the interpretation. 'Plasher's Mead,' for example, is full of verbal felicities, but in the end the reader is bound to ask what the noise, whether melodious or brusque, is all about? And it turns out to be about the same old thing, the thing so dwelt upon in 'Carnival' and 'Sinister Street' — the Oxford youth, hypersensitive dilettante, self-absorbed experimenter with esthetic and erotic experience.

A variety of the novel of revolt which reached prominence during the twentieth century was the novel of feminism. Woman's vote, woman's "economic independence," woman's moral and intellectual equality with (or superiority over) man — these themes have been greatly occupying our story-tellers. And it has not always been a wholesome preoccupation, as witness the novels of W. L. George (who is, to be sure, half a Frenchman). But the breath of the Great War swept away British militancy among women, as well as British dilettantism among men. The first effect of the War was negative. Writers of proved power, who before the war seemed to be groping for themes in the humdrum of life, were stunned rather than inspired by the rush of events. For the first year or two they could only muster reports, side-lights, impressions, opinions. The novelist turned journalist, or pamphleteer, or diarist. Or, perhaps, he went on struggling with his humdrum, merely venturing to employ here and there a scene or an episode of war to give the timely touch or to help along the plot. So May Sinclair in 'The Belfry,' used Belgium and her torment as a means of (rather fantastically) vindicating one Tasker Jevons, the cockney genius of her story. With 'Gossamer,' Canon Hannay ["G. A. Birmingham"] went considerably farther. An aspect of the War itself was his theme. But he hardly carried us beyond the outbreak of the conflict, and merely as fellow-observers at a physically safe remove. More time had to pass before, in Hugh Walpole's 'The Dark Forest,' in E. V. Lucas's 'The Vermilion Box,' and finally in Wells's 'Mr. Britling Sees it Through,' we began to find the great conflict clearly and powerfully embodied in literature.

'The Dark Forest' is a finished piece of literary art, by means of which Hugh Walpole successfully rendered not his experiences, but his experience, as a member of the Red Cross service on the Eastern Front. The smoke and wounds and blood are here in the narrative, but in their proper place, as details and not the main thing. A romantic human story is the writer's first object, and he has permitted nothing to interfere with its telling. On the other hand, it would have been a very different affair with another setting and atmosphere. These elementary human dramas, the novelist seems to assure us, do go on in the perilous breach itself: in the presence of death, men live their eager lives, cling to their hopes and aspirations, their intimate ties and interests. We have here no record of a campaign, but the tale of these men and women has the sound and breath and odor of the brutal thing called war —

the background and the atmosphere of so many millions of lives as they must be lived through in war-time. In 'The Vermilion Box' and 'Mr. Britling Sees it Through,' Lucas and Wells attempted much the same thing. They showed the War coming home to England, England of the easy ways, and proving itself not an incident but a trial by fire, out of which must come a land purged and strengthened. The objective simplicity of Walpole's method is quite beyond, or beside, Wells. But by frankly taking for his theme himself, his experiences, his emotions and reactions, he produced an extraordinarily sincere and vivid impressions of what, day by day, as men were setting sail and bulletins were coming in, those early days of war did to England and for England. Mr. Britling gradually undergoes a change of heart, and we are sure that the rich note of faith upon which his voice ceases must have rung in the consciousness of his creator.

A number of writers who were artistically ripe before the end of the nineteenth century first found an audience in the twentieth. This is singularly true of Leonard Merrick, a story-teller of extraordinary grace and point within his carefully limited range. There are no problems for him but the problem of finding personal happiness within the bounds of decency and regard for others. He believes in nice people, he creates delightful girls, for him flappers and jazz and tragic complexes have never begun to exist. He is a cool rock in a weary land for readers who go to the novel for rest rather than for stimulus. Maurice Baring is another accomplished artist whose work is coming to be valued by more than a handful of readers. Walter de la Mare is virtually a discovery of the 1920's, and he also is pleasantly indifferent to propaganda and "ideas." His world is a world of fancy.

And it is remarkable to note how many of the still later British story-tellers owed their popularity to this kind of remoteness from every day. Often a realistic method in the treatment of detail has gone with a fantastic (sometimes perverse) play of humor or sentiment. David Garnett ('Lady Into Fox,' 1923), Norman Douglas ('They Went,' 1920), Arthur Machen ('The Terror,' 1917), and E. M. Forster ('A Passage to India,' 1924) — these are all writers of brilliant quality, and they all refuse to be placed in the earlier categories of "romancer," realist, satirist, and the like.

Not far from them indeed should be placed most of the other sparkling young novelists who have restored to British fiction something of Elizabethan freedom if little of Elizabethan flexibility and breadth. Aldous Huxley, A. E. Coppard, and T. F. Powys: did these clever performers ever give promise of being worth twenty years' remembrance? They were, at least, idols for a time. They were read, they were praised, they were even "collected" by their contemporaries who quaintly snatched "first editions" hot from the press, and paid fancy prices for limited and inscribed copies of their books.

Story-tellers of more weight (probably — for only time can lay down the law) were W. S. Maugham and Wyndham Lewis — performers of uneven

talent but great virtuosity; Francis Brett Young, who wrote many novels but may be remembered for one novel, 'The Young Physician'; and Frederick Niven, author of a number of novels of Scotch city life which were little read but may be classics some day.

But the most striking development in British fiction during the second and third decades of the twentieth century was the appearance of a large number of women novelists who more than held their own with their male rivals. One notable and suggestive thing about them was their general preference for masculine or neuter pen-names; as if they wished to stress the neutrality of the artist. I find that five of eight writers whom I wished to mention employed this kind of signature: G. B. Stern ('The Matriarch,' 1925); Storm Jameson ('The Pitiful Wife,' 1924); E. M. Delafield ('Zella Sees Herself,' 1917); F. Tennyson Jesse ('Secret Bread,' 1917); and Romer Wilson ('The Grand Tour,' 1923).

The other three who would certainly be named as story-tellers of power are Dorothy Richardson ('Revolving Lights,' 1923); Katherine Mansfield ('Bliss and Other Stories,' 1921); and Sheila Kaye-Smith ('Joanna Godden,' 1922).

The really notable thing about this group of women is that, while most of them have used neuter names and all of them have claimed perfect freedom in their use of precisely the same materials their male contemporaries are busied with, their work remains unmistakably feminine. You may say of Miss Jesse's 'Secret Bread' or of Romer Wilson's 'Dragon's Blood' that it might have been written by a man, but you know better. They might have been, and they were, written by woman a trifle self-conscious about the new emancipation, a little inclined consequently to lengthen their stride and roughen their voices. However, this is not more noticeable than a corresponding tendency to shrillness and vivacity in the young men who write novels alongside them.

Perhaps the third decade of the twentieth century will go down to posterity as the time when the sexes most sedulously aped and most nearly approached each other in dress, manner, and speech. Quite naturally, it may later be observed, the Englishmen and Englishwomen of that period collaborated towards a neuter literature which substituted liveliness and daring for the virility or feminity of robust art.

H. W. Boynton.

GEORGE MOORE

WHEN George Moore was a little boy in Dublin he one day broke away from his nurse, stripped off his clothes, and ran naked about Stephen's Green, with the object, as he explained, of enjoying the helpless consternation of the nurse. It is tempting to see in this episode a symbol and a portent of the later Moore. But it would probably be wrong to do so, unless it could be made to appear that he was only very secondarily interested in the sensations of the nurse, representing for the moment the public, and wholly and delightfully concerned with the sensations of his own slender body cleaving the cool air, and the picture of his gleaming little self against a vaguely agitated but attentive background. His whole concern in the incident, if on this occasion the child really was father of the later man, was artistic; the nurse was necessary to him in contriving an effect, but she and her emotions were no ends in themselves. There have been few men who have so wholly identified themselves with art, without any of the reserves or the restraints which a lesser, or a greater, man would insist upon. In his life, he is not, like a lesser man, posing; he is composing; but he is not, like a greater man, transmuting crude experience into a new and higher reality; he is, for the most part, merely improvising. Few men have tasked themselves more severely than he to perfect their gift for writing. Whistler, he says, once remarked to him, "Nothing, I suppose, matters to you except your writing." It frightened him a little to think it quite possibly true that family, friends, painting, music, convictions, and the precious privacies of life existed for him as only so much copy. But what is a man to do in whom, as he says, writing is inveterate? He must have something on which to spend his prodigious talent. Writing is his business; he has authority to be about it. If he breaks into your house it is not the random personal enterprise of a burglar; it is a domiciliary visitation for which he has a duly executed search-warrant. "*Je prens mon bien où je le trouve,*" he says, and he takes it because in spite of everything it really is his, or what amounts to the same thing, art's.

Moore was born an Irishman, in 1853, but his father's political career transferred the family from the feudal life of Moore Hall in County Mayo to London, and Moore grew up an Englishman. In the late seventies, a young man with yellow hair, champagne-bottle shoulders, and female hands, together with a competence left him at the death of his father, he betook himself to Paris to study painting. The story of these years may be read in 'Confessions of a Young Man' (1888) and more retrospectively in the opening pages of 'Vale'

(1914). In the end it became plain that though he might find a great deal to say about painting — his volume of papers called 'Modern Painting' (1893) gives the measure of that — a painter he was not to be. Two volumes of poems, written with the best will in the world to be devilish, 'Flowers of Passion' (1878) and 'Pagan Poems' (1881), represent the first attempts of the young artist to find a new medium for the expression of those sensations with which the act of living so violently affected him.

Poetry, however, was not the destined means. His long career as a writer of prose, in the course of which he has grown so enamoured of the texture and rustle of his style that he is ready to take the trouble of rewriting them in order to reclothe his early works in the latest fashion, began with 'A Modern Lover' (1883) and 'A Mummer's Wife' (1884). The latter is the story of the sentimental wife of a shopkeeper, who drifts from her slender moorings in the wake of the good-natured, sensual, and efficient actor-manager, follows his fortunes as his wife, herself a player in a small way, and finally, for no reason but a vague boredom and to the complete puzzlement of her kindly intentioned husband, drinks herself to death. This novel looks definitely forward to the larger measure of success which he attained, after 'A Drama in Muslin' (1886) and 'Spring Days' (1888), in 'Esther Waters' (1894). Here, against a background of racing (his father had kept a stable), he succeeds in making of absorbing interest the simple annals of a servant-girl. It was the Englishman in him, as he says, that wrote this book. Beyond question it is among all his books the one that most people will longest care to read. In it he sets himself no problem to work out, as in imitation of his Continental masters he had done in certain of his earlier works; he is not furnishing a portrait gallery, as in 'Celibates' (1895); he confuses his story with no flummery of estheticism, which quite destroys the outlines of 'Evelyn Innes' (1898) and its languid sequel, 'Sister Theresa' (1901); he is not yet obsessed with Ireland and the incompatability, since the Reformation, of Catholicism and art, though he had vented a little spleen in 'Parnell and His Island' (1887); and for the moment he forgets himself, while he tells a sound story in the best tradition of the English novel.

Moore, however, was not content to remain an Englishman. Art seemed to have in the Empire no place, the mintage of the language was worn by much handling; art, which never revisits last year's nests, was to be found in small countries and in uncheapened languages. The outbreak of the Boer War alienated him still more from England, and Ireland seemed to offer the untilled field which would yield the artistic harvest. Dublin, the Gaelic League, the National Theatre, his cousin Edward Martyn, Yeats, Lady Gregory, "A. E.", and John Eglinton offered a splendid background; and not naked this time but with all his household goods — including his modern paintings — he rushed among them. Nakedness is, however, characteristic of the remarkable trilogy 'Hail and Farewell' — 'Ave' (1911), 'Salve' (1912), and 'Vale' (1914)

— which tells the story of his ten-year Irish Odyssey. It is a story of the disillusioned messiah, a theme to which he returned in 'The Brook Kerith' (1916). In the interests of the Irish dramatic revival he labored, collaborating with Yeats in 'Dermuid and Grania,' and shamelessly remaking Edward Martyn's play, which appeared as 'The Bending of the Bough' (1900), into the likeness of his own earlier play, 'The Strike at Arlingford' (1893). In the interests of the Gaelic League he labored, writing the stories published as 'The Untilled Field' (1903) that they might be turned into Irish and form the nucleus of a native literature which should induce folk to undergo the rigors of learning the language. In the end, however, he reached the conviction — it is all told in 'Salve' — that it was futile to attempt the artistic regeneration of Ireland so long as the Catholic church was there to make art an impossibility.

Such, at any rate, is his version, though perhaps the whole story has presumably not been told; in any case, he abjured a Catholicism which he never professed and, publicly announcing himself a Protestant, departed by way of England on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Such a summary, however, gives no notion of this amazing trilogy. The exhaustless and delighted malice with which he holds up to us the actors in the literary movement whose historian he is must be somewhat sourly relished, if they allow themselves to read the books, by his "dear Edward," his Gill with *Henri quatre* beard, and his Douglas Hyde. His hero-worship can be hardly more palatable to the reluctant "A. E." Whenever they said anything appropriate to the rôles he had assigned to them in his novel, down it went. When nothing, or nothing appropriate had been said, the author came to the rescue of his characters. Thus Moore makes literary history more interesting than fiction; and as an experiment in its kind, unique at any rate in England, his trilogy will in no future, however distant, be wholly neglected.

Through the years this task of rewriting the early works has gone pleasantly forward. Occasionally it has led to dissatisfaction. 'Celibates,' on re-examination, proved inadequate and a new collection of full-length portraits, 'In Single Strictness' (1922), takes its place. The exhaustless fount of literary talk plays again in 'Avowals' (1919) and 'Conversations in Ebury Street' (1924), delightful talk, with a rare savoring both of life and of language. Latterly, the ghosts of dead lovers have visited him, in 'The Pastoral Loves of Daphnis and Chloe' (1924) and 'Héloïse and Abélard' (1925). Finally, the favorite theme of this messiah rather uncomprehendingly promoted by circumstance finds new expression in a little play, 'The Making of an Immortal' (1928). Shakespeare, the actor, the shrewd partner in playhouse ventures, prospering investor in Stratford messuages, is presented by Bacon to the queen as the "author" of the plays. Thus the trifle of a wearied hour brings to Moore the popularity which a lifetime of beautiful prose had not won him. However in retrospect it may all appear to him, he may still with perfect

truth murmur in the French which he loves (but which he would not for the world mingle with his pure draughts of English), "*Je ne me suis pas trompé de mon métier.*"

HARRY MORGAN AYRES

FROM 'ESTHER WATERS'

ESTHER AT SERVICE

A SLOPING roof formed one end of the room, and through a broad, single pane the early sunlight fell across a wall papered with blue and white flowers. Print dresses hung over the door. On the wall were two pictures — a girl with a basket of flowers, the colored supplement of an illustrated newspaper, and an old and dilapidated last-century print. On the chimney-piece there were photographs of the Gale family in Sunday clothes, and the green vases that Sarah had given Margaret on her birthday.

In a low, narrow iron bed, pushed close against the wall in the full glare of the sunlight, Esther lay staring half awake, her eyes open but still dim with dreams. She looked at the clock. It was not yet time to get up, and she raised her arms as if to cross them behind her head, but a sudden remembrance of yesterday arrested the movement, and a sudden shadow settled on her face. She had refused to prepare the vegetables. She hadn't answered, and the cook had turned her out of the kitchen. She had rushed from the house under the momentary sway of hope that she might succeed in walking back to London. But William had overtaken her in the avenue, he had expostulated with her, he had refused to allow her to pass. She had striven to tear herself from him, and, failing, had burst into tears. William had been very kind, and at last she had allowed him to lead her back, and all the time he had filled her ears with assurances that he would make it right with his mother. But Mrs. Latch had closed her kitchen against her, and she had had to go to her room. Even if they paid her fare back to London, how was she to face her mother? What would father say? He would drive her from the house. But she had done nothing wrong. . . . Why did cook insult her?

As she pulled on her stockings she stopped and wondered if she should awake Margaret Gale. Margaret's bed stood in the blonde shadow of the obliquely falling wall. She lay in a heavy attitude, one arm thrown forward, her short, square face raised to the light. Margaret slept so deeply that for a moment Esther felt afraid. Suddenly the eyes opened, and Margaret looked at her vaguely, as if out of eternity. Raising her hands to her eyes, she said:

"What time is it?"

"It has just gone six."

"Then there's plenty of time, we needn't be down before seven. You get on

with your dressing, there's no use my getting up till you are done — we'd be tumbling over each other. This is no room to put two girls to sleep in — one glass not much bigger than your hand. You'll have to get your box under your bed. . . . In my last place I had a beautiful room with a Brussels carpet and a marble wash-handstand. I wouldn't stay here three days if it weren't — " The girl laughed and turned lazily over.

Esther did not answer.

" Now, isn't it a grubby little room to put two girls to sleep in? What was your last place like? "

Esther answered that she had hardly been in service before. Margaret was too much engrossed in her own thoughts to notice the curtness of the answer.

" There's only one thing to be said for Woodview, and that is the eating; we have everything we want, and we'd have more than we want if it weren't for the old cook, she must have her little bit out of everything, and she cuts us short in our bacon in the morning. But that reminds me! You have set the cook against you; you'll have to bring her over to your side if you want to remain here."

" Why should I be asked to wash up the moment I came in the house, before even I had time to change my dress? "

" It was rather hard on you. She always gets as much as she can out of her kitchen-maid. But last night she was pressed, there was company to dinner. I'd have lent you an apron, and the dress you had on wasn't of much account."

" It isn't because a girl is poor — "

" Oh, I didn't mean that; I know well enough what it is to be hard up." Margaret clasped her stays across her plump figure and walked to the door for her dress. She was a pretty girl, with a snub nose and large, clear eyes. Her hair was lighter in tone than Esther's, and she had brushed it from her forehead so as to obviate the defect of her face, which was too short.

Esther was on her knees, saying her prayers, when Margaret turned to the light to button her boots.

" Well I never! " she exclaimed. " Do you think prayers do any good? "

Esther looked up angrily.

" I don't want to say anything against saying prayers, but I wouldn't before the others if I was you — they'll chaff dreadful, and call you Creeping J — "

" Oh, Margaret, I hope they won't do anything so wicked. But I'm afraid I shall not be long here, so it doesn't matter what they think of *me*."

When they got downstairs they opened the windows and doors, and Margaret took Esther round, showing her where the things were kept, and telling her for how many she must lay the table. The rashers were frying when a number of boys and men came clattering up the passage. They cried to Esther to hurry up, declaring that they were late. Esther did not know who they were, but she served them as best she might. They breakfasted hastily and rushed away to the stables. They had not been long gone when the squire and his son Arthur appeared in the yard. The Gaffer, as he was called, was a man of about

medium height. He wore breeches and gaiters, and in them his legs seemed grotesquely thick. His son was a narrow-chested, undersized young man, absurdly thin and hatchet-faced. He was also in breeches and gaiters, and to his boots were attached long-necked spurs. His pale yellow hair gave him a somewhat ludicrous appearance. But he seemed quite different the moment he was in the saddle. He rode a beautiful chestnut horse, a little too thin, so Esther thought. The ugly little boys were mounted on horses equally thin. The squire rode a strout gray cob, and he watched the chestnut, and was also interested in the brown horse that walked with its head in the air, pulling at the smallest of all the boys, a little, freckled, red-headed fellow.

"That's Silver Braid, the brown horse, the one that the Demon is riding; the chestnut is Bayleaf, Ginger is riding him; he won the City and Suburban. Oh, we did have a fine time then, for we all had a bit on. The betting was twenty to one, and I won twelve and sixpence. Grover won thirty shillings. They say that John — that's the butler — won a little fortune, but he is so close no one knows what he does. . . . Cook wouldn't have anything on; she says that betting is the curse of servants — you know what is said, that it was through betting that Mrs. Latch's husband got into trouble. He was steward here, you know, in the late squire's time."

Then Margaret told all she had heard on the subject. The late Mr. Latch had been a confidential steward, and large sums of money were constantly passing through his hands for which he was never asked for any exact account. Contrary to all expectation, Marksman was beaten for the Chester Cup, and the squire's property was placed under the charge of a receiver. Under the new management things were gone into more closely, and it was then discovered that Mr. Latch's accounts were incapable of satisfactory explanation. The defeat of Marksman had hit Mr. Latch as hard as it had hit the squire, and to pay his debts of honor he had to take from the money placed in his charge, confidently hoping to return it in a few months. The squire's misfortunes anticipated the realization of his intentions, proceedings were threatened, but were withdrawn on Mrs. Latch coming forward with all her savings and volunteering to forgo her wages for a term of years. Old Latch died soon after; some lucky bets set the squire on his legs again, the matter was half forgotten, and in the next generation it became the legend of the Latch family. So it was to others, but to Mrs. Latch it became an incurable grief, and to remove her son from influences, which, in her opinion, had caused his father's death, Mrs. Latch had always refused Mr. Barfield's offers to do something for William. Against her will he had been taught to ride, in the hope of his becoming a jockey, but to her great joy he soon grew out of all such possibility. She had then placed him in an office in Brighton. But the young man's height and shape marked him out for livery, and Mrs. Latch was pained when Mr. Barfield proposed it. "Why cannot they leave me my son?" she cried, for it seemed to her that in that hateful cloth, buttons, and cockade, he would be no

more her son, nor could she entirely forget what the Latches had been long ago.

" I believe there's going to be a trial this morning," said Margaret; " Silver Braid was stripped — you noticed that — and Ginger always rides in the trials."

" I don't know what a trial is," said Esther. " They are not carriage horses, are they? They look too slight."

" Carriage horses, you ninny! Where have you been to all this while — can't you see that they are race-horses? "

Esther hung down her head and murmured something which Margaret didn't catch.

" To tell the truth, I didn't know much about them when I came, but then one never hears anything else here. And that reminds me — it is as much as your place is worth to breathe one syllable about them horses; you must know nothing when you are asked. That's what Jim Story got sacked for — saying in the Red Lion that Valentine pulled up lame. We don't know how it came to the Gaffer's ears. I believe that it was Mr. Leopold that told, he finds out everything. But I was telling you how I learned about the race-horses. It was from Jim Story — Jim was my pal — Sarah is after William, you know, the fellow who brought you into the kitchen last night. Jim could never talk about anything but the 'osses. We'd go every night and sit in the woodshed — that's to say if it was wet, if it was fine, we'd walk in the driveway. I'd have married Jim, I know I should, if he hadn't been sent away. That's the worst of being a servant. They sent Jim away just as if he was a dog. It was wrong of him to say the horse pulled up lame, I admit that, but they needn't have sent him away as they did."

Esther did not listen to Margaret's discursive chatter. She was absorbed in the consideration of her own perilous position. Would they send her away at the end of the week, or that very afternoon? Would they give her a week's wages, or would they turn her out destitute to find her way back to London as best she might? What should she do if they turned her out-of-doors that very afternoon? Walk back to London? She did not know if that was possible. She did not know how far she had come — a long distance, no doubt. She had seen woods, hills, rivers, and towns flying past. Never would she be able to find her way back through that endless country; besides, she could not carry her box on her back. . . . What was she to do? Not a friend, not a penny in the world. Oh, why did such misfortune fall on a poor little girl who had never harmed any one in the world! And if they did give her her fare back — what then? Should she go home? . . . To whom? . . . To her mother — to her poor mother, who would burst into tears, who would say, " Oh, my poor darling, I don't know what we shall do, your father will never consent to your remaining here."

Mrs. Latch had not spoken to her since she had come into the kitchen. It

seemed to Esther that she had looked round with the air of one anxious to discover something that might serve as a pretext for blame. She had told Esther to make haste and lay the table afresh. Those who had gone were the stable folk, and breakfast had now to be prepared for the other servants. The person in the dark-green dress who spoke with her chin in the air, whose nose had been pinched to purple just above the nostrils, was Miss Grover, the lady's-maid. Grover addressed an occasional remark to Sarah Tucker, a tall girl with a thin, freckled face, and dark-red hair. The butler, who was not feeling well, did not appear at breakfast, and Esther was sent to him with a cup of tea.

There were the plates to wash and the knives to clean, and when they were done there was cabbage, potatoes, onions to prepare, saucepans to fill with water, coal to fetch for the fire. She worked steadily without flagging, absorbed in her work, and in anticipation of Mrs. Barfield who would come down, no doubt, about ten o'clock to order dinner. It was now past nine. The race-horses were coming through the paddock gate; Margaret called to Mr. Randal, a little man, wizen, with a face sallow with frequent indigestions.

" Well, do you think the Gaffer's satisfied? " said Margaret.

John made no articulate reply, but he muttered something, and his manner showed that he strongly deprecated all female interest in racing, and when Sarah and Grover came running down the passage and overwhelmed him with questions, crowding round him, asking both together if Silver Braid had won his trial, he testily pushed them aside, declaring that if he had a race-horse he would not have a woman servant in the place. . . . " A positive curse, this chatter, chatter. . . . Won his trial, indeed! What business had a lot of female folk. . . ." The rest of John's sarcasm was lost in his shirt collar as he hurried away to his pantry, closing the door after him.

" What a testy little man he is! " said Sarah; " he might have told us which won. He has known the Gaffer so long that he knows the moment he looks at him whether the gees are all right."

" One can't speak to a chap in the lane that he doesn't know all about it next day," said Margaret. " Peggy hates him; you know the way she skulks about the back garden and up the 'ill so that she may meet young Johnson as he is ridin' home."

" I'll have none of this scandal-mongering going on in my kitchen," said Mrs. Latch. " Do you see that girl there? She can't get past to her scullery."

Esther would have managed pretty well if it had not been for the dining-room lunch. Miss Mary was expecting some friends to play tennis with her, and, besides the roast chicken, there were côte-lettes à la Saubise and a curry. There was for dessert a jelly and a blanc-mange, and Esther did not know where any of the things were, and a great deal of time was wasted. " Don't you move; I might as well get it myself," said the old woman. Mr. Randal, too, lost his temper, for she had no hot plates ready, nor could she distinguish between those that were to go to the dining-room and those that were to go to the servants'

hall. She understood, however, that it would not be wise to give way to her feeling, and that the only way she could hope to retain her situation was by doing nothing to attract attention. She must learn to control that temper of hers — she must and would. And it was in this frame of mind and this determination that she entered the servants' hall.

There were not more than ten or eleven at dinner, but sitting close together they seemed more numerous, and quite half the number of faces that looked up, as she took her place next to Margaret Gale, were unknown to her. There were the four ugly little boys whom she had seen on the race-horses, but she did not recognize them at first, and nearly opposite, sitting next to the lady's-maid, was a small, sandy-haired man about forty; he was beginning to show signs of stoutness, and two little round whiskers grew on his pallid cheeks. Mr. Randal sat at the end of the table, helping the pudding. He addressed the sandy-haired man as Mr. Swindles, but Esther learned afterward his real name was Ward, and that he was Mr. Barfield's head groom. She likewise discovered that "the Demon" was not the real name of the carroty-haired little boy, and she looked at him in amazement when he whispered in her ear that he would dearly love a real go-in at that pudding, but it was so fattening that he didn't even dare to venture on more than a couple of sniffs. Seeing that the girl did not follow him, he added, by way of explanation, "You know that I must keep under the six stone, and at times it becomes awful 'ard."

Esther thought him a nice little fellow, and tried to persuade him to forgo his resolution not to touch pudding, until Mr. Swindles told her to desist. The attention of the whole table being thus drawn toward the boy, Esther was still further surprised at the admiration he seemed so easily to command and the important position he seemed to occupy, notwithstanding his diminutive stature, whereas the bigger boys were treated with very little consideration. The long-nosed lad, with weak eyes and sloping shoulders, who sat on the other side of the table on Mr. Swindles' left, was everybody's laughing-stock, especially Mr. Swindles', who did not cease to poke fun at him. Mr. Swindles was now telling poor Jim's misadventures with the Gaffer.

"But why do you call him Mr. Leopold when his name is Mr. Randal?" Esther ventured to inquire of the Demon.

"On account of Leopold Rothschild," said the Demon; "he's pretty near as rich, if the truth was known; . . . won a pile over the City and Sub. Pity you weren't there; might have had a bit on."

"I have never seen the City," Esther replied, innocently.

"Never seen the City and Sub! . . . I was up, had a lot in hand, so I came away from my 'orses the moment I got into the dip. The Tinman nearly caught me on the post — came with a terrific rush; he is just hawful, that Tinman is. I did catch it from the Gaffer . . . he did give it me."

The plates of all the boys except the Demon's were now filled with beefsteak

pudding, potatoes, and greens, likewise Esther's. Mr. Leopold, Mr. Swindles, the housemaid, and the cook dined off the leg of mutton, a small slice of which was sent to the Demon. "That for a dinner!" and as he took up his knife and fork and cut a small piece of his one slice, he said, "I suppose you never had to reduce yourself three pounds; girls never have. I do run to flesh so, you wouldn't believe it. If I don't walk to Portslade and back every second day, I go up three or four pounds. Then there is nothing for it but the physic, and that's what settles me. Can you take physic?"

"I took three Beecham's pills once."

"Oh, that's nothing. Can you take castor-oil?"

Esther looked in amazement at the little boy at her side. Swindles had overheard the question and burst into a roar of laughter. Everyone wanted to know what the joke was, and, feeling they were poking fun at her, Esther refused to answer.

The first helpings of pudding or mutton had taken the edge off their appetites, and before sending their plates for more they leaned over the table, listening and laughing open-mouthed. It was a bare room, lighted with one window, against which Mrs. Latch's austere figure appeared in the dark-gray silhouette. The window looked on one of the little back courts and tiled ways which had been built at the back of the house; and the shadowed northern light softened the listening faces with gray tints.

"You know," said Mr. Swindles, glancing at Jim as if to assure himself that the boy was there and unable to escape from the hooks of his sarcasm, "how fast the Gaffer talks, and how he hates to be asked to repeat his words? Knowing this, Jim always says, 'Yes, sir; yes, sir.' 'Now do you quite understand?' says the Gaffer. 'Yes, sir; yes, sir,' replies Jim, not having understood one word of what was said, but relying on us to put him right. 'Now what did he say I was to do?' says Jim, the moment the Gaffer is out of hearing. But this morning we were on ahead and the Gaffer had Jim all to himself. As usual he says, 'Now do you quite understand?' and as usual Jim says, 'Yes, sir; yes, sir.' Suspecting that Jim had not understood, I said when he joined us, 'Now if you are not sure what he said you had better go back and ask him,' but Jim declared that he had perfectly understood. 'And what did he tell you to do?' said I. 'He told me,' says Jim, 'to bring the colt along and finish up close by where he would be standing at the end of the track.' I thought it rather odd to send Firefly such a stiff gallop as all that, but Jim was certain that he had heard right. And off they went, beginning the other side of Southwick Hill. I saw the Gaffer with his arms in the air, and don't know now what he said. Jim will tell you. He did give it you, didn't he, you old Wool-gatherer?" said Mr. Swindles, slapping the boy on the shoulder.

"You may laugh as much as you please, but I'm sure he did tell me to come along three-quarter speed after passing the barn," replied Jim; and

to change the conversation he asked Mr. Leopold for some more pudding, and the Demon's hungry eyes watched the last portion being placed on the Wool-gatherer's plate. Noticing that Esther drank no beer, he exclaimed:

"Well, I never! to see yer eat and drink one would think that it was you who was a-wasting to ride the crack at Goodwood."

The remark was received with laughter, and, excited by his success, the Demon threw his arms round Esther, and seizing her hands, said, "Now yer a jest beginning to get through yer 'osses, and when you get on a level —" But the Demon, in his hungry merriment, had bestowed no thought of finding a temper in such a staid little girl, and a sound box on the ear threw him backward into his seat, surprised and howling. "Yer nasty thing!" he blubbered out. "Couldn't you see it was only a joke?" But passion was hot in Esther. She had understood no word that had been said since she had sat down to dinner, and, conscious of her poverty and her ignorance, imagined easily that a great deal of the Demon's conversation had been directed against her; and, choking with indignation, she only heard indistinctly the reproaches with which the other little boys covered her, "nasty, dirty, ill-tempered thing, scullery maid," etc.; nor did she understand their whispered plans to duck her when she passed the stables. All looked a little askance, especially Grover and Mr. Leopold. Margaret said:

"That will teach these impertinent little jockey boys that the servants' hall is not the harness room; they oughtn't to be admitted here at all."

Mr. Leopold nodded, and told the Demon to leave off blubbering. "You can't be so much hurt as all that. Come, wipe your eyes and have a piece of currant tart, or leave the room. I want to hear from Mr. Swindles an account of the trial. We know that Silver Braid won, but we haven't heard how he won nor yet what the weights were."

"Well," said Mr. Swindles, "what I makes out is this: I was riding within a pound or two of eight stone seven, and The Rake is, as you know, seven pounds, no more, worse than Bayleaf. Ginger rides usually as near as possible my weight — we'll say he was riding eight stone seven, I think he could manage that — and the Demon we know, he is now riding over the six stone, in his ordinary clothes he rides six seven."

"Yes, yes; but how do we know that there wasn't seven, perhaps ten, pounds of lead in the saddle-cloth?"

"The Demon says there wasn't. Don't you Demon?"

"I don't know nothing; I'm not going to stand being clouted by the kitchen-maid."

"Oh, shut up, or leave the room," said Mr. Leopold; "we don't want to hear any more about that."

"I started making the running, according to orders. Ginger was within three quarters of a length of me, being pulled out of the saddle. The Gaffer

was standing at the three quarters of the mile, and there Ginger won fairly easily, but they went on to the mile, them were the orders, and there the Demon won by half a length; that is to say if Ginger wasn't a-kidding of me."

"A-kidding of me!" said the Demon. "When we was a quarter of a mile from 'ome I took a pull without his noticing me, and then I landed in last fifty yards by half a length. Ginger can't ride much better than any other gentleman."

"Yer see," said Mr. Swindles, "he'd sooner have a box on the ear from the kitchen-maid than be told a gentleman could kid him at a finish. He wouldn't mind if it was the Tinman, eh, Demon?"

"We know," said Mr. Leopold, "that Bayleaf can get the mile; there must have been a lot of weight between them. Besides, I should think that the trial was at the three quarters of the mile. The mile was so much kid."

"I should say," replied Mr. Swindles, "that the 'orses were tried at a stone, and if Silver Braid can beat Bayleaf at that weight, he'll take a deal of beating at Goodwood."

And leaning forward, their arms on the table, with large pieces of cheese at the end of their knives, the maid-servants and the jockeys listened to Mr. Leopold and Mr. Swindles discussing the chances the stable had of pulling off the Stewards' Cup with Silver Braid.

"But he will always keep on trying them," said Mr. Swindles, "and what's the use, says I, of trying 'orses that are no more than 'alf fit, and them downs is just rotten with 'orse watchers; it has just come to this, that you can't comb out an 'orse's mane without seeing it in the papers the day after. If I had my way with them gentry —" Mr. Swindles finished his beer at a gulp, and he put down his glass as firmly as he desired to put down the horse watchers. At the end of a long silence, Mr. Leopold said:

"Come into my pantry and smoke a pipe. Mr. Arthur will be down presently. Perhaps he'll tell us what weight he was riding this morning."

"Cunning old bird," said Mr. Swindles, as he rose from the table and wiped his shaven lips with the back of his hand; "and you'd have us believe that you didn't know, would you? You'd have us believe, would you, that the Gaffer don't tell you everything when you bring up his hot water in the morning, would you?"

Mr. Leopold laughed under his breath, and looking mysterious and very rat-like, he led the way to his pantry. Esther watched them in strange trouble of soul.

She had heard of races-courses as shameful places where men were led to their ruin, and betting she had always understood to be sinful, but in this house no one seemed to think of anything else. It was no place for a Christian girl.

"Let's have some more of the story," Margaret said. "You've got the new

number. The last piece was where he is going to ask the opera-singer to run away with him."

Sarah took an illustrated journal out of her pocket and began to read aloud.

DERBY DAY

The crowd shouted. She looked where the others looked, but saw only the burning blue with the white stand marked upon it. It was crowded like the deck of a sinking vessel, and Esther wondered at the excitement, the cause of which was hidden from her. She wandered to the edge of the crowd until she came to a chalk road where horses and mules were tethered. A little higher up she entered the crowd again, and came suddenly upon a switchback railway. Full of laughing and screaming girls, it bumped over a middle hill, and rose slowly till it reached the last summit. It was shot back again into the midst of its fictitious perils; and this mock voyaging was accomplished to the sound of music from a puppet orchestra. Bells and drums, a fife and a triangle, cymbals clashed mechanically, and a little soldier beat the time. Further on, under a striped awning, were the wooden horses. They were arranged so well that they rocked to and fro, imitating as nearly as possible the action of real horses. Esther watched the riders. A blue skirt looked like a riding-habit, and a girl in salmon pink leaned back in her saddle just as if she had been taught how to ride. A girl in a gray jacket encouraged a girl in white who rode a gray horse. But before Esther could make out for certain that the man in the blue Melton jacket was Bill Evans, he had passed out of sight, and she had to wait until his horse came round the second time. At that moment she caught sight of the red poppies in Sarah's hat.

The horses began to slacken speed. They went slower and slower, then stopped altogether. The riders began to dismount, and Esther pressed through the bystanders, fearing she would not be able to overtake her friends.

"Oh, here you are!" said Sarah. "I thought I never should find you again. How hot it is!"

"Were you on in that ride? Let's have another, all three of us. These three horses."

Round and round they went, their steeds bobbing nobly up and down to the sound of fifes, drums, and cymbals. They passed the winning-post many times; they had to pass it five times, and the horse that stopped nearest it won the prize. A long-drawn-out murmur continuous as the sea swelled up from the course, a murmur which at last passed into the words: "Here they come! blue wins! the favorite's beat!" Esther paid little attention to these cries; she did not understand them; they reached her indistinctly, and soon died away, absorbed in the strident music that accompanied the circling horses. These had now begun to slacken speed. . . . They went slower and slower. Sarah and Bill, who rode side by side, seemed like winning, but at the last moment

they glided by the winning-post. Esther's steed stopped in time, and she was told to choose a china mug from a great heap.

"You've all the luck today," said Bill. "Hayfield, who was backed all the winter, broke down a month ago. . . . Two to one against Fly-leaf; four to one against Signet-Ring; four to one against Dewberry; ten to one against Vanguard, the winner at fifty to one offered. Your husband must have won a little fortune. Never was there such a day for the bookies."

Esther said she was very glad, and was undecided which mug she should choose. At last she saw one on which "Jack" was written in gold letters. They then visited the peep-shows, and especially liked St. James's Park with the Horse Guards out on parade; the Spanish bull-fight did not stir them, and Sarah couldn't find a single young man to her taste in the House of Commons. Among the performing birds they liked best a canary that climbed a ladder. Bill was attracted by the American strength testers, and he gave an exhibition of his muscle, to Sarah's very great admiration. They all had some shies at cocoanuts, and passed by J. Bilton's great bowling saloon without visiting it. Once more the air was rent with cries of "Here they come! Here they come!" Even the 'commodation men left their canvas shelters and pressed forward, inquiring which had won. A moment after a score of pigeons floated and flew through the blue air and then departed in different directions, some making straight for London, others for the blue, mysterious evening that had risen about the downs — the sun-baked downs strewed with waste paper and covered with tipsy men and women — a screaming and disordered animality.

"Well, so you've come back at last," said William. "The favorite was beaten. I suppose you know that a rank outsider won. But what about this gentleman?"

"Met these 'ere ladies on the 'ill an' been showing them over the course. No offense, I hope, guv'nor?"

William did not answer, and Bill took leave of Sarah in a manner that told Esther that they had arranged to meet again.

"Where did you pick up that bloke?"

"He came up and spoke to us, and Esther stopped to speak to the parson."

"To the parson. What do you mean?"

The circumstance was explained, and William asked them what they thought of the racing.

"We didn't see no racing," said Sarah; "we was on the 'ill on the wooden 'orses. Esther's 'orse won. She got a mug; show the mug, Esther."

"So you saw no Derby after all?" said William.

"Saw no racin'," said his neighbor; "ain't she won the cup?"

The joke was lost on the women, who only perceived that they were being laughed at.

"Come up here, Esther," said William; "stand on my box. The 'orses are

just going up the course for the preliminary canter — and you, Sarah, take Teddy's place. Teddy, get down, and let the lady up."

"Yes, guv'nor. Come up 'ere, ma'am."

"And is those the 'orses?" said Sarah. "They do seem small."

The ring-men roared. "Not up to those on the 'ill, ma'am," said one. "Not such beautiful goers," said another.

There were two or three false starts, and then looking through a multitude of hats, Esther saw five or six thin, greyhound-looking horses. They passed like shadows, flitted by; and she was sorry for the poor chestnut that trotted in among the crowd.

This was the last race. Once more the favorite had been beaten; there were no bets to pay, and the book-makers began to prepare for departure. It was the poor little clerks who were charged with the luggage. Teddy did not seem as if he would ever reach the top of the hill. With Esther and Sarah on either arm, William struggled with the crowd. It was hard to get through the block of carriages. Everywhere horses waited with their harness on, and Sarah was afraid of being bitten or kicked. A young aristocrat cursed them from the box-seat, and the groom blew a blast as the drag rolled away. It was like the instinct of departure which takes a vast herd at a certain moment. The great landscape, half country, half suburb, glinted beneath the rays of a setting sun, and through the white dust and the draught of the warm roads the brakes, and carriages, and every crazy vehicle rolled toward London: orange sellers, tract sellers, thieves, vagrants, gypsies, made for their various quarters — road-side inns, outhouses, hayricks, hedges, or the railway station. Down the long hill the vast crowd made its way, humble pedestrians and carriage folk, altogether, as far as the cross-roads.

CONCLUSION

Days, weeks, and months passed away, and the two women came to live more and more like friends and less like mistress and maid. Not that Esther ever failed to use the respectful "ma'am" when she addressed her mistress, nor did they ever sit down to a meal at the same table. But these slight social distinctions, which habit naturally preserved, and which it would have been disagreeable to both to forgo, were no check on the intimacy of their companionship. In the evening they sat in the library sewing, or Mrs. Barfield read aloud, or they talked of their sons. On Sundays they had their meetings. The folk came from quite a distance, and sometimes as many as five-and-twenty knelt round the deal table in the drawing-room, and Esther felt that these days were the happiest of her life. She was content in the peaceful present, and she knew that Mrs. Barfield would not leave her unprovided for. But she was not yet free from anxiety. Jack did not seem to be able to obtain regular employment in London, and her wages were so small that she could

not help him much. So the sight of his handwriting made her tremble, and she sometimes did not show the letter to Mrs. Barfield for some hours after.

One Sunday morning, after meeting, as the two women were going for their walk up the hill, Esther said:

"I've a letter from my boy, ma'am. I hope it is to tell me that he's got back to work."

"I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to read it, Esther. I haven't my glasses with me."

"It don't matter, ma'am — it'll keep."

"Give it to me — his writing is large and legible. I think I can read it. 'My dear mother, the place I told you of in my last letter was given away, so I must go in the toy shop till something better turns up. I only get six shillings a week and my tea, and I can't quite manage on that.' Then something — something — 'pay three and sixpence a week' — something — 'bed' — something — something."

"I know, ma'am; he shares a bed with the eldest boy."

"Yes, that's it; and he wants to know if you can help him. 'I don't like to trouble you, mother; but it is hard for a boy to get his living in London.'"

"But I've sent him all my money. I sha'n't have any till next quarter."

"I'll lend you some, Esther. We can't leave the boy to starve. He can't live on two and sixpence a week."

"You're very good, ma'am; but I don't like to take your money. We sha'n't be able to get the garden cleared this winter."

"We shall manage somehow, Esther. The garden must wait. The first thing to do is to see that your boy doesn't want for food."

The women resumed their walk up the hill. When they reached the top, Mrs. Barfield said:

"I haven't heard from Mr. Arthur for months. I envy you, Esther, those letters asking for a little money. What's the use of money to us except to give it to our children. Helping others, that is the only happiness."

At the end of the coombe, under the shaws, stood the old red-tiled farm-house in which Mrs. Barfield had been born. Beyond it, downlands rolled on and on, reaching half-way up the northern sky. Mrs. Barfield was thinking of the days when her husband used to jump off his cob and walk beside her through those gorse patches on his way to the farm-house. She had come from the farm-house beneath the shaws to go to live in an Italian house sheltered by a fringe of trees. That was her adventure. She turned from the view of the downs to the view of the sea. The plantations of Woodview touched the horizon, then the line dipped, and between the top branches of a row of elms appeared the roofs of the town. Over a long, spider-legged bridge a train wriggled like a snake, the bleak river flowed into the harbor, and the shingle banks saved the low land from inundation. Then the train passed behind the square, dogmatic tower of the village church. Her husband lay beneath the

chancel; her father, mother, all her relations, lay in the churchyard. She would go there in a few years.

Her daughter lay far away, far away in Egypt. Upon this downland all her life had been passed, all her life except the few months she had spent by her daughter's bedside in Egypt. She had come from that coombe, from that farmhouse beneath the shaws, and had only crossed the down.

And this barren landscape meant as much to Esther as to her mistress. It was on these downs that she had walked with William. He had been born and bred on these downs; now he lay far away in Brompton Cemetery; she had come back! and in her simple way she too wondered at the mystery of destiny.

As they descended the hill Mrs. Barfield asked Esther if she ever heard of Fred Parsons.

"No, ma'am; I don't know what's become of him."

"And if you were to meet him again, would you care to marry him?"

"To marry and begin life over again! All the worry and bother over again! Why should I marry? — all I live for now is to see my boy settled in life."

The women walked on in silence, passing by long ruins of stables, coach-houses, granaries, rickyards, all in ruin and decay. The women paused and went toward the garden; and removing some pieces of the broken gate, they entered a miniature wilderness. The espalier apple-trees had disappeared beneath climbing weeds, and long briers had shot out from the bushes, leaving few traces of the former walks — a damp, dismal place that the birds seemed to have abandoned. Of the greenhouse only some broken glass and a black, broken chimney remained. A great elm had carried away a large portion of the southern wall, and under the dripping trees an aged peacock screamed for his lost mate.

"I don't suppose that Jack will be able to find any more paying employment this winter. We must send him six shillings a week; that, with what he is earning, will make twelve; he'll be able to live nicely on that."

"I should think he would indeed. But then, what about the wages of them who was to have cleared the garden for us?"

"We sha'n't be able to get the whole garden cleared, but Jim will be able to get a piece ready for us to sow some spring vegetables — not a large piece — but enough for us. The first thing to do will be to cut down those apple-trees. . . . I'm afraid we shall have to cut down that walnut. Nothing could grow underneath it. . . . Did anyone ever see such a mass of weed and brier? Yet it is only about ten years since we left Woodview, and the garden was let run to waste. Nature does not take long — a few years, a very few years."

All the winter the north wind was bitter on the hills; many trees fell in the park, and at the end of February, Woodview seemed barer and more desolate than ever, broken branches littered the roadway, and the tall trunks showed

their wounds. The women sat over their fire in the evening listening to the blast, cogitating the work that awaited them as soon as the weather showed signs of breaking.

Mrs. Barfield had laid by a few pounds during the winter; and the day that Jim cleared out the first piece of espalier-trees she spent entirely in the garden, hardly able to take her eyes off him. But the pleasure of the day was in a measure spoiled for her by the knowledge that on that day her son was riding in the great steeplechase. She was full of fear for his safety; she did not sleep that night, and hurried down at an early hour to the garden to ask Jim for the newspaper which she had told him to bring her. He took some time to extract the paper from his torn pocket.

"He isn't in the first three," said Mrs. Barfield. "I always know that he's safe if he's in the first three. We must turn to the account of the race to see if there were any accidents."

She turned over the paper.

"Thank God, he's safe!" she said; "his horse ran fourth."

"You worry yourself without cause, ma'am. A good rider like him don't meet with accidents."

"The best riders are often killed, Esther. I never have an easy moment when I hear he's going to ride in these races. Supposing one day I were to read that he was carried back on a shutter."

"We mustn't let our thoughts run on such things, ma'am. If a war was to break out tomorrow, what should I do? And after all my trouble rearing him, after having worked for him all these years. But I don't let my thoughts dwell on such things; we must keep on working, doing the best we can for them. There are all sorts of chances, and we can only pray that God may spare them."

"Yes, Esther, that's all we can do. Work on, work on to the end. . . . Your boy is coming to see you today."

"Yes, ma'am; he'll be here by twelve o'clock."

"You're luckier than I am. I wonder if I shall ever see my boy again."

"Yes, ma'am, of course you will. He'll come back to you right enough one of these days. There's a good time coming; that's what I always says. . . . And now I've got work to do in the house. Are you going to stop here, or are you coming in with me?"

"I think I'll remain here. I like to watch the work."

"It'll do you no good standing about in the wet clay."

Mrs. Barfield smiled and nodded, and Esther paused at the broken gate to watch her mistress, who stood superintending the clearing away of ten years' growth of weeds, as much interested in the prospect of a few peas and cabbages as in former days she had been in the culture of expensive flowers. She stood on what remained of a gravel walk, the heavy clay clinging to her boots, watching Jim piling weeds upon his barrow. Would he be able to

finish the plot of ground by the end of the week? What should they do with that great walnut-tree? Nothing would grow underneath it. Jim was afraid that he would not be able to cut it down and remove it without help. Mrs. Barfield suggested sawing away some of the branches, but Jim was not sure that the expedient would prove of much avail. In his opinion the tree took all the goodness out of the soil, and that while it stood they could not expect a very great show of vegetables. Mrs. Barfield asked if the sale of the tree trunk would indemnify her for the cost of cutting it down. Jim paused in his work, and leaning on his spade, considered if there was anyone in the town who, for the sake of the timber, would cut the tree down and take it away for nothing. There ought to be some such person in town; if it came to that, Mrs. Barfield ought to receive something for the tree. Walnut was a valuable wood, was extensively used by cabinet-makers, and so on, until Mrs. Barfield begged of him to get on with his digging.

At twelve o'clock Esther and Mrs. Barfield walked out on the lawn. A loud wind came up from the sea, and it shook the evergreens as if it were angry with them. A rook carried a stick to the tops of the tall trees, and the women drew their cloaks about them. The train passed across the vista, and the women wondered how long it would take Jack to walk from the station. Then another rook stooped to the edge of the plantation, gathered a twig, and carried it away. The wind was rough; it caught the evergreens underneath and blew them out like umbrellas; the grass had not yet begun to grow, and the gray sea harmonized with the gray-green land. The women waited on the windy lawn, their skirts blown against their legs, keeping their hats on with difficulty. It was too cold for standing still. They turned and walked a few steps toward the house, and then looked round.

A tall soldier came through the gate. He wore a long red cloak, and a small cap jauntily set on the side of his close-clipped head. Esther uttered a little exclamation and ran to meet him. He took his mother in his arms, kissed her, and they walked toward Mrs. Barfield together. All was forgotten in the happiness of the moment — the long fight for his life, and the possibility that any moment might declare him to be mere food for powder and shot. She was only conscious that she had accomplished her woman's work — she had brought him up to man's estate, and that was sufficient reward. What a fine fellow he was! She did not know he was so handsome, and blushing with pleasure and pride, she glanced shyly at him out of the corners of her eyes as she introduced him to her mistress.

"This is my son, ma'am."

Mrs. Barfield held out her hand to the young soldier.

"I have heard a great deal about you from your mother."

"And I of you, ma'am. You've been very kind to my mother. I don't know how to thank you. . . ."

And in silence they walked toward the house.

WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN

WILLIAM DE MORGAN'S first novel was written when he was sixty-four years old, after a busy life as a manufacturer of pottery, and yet almost every year from the publication of 'Joseph Vance' in 1906 until his death, January 15, 1917, there came from his facile pen another story of the same astonishing length of nearly a quarter of a million words. The quality of his work has been compared more than once to that of Dickens, both in its vivid portraiture of slum life, and in its many interruptions and asides to the reader. Though he protested against the label of Early Victorianism, there is a certain leisurely-minded, gossiping attitude in all his stories which is more characteristic of author and reader of fifty years ago than of the turbulent haste of today. But his very first book received an immediate and widespread fame which has not been lessened by his successive performances.

William De Morgan was born in London, November 16, 1839, at the time his father, Augustus De Morgan, was a distinguished professor of mathematics in University College. His mother was the daughter of William Frend, who was expelled from Cambridge University for heretical opinions. He was educated himself at University College, and married in 1888 Evelyn Pickering. Beginning his life work as an artist, after studying at the Royal Academy in 1859, he abandoned painting five years later to engage in making designs for stained glass. In 1870 he entered upon the manufacture of pottery, a pursuit to which he devoted himself for the next thirty-five years. His experiments in luster, at that time not much known in England, attracted some attention among artists, but he received small pecuniary returns. It was while he was convalescing from an illness in 1905 that he turned to the writing of fiction as a diversion, and that first book, 'Joseph Vance; an Ill-Written Autobiography,' is still generally regarded as his best. In this life history of a boy rescued from the gutter and educated by a kind-hearted gentleman, for whose daughter he conceives a lifelong affection that prompts him eventually to assume the guilt of her brother to spare her pain, the mellowness and charm so characteristic of the later novels is found in abundant measure and the shrewd characterization and lifelike dialogue and incidents endow it with a quiet reality which is intensified by its loose construction. Indeed the haphazard quality of the many trivial circumstances which crowd its pages adds to the impression of actuality.

Each of the stories that followed is concerned likewise in some measure, at least in the opening chapters, with the more repulsive aspects of life; but evil to De Morgan is a necessary factor in the development of the soul, and the

total effect is always one of abiding beauty. It is not so much the plot, good as it is, that holds the interest, as the author's genial comments on his characters and events. One of the characters in 'Joseph Vance' expresses the De Morgan ideal in these words: "The highest good is the growth of the Soul, and the greatest man is he who rejoices most in the great fulfilments of the will of God." His philosophy throughout blends an intimate worldly wisdom with a radiant faith in the things which are unseen and eternal. To him, as to Browning, good is the very goal of ill.

In 'Alice-for-Short' (1907) it is a little girl who is rescued from the slums, while ghosts and mysteries are added to the story of her development, unnecessary though they are to the character delineation. In unraveling the mystery, a daring surgical operation is made use of to restore the memory of a frail old woman past eighty, whose mind has been a blank for sixty years but who alone can furnish the key to the vanished past. The pathos of her awakening to a realization of her isolation among a generation she does not know is equaled only by the death of Janey in 'Joseph Vance,' or by the death of poor, blind Jim, run over by an automobile and ignorant of the death of his Lizarann, in 'It Never Can Happen Again.' De Morgan's ripeness of vision and breadth of tolerance are apparent in the third novel, 'Somehow Good' (1908), where a headstrong girl on her way to India to marry her lover falls into evil hands and is betrayed. The marriage takes place, but her secret is discovered, and separation follows. Later on, the husband, having suffered a complete suspension of memory and loss of identity, finds shelter in the wife's home in London, only to be restored and reconciled in due time. This sweet and wholesome treatment of an old problem, built up though it is on coincidences and improbabilities, has the best construction of any of the novels; it follows most closely its central theme and indulges in few superfluous characters.

The remarkable descriptive power of which evidence was given in the burning of the works in 'Joseph Vance,' or the picture of a London fog in 'Somehow Good,' is equaled again in the scene of the departure of the convict ship in 'When Ghost Meets Ghost' (1914). Many threads of story are here woven together, the title referring to the meeting of two old twin sisters, each of whom, over eighty, has believed the other dead for fifty years. Sunshine is still dominant here, and again "life is seen through the humorous eyes of one who loves his fellow-men and is interested chiefly in their sweeter and more conversable side."

EDGAR W. BURRILL

OF JOE VANCE'S FATHER

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MY Father and Mother never could come to a clear understanding about what had disagreed with my Father the day he lost his situation at Fothergill's.

My Father thought it was the sausage and mashed potatoes he had for lunch at the Rose and Crown, at fourpence, and as much mustard and pepper as you liked. My Mother thought it was the beer.

There was something to be said for my Mother's view, on the score of quantity.

"Everything," she said, "I bring to figures, and my Aunt Elizabeth Hannah taught me to it." And sure enough figures did show that my Father, who had a shilling and threepence in his pocket when he left home at six-thirty in the morning, must have spent eightpence on beer, or lost some of it. Because, if we allow a penny for the bus, and twopence for a 'arf an ounce of barker which he bought (I do not like to give his exact words) at a tobacconist's with a hemorrhage on his way home, there's the price of two quarts of four ale left, put it how you may. "And your Father always had a weak head," said my Mother in after years, in the many times over she told me the story.

Anyhow something must have disagreed with him, or he wouldn't have called Mr. Wotherspoon, the head clerk at Fothergill's, an old herring-gut when he told him to put his trolley somewhere else, and not leave it stood in the orfice door.

"Of course it wasn't a civil remark, in the manner of speaking," said my Mother, "but your Father, my dear, was that simple and honorable himself he never had a suspicion of guile. And well did Mr. Wotherspoon deserve the epithet if my belief is true (and I shall hold it to my dying day) that the old man only simulated deafness all those years to one day catch your Father out. For I need 'ardly say to you, my dear, that the remark was a outside remark, as the sayin' is, and not intended to reach its audience."

If my recollection of my Father's conversation isn't colored by subsequent experience of hoarse men in tap-rooms, resembling his personal friends at this date in their accent and the bias of their philosophy, Mr. Wotherspoon must have taken a good deal of unnecessary trouble to procure a conviction. Indeed, I remember my Mother saying once that the strength of language was proverbial, and that Vance was no exception to the rule, and not to be expected. My Mother's way of putting things may have been inconsequent, but then, one never had the slightest doubt of what she meant.

Anyhow, my Father's outside remarks frequently reached their audience, and

laid him open to martyrdom in the cause of free speech many times before the incident recorded — my Mother's version of which was probably authentic; although she must have had some of it on hearsay.

"I decline to repeat his language," said Mr. Wotherspoon to Mr. Fothergill, "but it was not respectful, and I should say he deserved the sack."

"Give him his screw and put on another warehouseman," said Mr. Fothergill. So my Father had to accept the sack on the Saturday following.

I was a small boy of seven at this time, but I must have been observant, from the vividness of my recollection of the events of that Saturday afternoon. My young mind, catching its impressions from my Mother's way of looking at the situation, and supported by the cheerfulness (which may have been partly artificial) with which my Father accepted the sack, drew the inference that my Father had dismissed Fothergill's, and was now open to all kinds of preferment which his late employer's malice had hitherto prevented reaching him. This colored our conversation as we walked along the main road towards London after the family dinner. I accompanied him on the pretext that I was competent and willing to prevent his taking more than a pint at the Roebuck.

"Could you lick three men?" I said, breaking silence disconnectedly.

"Could I lick free men?" repeated my Father after me. "In course I could! Who's to prevent me, young 'un, hay?"

I was silent and counted sixteen paving stones before I returned to the charge. I couldn't count seventeen as it was a sudden introduction of a new meter, so to speak, into the counting. So I resumed my inquiries.

"Could you lick three men if two of 'em was policemen?"

"That's accordin' to who the other might be," said my Father after reflection, which convinced my simplicity that he was replying in good faith.

"Could you lick three men if one of them was Mr. Fothergill and two of 'em was p'licemen?" This was a home-thrust, and my Father's prompt counter-stroke showed that he appreciated the connection with the recent conversation at dinner.

"If one of 'em was Mr. Fothergill I could lick six, and if two of 'em was Mr. Fothergill and Mr. Wotherspoon I could lick twelve."

I accepted this as meaning that the intense insignificance of the two would act as a drawback on the effectiveness of the police force; and I believe now that my Father intended this, and did not refer to any stimulus to his prowess which the sight of his recent employers might occasion. But I felt explanation was necessary, and sought for it in my Father's remarks at dinner.

"Is that because you expected a beggar to be an angel?" was my next question. For my Father had stopped my Mother in some too lenient view of Mr. Wotherspoon's conduct with, "An old herring-gut like that has no call to expect a poor beggar to be an angel," and this had been a little beyond my comprehension.

"What's the young nipper a-driving at?" said my parent. "I tell you what, young man, if young beginners are going to ask questions as if they was blooming grandmothers, we shall never get to this here public house."

"This one ain't the Roebuck," said I, as my Father pushed me through a swing door into a sound of bad men and a smell of worse beer.

"No, it ain't, and I ain't a-going to it. If I goes to the Roebuck I ain't at liberty, accordin' to my ideas of honor, to take more than a pint. I want p'r'aps a pint and a 'arf, and I comes in here. Quart o'four ale, Miss!"

The equivocation did not seem wrong to my infant mind; in fact, it impressed me as doing my Father credit, and made me resolve to try to be equally honorable. But the ordering of the quart brought a doubt into my face, to which my Father yielded an explanation.

"'Arf a pint for the young nipper, and three 'arf-pints for daddy — that's the 'rithmetic! What the nipper don't drink of his 'arf-pint, I drinks for his sake — so he mayn't get drunk, which at seven is vice."

The nipper didn't drink much of the half-pint, fortunately for him, and his Father performed the act of altruism imposed on him. Having done so, his attention appeared to be attracted by something inside the pewter.

"Strike me blind," said he, "if there ain't a bloody [1] little hinseck at the bottom of the pot!"

There was, apparently, and he fell out with a heeltap of beer on the metal counter, out of my sight.

"Pick me up, Daddy," said I. "For to see the hinseck," I added by way of explanation. I can remember now exactly how my Father's hand felt as he grasped me by the trousers and lifted me up, and the sound of his question, "What do young sucking bantams want with insects?"

"He'll be for crockin' him," said a Sweep with inflamed eyelids. "Crock him, yoong 'un, with your finger nail."

But my Father, who was getting towards the quarrelsome stage of beer, interposed upon the suggestion, not from any humanitarian motives, but in order to contradict the Sweep.

"This here hinseck," he said, "come out of my beer, wot I paid for square. Consequent this here hinseck I account as *my* hinseck — and this here son of mine has been too well educated, though young, to presoom to crock this here hinseck unless I give leave. — Hay, young 'un? Or for that matter," added my parent with a sudden aggressive enlargement of his claim — "anyone else."

"Anyone else, wot?" said the Sweep.

My Father, instead of answering, addressed himself over the bar to the young lady thereof, as an umpire secure from intimidation behind a fortress of brass and pewter.

"I ask you, Miss," said he, "have I said or have I not said clear and

[1] I am sorry my father made use of this offensive adjective; but as he did so, and I distinctly recollect it, I feel bound to record it.

plain, that I regard this here hinseck as belonging? And have I said or have I not said, equally clear and plain, that if any man (or for that matter any other) was to presoom to crock this hinseck on this here counter, I would fetch him a smack over the mouth?"

The young woman was filling one pot alternately at two taps and had taken too little from tap number one. So she had to exercise great discretion in stopping tap number two at the right moment. When she had done this, she referred again to number one, and it being an easy task to merely fill up to the brim, she took the opportunity to reply to my Father.

"Can't say I heard any such expression. Fourpence," the last word referring to the transaction in hand.

"Anyhow you put it," said the Sweep, "I'd crock him myself for a farden."

And without waiting for any security of payment, he did it straightway, over my shoulder.

I glanced around to see the effect of the smack. It had followed the provocation so quickly that the Sweep's hand was not back in time to stop it.

"All outside. Nothing in here. Nor yet in the street." Thus far the lady of the beer-handles — I was close to her; so I heard her voice above the tumult of awakened partisanship which filled the bar the moment after the smack. I heard that, and I noted with some disappointment that the smack had *not* been over the Sweep's mouth. It was the first time I had ever had a doubt of my Father's infallibility.

"Right you are, Miss." "Git 'em outside." "Git 'em round the Rents and down the lane." "Git 'em round the bark o' Chepstow's, and across." "Git 'em along the Gas-gardens — land to let on building lease — that'll do, shove along — land to let on building lease. If a copper don't spot you, you'll 'ave it quiet enough for 'arf an hour. Git your man out; we'll git ours."

"Don't let the child go after them," said the bar lady. — But the child had slipped down off the bar, and the only person left to stop him was too drunk to take instructions — had he not been so, he would have been sober enough to follow the rabble. The child was outside the swing door just in time to see the tail of the crowd turn a corner and disappear. But he could have followed even guided only by the scattered pursuing units that came from far behind him, endowed with a mysterious knowledge (acquired Heaven knows how) that there was a fight, and that it would be to be found (if not too late) acrost the Gas-gardens on some land with a board up — and that you were on no account to turn round by the eel shop, but follow on. This came hoarsely from one swift of foot as he passed a man with a wooden leg, who said sadly, "T'other side of Chepstow's. It'll be done afore I ever gets there." He added that he was by nature unfortunate, and was always a-missing of everything.

"So I just gives in, I does," said he. "What's the young beggar roaring about? 'It's moy Father! — It's moy Father!' *What's* your Father?"

"It's his Father what's a-goin' to fight," struck in another runner, speaking

rapidly. " He's a-goin' for to fight Mr. Gunn, the buttin' Sweep, down the Rents and beyont the Piannerforty works, and you better look sharp if you want for to see anythink."

How on earth these particulars had been acquired I cannot imagine, but they revived the failing energies of the wooden leg in a miraculous way. The owner forgot my howls in his intensified interest, and resolving to " try it on anyhow," stumped away.

I followed on as fast as my small legs would carry me, but concealing my despair — for a laundress had shown a disposition towards commiseration and I didn't want to be stopped by benevolence or any other motive. The stragglers got fewer and farther between till they were revived by the new event of a police-constable, to whom particulars appeared to be needless, as he merely said, " Shut up, all on yer! " in reply to volunteer information. This last group vanished round a corner, and I panted after it. But I was getting frightened of what I might see when I arrived. I believe that had my Father really " landed " on the Sweep's mouth I should have gone on confident. But my faith had been shaken, and I went slower, wiping my eyes and recovering my breath.

I saw nothing of the fight. I was only in time to see, across the canal as I stood near the wooden foot-bridge, a returning crowd and a group it left behind. The crowd was returning as a cortège of certain Policemen, who had come mysteriously from the four quarters of heaven, and were conducting a black object, which I could see from the raised platform of the bridge was the Sweep who had crocked the insect. I looked for my Father in vain. Then my eyes went across to the group across the water, and in the middle of it distinguished a motionless figure on the ground, and I knew it was my Father.

I had before me a plain issue of Duty, to be done or left undone; and I should be glad to think that in after life I had always shown the resolution that I, a midget between seven and eight, showed on this occasion. I never hesitated a moment. The Sweep had killed my Father, and I could hear his bellowings of triumph as he came along, the center of an admiring audience conducted by two Policemen. I cannot repeat them in full, but they recorded his conviction that the method he had employed (I heard what it was later) was the correct way to do the dags of such a one as his late opponent. The terms he applied to him could only be reported if it were certain that their meaning to my readers would be as obscure as they then were to me. They did not seem to me to make the fact that he had killed my Father (as I thought) any the worse. All that was left was to look for a missile. I saw one with a fragment of " Bass's Bitter " label left on it, lying against a dead cat by the pathway, a horrible jagged piece of glass. And in the middle of my recollection of that unwholesome dream, I see that jagged piece of glass and that cat's head, and the string tight round his throat that had strangled it, as clear as I saw it then. There was a round side to it to hold it by, so I was able to close my hand well on it. On came the Sweep and the Policemen's hats (they wore

hats in those days), and the admiring throng. On they came to the bridge, and the tramp on the mud changed resonantly to tramp on the planks.

"I could larn you two bloody orficers a lesson sim'lar to that other . . . if I chose to, but —"

But no one ever knew the reason of Mr. Gunn's forbearance; for his last word merged into a hideous yell as the jagged bottle-end pierced his eye. It was by the merest chance that I hit him. Of course I had aimed, but what is the aim of a child of seven? Anyhow, it went to the right place — and the howls and curses of its human target bore witness to its arrival.

I had been concealed behind a scrap of fence at the bridge end when I made my shot. But so had two other boys — barefooted street Arabs of the sort the Board-Schools have cleared away. And these boys seeing instantly that my crime would be ascribed to *them* as universal culprits, scapegoats of humanity, exclaimed to each other in the same breath, "Make yer 'ooks, Matey!" — and bolted one to the left and one to the right, but keeping within whistling and yelling distance. An amiable young Policeman followed at a walk, on a line of pursuit bisecting the angles of the two lines of flight. He caught neither of the fugitives of course, but he rejoined the procession at the nearest doctor's shop, having slipped round by another road to avoid humiliation; and Mr. Gunn was taken in for provisional treatment at the expense of the authorities.

I was convinced my Father was killed, and too terrified to wait and see the second procession that I knew must cross the bridge later on; besides, there was Mother! So I left the crowd gazing blankly at two bottles of "show color," and one leech, in the shop window; and set out for home, too heartbroken and scared even to feel the satisfaction of revenge.

Halfway I met two Policemen bearing a stretcher. I knew what was coming back on that stretcher. I had no need of the information volunteered by another boy, rather older than I.

"Don't you know what that is, you little hass?" said he, seeing my gaze fixed on it. "That there's the stretcher fur to put the beggar on what's dead. Straight out flat! Then he'll have a funeral, he will — corpses, 'earses, plooms, mutes!" — And he began a sort of pantomime of solemn obsequies; but as perhaps he felt the cast was insufficient, gave it up and danced.

The whole thing was getting more and more of a nightmare and I was consciously becoming incapable of finding my way home. I began calling aloud for my Father to come and help me even while I knew what had happened, and that he could not. Then I heard a stumping on the pavement behind me, and recognized it as the wooden leg of an hour ago. I felt that its owner was almost an old friend, especially when he too recognized me.

"Who's this here little chap a-hollering for his Father? He's number two, this is — No — he ain't — by gum! It's the very same over again," and then his voice changed as he added: "Look here, old man, I'll give you a lift. Wipe your eyes. Where do you want to go to?"

" Stallwood's Cottages, No. 13. It's the only house, please, that hasn't no name on the door, and it's next door to the laundry."

" There ain't no such place," struck in the boy who had called me a little ass, and who I really believe was a fiend in human form. " Don't you believe him. He's a-kidding of yer."

But the wooden-legged man seemed to be endowed with insight into character; for, merely remarking that he would half murder the speaker if he ever laid hands upon him, he swung me on his shoulder and stumped on. The fiend, however, having acquired a sort of footing in the affair, didn't mean to be left behind, and pursued us as close as he dared.

" 'Arf murder me if yer like — I give leave! You may 'ole murder me too if yer like, if yer ever find such a s'elp-me-Goard place — "

And more to the same effect. But even the attempt to throw the statement into the form of an affidavit did not influence the wooden leg, which went steadily on, growing less and less perceptible to my failing senses, until at last it became a mere rhythmic accompaniment to a dream that I forgot as I woke to find myself deposited on the pavement, and the voice of my bearer saying: " Right you are, old chap! No name on the door, and next door to the laundry. You git along in sharp and go to bed."

And then in answer to my unspoken question (for the words wouldn't come), he added: " Never you fret your kidneys about your Father! He ain't dead! Trust *him!* — he'll live to be concerned in many quarts yet. Good-by! "

And he whistled ' Lucy Neal ' and stumped off.

I did not share his confidence about my Father, but he had cheered me up. Had he been altogether fallible, he would have fallen a victim to the misstatements of the funeral boy. And him he had simply flouted! So I collected my courage, and jumped up to the bell-handle — which was a pull-down one, or I couldn't have rung it — I heard voices inside, and my Mother came to the door.

" Bless my soul, it's Joe without his Father again! Joseph, you let your Father go to the Roebuck! Where is he now? "

I was far more afraid of telling the awful truth to my Mother than I had been of anything else on that dreadful afternoon, so I resolved to give details later on. I had just enough voice in me for my Mother, stooping down to my level, to hear me exonerate the Roebuck, which I could do truthfully.

" Then if your Father didn't go to the Roebuck what for are you crying? Where did you leave him? "

I affirmed, truthfully, that I saw him last a-going away with several men towards the canal. I added, untruthfully, that I had losted my way, and the boys told me wrong. I thought my Mother was going to slap me. It would have made my mind happier if she had. But she only said, " Dearie me, whoever would be a woman! You come along and get to bed and go to sleep at once, and no nonsense." I was very soon wiping my eyes on a small dirty night-

shirt, and contributing an occasional sob to the conversation that went on in the next room. I had declined supper, not so much because I did not want it, as to get out of sight and cry in the dark. I should now wonder more at myself for this, if I had not behaved in the same way fifty times since; indeed, the sorrow's crown of sorrows has always been to me not what the poet sings, but the communication of bad news to happy unsuspicion. I always feel as I then felt; as if it was my fault and *I* was responsible.

"What's the matter with the child?" Thus the conversation ran on between my Mother and her neighbor, Mrs. Packles, from Packles's laundry next door, who had come in to tea and gossip.

"It's to be hoped nothing's the matter ser'ous, Mrs. Vance."

"Law, Mrs. Packles, Ma'am," said my Mother, "if I was to worrit every time Vance comes home late, there'd never be an end. Your petticoat is a-scorching."

"It ain't my best. If you was to spare me the toasting fork, now your piece is browned, I wouldn't spoil the knife-end in the fire over mine. Being likewise the butter knife."

"I was looking for it." And my Mother began to butter her piece (as I could hear by the scraping), but she stopped uneasily and came into the bedroom and looked at me. I pretended to be asleep. She kissed me, making matters ten times worse; and I suffered pangs of conscience, but kept my counsel. She returned to the toast, and resumed the conversation.

"It's your *dress* scorching now, Mrs. Packles — do'ee double it back like I do mine."

I heard Mrs. P. accept the suggestion.

"Vance is that particular about bloaters that I was thinking we might wait till he comes? Tea-time — he said. One bloater kept back to be done later, has a feeling of discomfort when you come in and other folks has finished. Don't you think so, Ma'am?"

There was the slightest shade of asperity in the question, and I read in it that Mrs. Packles had looked unsympathetic. She also said something, but I failed to catch it, owing to Mrs. P. having a defect in her speech. Like Timour, she had only one tooth above and one below; but then they didn't extend all along the gum, like his. However, she had the reputation of being a Tartar, and Mr. Packles used to confirm this report in public — perhaps I should say in publics. What Mrs. Packles had said evidently reflected on my Father.

"No, Ma'am," said my Mother. "On the contrary, Vance is by nature a sober man — not like neighbors of his I could name whose habits are proverbial, as the sayin' is. In some cases, as you know, Ma'am, the smell of beer is transparent, and in such, credit is given undeserved. In others, secrecy throws a veil, even I am told in high places, and none suspect. But Vance was ever that open nature! However, we will put the bloaters on the trivet if you say the word."

Mrs. Packles couldn't say the word for the reason I have mentioned, nor any word distinctly. But I understood that she waived defense of Packles against my Mother's insinuation, in consideration of the bloaters. Also that, to avoid the quicksands the conversation had so narrowly escaped, she passed in review the condiments or accompaniments to bloaters sanctioned by judges. I heard my Mother's answer: —

" Accordin' to me, Mrs. Packles, and I am not sing'lar, gin on no account! Coffee also, though no objection can be raised, if popular in quarters, is, to my thinking, contrary to bloaters. Now to 'ot tea and buttered toast, there can be no exception."

I felt that I was an exception. And how I repented my rash renunciation of supper while under excitement! I was getting very hungry, and there was no prospect of relief till breakfast, unless I cut into the conversation and risked further catechism about my afternoon. So I lay still and sucked my nightgown, of which I can distinctly recollect the flavor to this day. I only wish *it* had been an accompaniment of bloaters and hot tea and toast. Taken alone, nightgown juice is not nutritious.

Mrs. Packles murmured assent, and was about to enlarge on the gratifying topic when she was interrupted by a footstep outside.

" It's at your house," said my Mother; " somebody is ringing the laundry bell." And Mrs. P. went out to investigate. A distant colloquy followed, between a man's voice and Mrs. Packles' substitute for one; but nothing audible to me, until my Mother's sudden — " Well, now! " — following on something she heard and I did not. The teacup she put down suddenly spilled and clicked on the saucer, but she disregarded it and went straight out after Mrs. Packles. Before the door had time to slam, I caught the words — " Are you Mrs. Vance? " — and recognized the step of a Policeman on the garden path. Then followed narrative of an unexcited sort from the Policeman, sobs and exclamations from my Mother, and sympathy from Mrs. Packles, who I felt sure was endeavoring to claim a fulfilment of prophecy recently and clearly made by herself.

" Oh, Joey, Joey, Joey! " cried my Mother, " go to bed again this minute. Your Father's in the Hospital, and I must go to him."

I had got out of bed and was standing in the doorway of the bedroom. As I find that I have in memory a picture of a small boy crying, with a very rough head, as well as of a large Policeman dripping (for it was raining hard) and my Mother pulling a hurried shawl on, and Mrs. Packles exhibiting sympathy, with the slightest flavor of triumph, I am inclined to think that the fifty-odd years that have passed since then have made me mix what I actually do recollect with what my Mother told me many times later. Otherwise how do I seem to myself to see, from the front room, that small boy standing in the doorway rubbing his grubby little face with his nightgown?

Perhaps I went back to bed; perhaps I didn't! Anyhow, my next clear

memory is of sitting by the fire with Mrs. Packles, and of great satisfaction from fresh hot toast, which Mrs. Packles (who remained behind by request) intentionally made the vehicle of much less butter than she took herself.

I don't think she suspected me of having any story to tell beyond what she had already heard — or she would certainly have pumped me for it, instead of making the conversation turn on the moral improvement of little boys. I was much too frightened to tell anything, even if I had not been too sleepy and greedy at the same moment. I wasn't hypocrite enough at that early age to pretend I wanted to know what the Policeman had said. Or possibly I mistrusted my powers of playing out the part, if I embarked on inquiry from Mrs. Packles. Besides — it didn't matter! I knew what the Policeman had said a great deal better than I knew what Mrs. Packles was saying about (1) the necessity for the young to curb their inherent vices, or there was no knowing, (2) the accumulation of misfortunes all but herself were free from, but that she had to put up with, (3) her patience and fortitude under disaster, and (4) her power of anticipating events and no attention paid, not if she talked herself 'oarse!

Perhaps if I could have kept awake I should have known what it was to hear Mrs. Packles under a further drawback from hoarseness. But sleep overcame me, and I remember no more.

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

THE reader of Wells's novels may infer from them a good deal about the author's life, for in general terms Wells is assuredly one of the most autobiographical of novelists. Herbert George Wells was born September 21, 1866, at Bromley, Kent — evidently the "Brompton" of 'Tono-Bungay.' His father was a famous cricketer, and kept, or rather failed to keep, a small general shop. His mother had been in domestic service before marriage, and returned to service after the failure of the shop, doubtless providing for her son the ample experience that is recorded in 'Tono-Bungay' and in 'Bealby' of the gulf between the folk in drawing-rooms and those below stairs. The boy was apprenticed to a draper, first at Windsor and then at Southsea, and this short experience left its direct impress on at least three of the novels. 'The Wheels of Chance,' 'Kipps,' and 'The History of Mr. Polly' — three stories that stand apart from most of the novels because in them the author mainly evades the larger social problems in order to tell the tale of a middle-class life for its own sake — take a draper's assistant for hero. At sixteen Wells left the shop to become assistant in the Midhurst Grammar School. Then he became a scholar in the Normal School of Science, South Kensington, and in time proceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Science, with first-class honors in zoölogy. He served for a time as Assistant Master at Henley House School, St. John's Wood, produced a text-book and certain papers on educational topics, and kept up an interest in experimentation. But by 1893 his main interest was in journalism, and and he advanced through the composition of a number of sketches, essays, and short stories, to the publication of his first romance in 1895.

The bearing of these facts upon his work is of importance. If they do not account for his talent, they are at least exceptionally adequate to explain the kinds of work to which he has devoted it. Boyhood experience of social inequality might naturally arouse an acute mind to the challenge of social conventions, superficial or deep-seated, and to the desire to remold the scheme of things more reasonably; nor would service in a draper's shop, instead of a career at Eton, blunt the point of such challenge and such aspiration. That challenge and aspiration lie near the base of nearly every book that Wells has written, in whichever of his several styles. But on the whole they are most insistent, or at least most serious, not in the earlier books, when the experiences mentioned were most recent, but in the later works. And this is because of the strong interest in natural science that intervened with his transition from the draper's shop, through schoolmastering, to the study of biology and

chemistry in London. For the next twenty years or so his mind deals mainly with scientific matter, and in his first period of authorship he is writing principally the romance of science. He displays the marvels that chemistry and mechanics might achieve. But even here the social interest is much alive. For though the main emphasis in these romances may rest on the mere miracles that experiment might work, the underlying purpose is nearly always to contrast the present wayward world with such a world as science might create, to prophesy the changes toward justice and reason that science will bring about. From romances of this sort the step is easy to the series of treatises and prophecies beginning with 'Anticipations' in 1901, and running through what we may call the middle period of the author's work — a series in which natural science plays gradually a smaller part, and social speculation gradually a larger one. Even in these works the element of fiction is often strong; and the transition from them is again easy to the realistic novels, each coping with one or more complex problems of the social order, to which the author has chiefly devoted himself since 1909. Such is, roughly, the history of the author's work. The shifts from scientific romance to sociological treatise, and from this to realistic novel, are not abrupt, nor is the chronology perfect. Works of all three kinds appear, in fact, in all three periods of his career. But the preponderance of interest is as here indicated.

In the romance of science, his earliest species of fiction, the interest in what research and invention may accomplish in sheer wonder is combined with an interest as to how they may transform the individual and ameliorate the social structure. In 'The Time Machine,' for instance, the first extended romance which (in 1895) followed the early sketches and short stories in this vein, we meet with an invention that transports one back into past times or forward into future ages, and naturally its most interesting revelation is a vision of society as it will be in centuries to come. In 'The Wonderful Visit' (1895) an angel, winged by a charge from the shot-gun of the vicar of Siddermouth, is brought to earth for the purpose of perplexing the clergyman with questions as to why things in this world should be so irrational. In the next three stories there is somewhat less of the reformer. 'The Island of Dr. Moreau' (1896) deals with the marvels that surgery might do in imitating and outrunning evolution. 'The Invisible Man' (1897) is a thrilling and, in its own way, realistic story of the performances of a man who could live unseen of the people around him. 'The War of the Worlds' (1898) tells of our invasion by an army of superior warriors from Mars.

In 'When the Sleeper Wakes' (1899) the social interest is dominant again. A man goes into a trance and wakes up in the year 2100 to find the world much changed but with many of its problems yet unsolved. In particular, the struggle between capital and labor has grown more embittered than at present, and forms the main theme of the book. 'The First Men in the Moon' (1901) is all but pure fantasy, telling of the wonders that the visitors found on the

satellite, especially the insect-like but highly intelligent creatures that lived within its hollow sphere. 'The Sea Lady' (1902) is a mermaid who came out of the sea at Folkstone to ask perplexing questions about this perplexing world. 'The Food of the Gods' (1904) tells of a dish concocted to produce enormous growth in plants and animals, with remarkable results. In three further romances, coming from a period when the author is writing chiefly in other veins, social theory and prophecy are much more prominent — so much so, indeed, as to make it doubtful whether we should include the last two under this title. 'In the Days of the Comet' (1906) tells of the quickening and clarifying of the human intelligence by the gas caught from the comet, and of the solution of problems and the making over of human institutions that ensued. 'The War in the Air' (1908) foretells much that came upon us earlier than was predicted in the book. And 'The World Set Free' (1914) predicts a war that will end war and the reconstruction that will follow.

A tribute to the exciting novelty of most of these romances — and at his best Wells will bear comparison with any modern author in this field — should be accompanied by a recognition that in the less fantastic of them he has proved an exceptionally true prophet. Though in many guesses he has naturally been wide of his mark, it is doubtful whether in our day any other scientist turned prophet has scored as many hits as he. This is still truer of some of the treatises that mainly occupy his second period. These begin with 'Anticipations' in 1901, and continue, with lessening insistence on the more mechanical, and growing attention to the psychological and social forces that make for reconstruction, through 'Mankind in the Making' (1903), 'A Modern Utopia' (1905), 'The Future in America' (1906), 'First and Last Things' (1907), 'New Worlds for Old' (1908), and 'Social Forces in England and America' (1914), to the prophecies of rearrangement to follow the War in 'What is Coming?' (1916) and in 'The War and the Future' (1917). No single formula is applicable to all of these works, for the good reason that the author's opinions have grown and varied during the years they represent. Critical from first to last of the present order of things, and attacking now one and now another problem in the social system, they all look forward to the reconstruction of our institutions through the progress of invention and the growth of reason. But there are few dogmas that hold throughout the list, and the moment one tries to label the author as a member of a party, socialist or other, one encounters contradictions. At one time he was nearer to socialism than he has been to any other creed, but a rupture with the socialists followed. It is possibly the highest praise of these treatises to say that, always speaking the speech of liberalism, they yet show a mind too quick to settle into dogma.

Most of the novels of Wells, and all those of the more ambitious kind now considered typical, are of relatively recent date. Before 'Tono-Bungay' in 1909, however, he had published three novels in lighter though by no means

less delightful vein. 'The Wheels of Chance,' in 1896, carries an imaginative but ineffectual draper's assistant through a brief holiday of romantic experience. In 'Love and Mr. Lewisham' (1900) we meet an abler hero of essentially similar type, into whose life enters that conflict between love and work that lies at the base of so many of the author's novels. In 'Kipps' (1905) we find an altered reincarnation of the hero of 'The Wheels of Chance' in the person of another draper's assistant who is lovable in spite of his stupidity; and in 'Mr. Polly' (1910) we meet finally that most interesting of draper's boys who, always the sport of his own inertia, at last brings himself to one real decision only to have this decision, of suicide, frustrated because he is too anxious to put out the fire on his trousers before finishing the job of cutting his throat. To pass these stories with the remark that they are capital studies of middle-class life is to do them the slenderest justice possible. If not the best, they are at least the most amusing work that Wells has done. But the chief word should be reserved for that series of novels which begins with 'Tono-Bungay' in 1909 and to which 'The World of William Clissold' (1926) is the latest contribution.

Time will possibly decide that, as a work of art at least, 'Tono-Bungay' is the best of these. With the story of the colossal swindle that Ponderevo operates there goes naturally some comment on the kind of society in which that swindle is possible, and in the love affairs of his nephew there arises certain problems of sex. But these do not bulk largely. Nor do reflections upon sex and feminism, though involved, unduly interrupt the story of the scientific young woman who runs away from an illiberal father in 'Ann Veronica' (1909) and later falls in love with a married man. These stories are told mainly for their own sake. But while it would be unfair to say that in certain later works Wells uses the novel for the purpose of a sermon, it is evident that the habit of didacticism, however palliated, has grown in him. He has selected heroes who illustrate a theory and plots that set a problem for solution. And the two chief problems, entangled with each other in the novels that follow, are those of society and those of sex. In 'The New Machiavelli' (1910) that of society is uppermost, but barely so; the statesman's career is cut short at the discovery of his sexual irregularity. In 'Marriage' (1921) sex is perhaps foremost (though there is no irregularity), but the great work that matrimony spoils is of almost parallel importance in the story. In 'The Passionate Friends' (1913) the hero, beaten in the game of sex, takes refuge in the game of world politics, only to have sex intrude again and overthrow him. In 'The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman' (1914), the most baldly didactic of the novels, the heroine breaks from the tyranny of a husband in order to accomplish something for society, and after his death gives up the man who loves her in order that she may carry on her work unhindered. In 'The Research Magnificent' (1915) the hero is looking for a formula to ameliorate society and is more or less hampered by an unappreciating matrimonial partner.

There is little justice to the author, of course, in extracting thus the mere core of his novels and serving that in one dry sentence. But this is at least the core. For in the world of these novels there are two things of importance, Work and Sex; or if the term be used of both its natural and its social branches, Science and Sex. To science Wells is true throughout. In each novel we face not only the problems that challenge science and those that arise from sex, but also the clash between the two. And in some measure the formula holds for nearly all his later work.

Midway in this, however, the Great War came to leave a deep impression on the continuing novels, as also to call forth a number of the speculative treatises in which the author had already been prolific. 'Mr. Britling Sees It Through' (1916) chronicles the bewilderment of a typically intelligent Briton in the earlier stages of the conflict, and remains a valuable document for the historian of the time. In this novel the author records an experience of religion at which he had hinted once or twice before; and his treatise on 'God the Invisible King' (1917), with its revelation of a benevolent but finite deity, is a natural sequel. This is followed by another novel, 'The Soul of a Bishop' (1917), in which the religious theme is still dominant. Among the remaining novels of the fertile decade now closing are 'Joan and Peter' (1918), an excursion into education; 'The Undying Fire' (1919), in which education and religion are combined to homiletic ends; 'The Secret Places of the Heart' (1922), a purposive story of Big Business; 'Christina Alberta's Father' (1925), a tale of the revolt of modern youth; and 'The World of William Clissold' (1926), a full-length portrait of a modern man of sixty struggling with the various problems of a world in reconstruction. Interspersed among these novels are a large number of historical and speculative treatises under titles as varied as 'An Outline of History' (1919–1920), in intent a new departure in chronicling the human record from prehistoric times down to the present; 'The Salvaging of Civilization' (1921), 'Russia in the Shadow' (1921), and 'Washington and the Riddle of Peace' (1922), three books whose titles give an indication of their content; 'Men Like Gods' (1923) and 'The Dream' (1924), both Utopias; 'The Story of a Great Schoolmaster' (1924), the author's only essay in biography; 'A Year of Prophesying' (1924), a collection of journalistic articles; and 'The Open Conspiracy' (1928), the latest prophecy in reconstruction.

In this formidable list of post-war books, far too long to be of equal value or ever of the highest merit, the first places should surely be given to 'An Outline of History' and 'The World of William Clissold.' Written with the aid of a corps of trained historians, the 'Outline' attempts a new fusion of the elements of our annals into the epic of the rise of man; and whatever errors in perspective it may show, it will stand as a striking achievement of the intellect and the imagination. Yet possibly the record of our own time as preserved in 'William Clissold' will be more useful to historians in the future

than the record of all time as given in the 'Outline.' For posterity may find as full a light in 'Clissold' as in any other book upon the problems and perplexities through which the thinking men of our period are passing. It will also find a forecast of a day when there will be a greater freedom in sex and a wider scope for science, and it will conclude that, through all his varied pilgrimage, and with a rare combination of simple honesty, of sanguine generosity, and of active and impatient spirits, Wells has clung to the same underlying themes.

ERNEST HUNTER WRIGHT

MR. BRUMLEY IS TROUBLED BY DIFFICULT IDEAS

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THEN as that picture of a post office pane, smashed and with a large hole knocked clean through it, fades at last upon the reader's consciousness, let another and a kindred spectacle replace it. It is the carefully cleaned and cherished window of Mr. Brumley's mind, square and tidy and as it were "frosted" against an excess of light, and in that also we have now to record the most jagged and all-devastating fractures.

Little did Mr. Brumley reckon, when first he looked up from his laces at Black Strand, how completely that pretty young woman in the dark furs was destined to shatter all the assumptions that had served his life.

But you have already had occasion to remark a change in Mr. Brumley's bearing and attitude that carries him far from the kindly and humorous conservation of his earlier work. You have shared Lady Harman's astonishment at the ardor of his few stolen words in the garden, an astonishment that not only grew but flowered in the silences of her captivity, and you know something of the romantic impulses, more at least than she did, that gave his appearance at the little local railway station so belated and so disreputable a flavor. In the chilly ill-flavored solitude of her prison cell and with a mind quickened by meager and distasteful fare, Lady Harman had ample leisure to reflect upon many things: she had already fully acquainted herself with the greater proportion of Mr. Brumley's published works, and she found the utmost difficulty in reconciling the flushed impassioned quality of his few words of appeal, with the moral assumptions of his published opinions. On the whole she was inclined to think that her memory had a little distorted what he had said. In this however she was mistaken; Mr. Brumley had really been proposing an elopement and he was now entirely preoccupied with the idea of rescuing, obtaining, and possessing Lady Harman for himself as soon as the law released her.

One may doubt whether this extensive change from a humorous conservatism to a primitive and dangerous romanticism is to be ascribed entirely to the personal charm, great as it no doubt was, of Lady Harman; rather did her tall soft dark presence come to release a long accumulating store of discontent and unrest beneath the polished surfaces of Mr. Brumley's mind. Things had been stirring in him for some time; the later Euphemia books had lacked much of the freshness of their precursors and he had found it increasingly hard, he knew not why, to keep up the lightness, the geniality, the friendly badinage of successful and accepted things, the sunny disregard of the grim and unamiable aspects of existence, that were the essential merits of that Optimistic Period of our literature in which Mr. Brumley had begun his career. With every justification in the world Mr. Brumley had set out to be an optimist, even in the Granta his work had been distinguished by its gay yet steadfast superficiality, and his early success, his rapid popularity, had done much to turn this early disposition into a professional attitude. He had determined that for all his life he would write for comfortable untroubled people in the character of a light-spirited, comfortable, untroubled person, and that each year should have its book of connubial humor, its travel in picturesque places, its fun and its sunshine, like roses budding in succession on a stem. He did his utmost to conceal from himself the melancholy realization that the third and the fourth roses were far less wonderful than the first and the second, and that by continuing the descending series a rose might be attained at last that was almost unattractive, but he was already beginning to suspect that he was getting less animated and a little irritable when Euphemia very gently and gracefully but very firmly and rather enigmatically died, and after an interval of tender and tenderly expressed regrets he found himself, in spite of the most strenuous efforts to keep bright and kindly and optimistic in the best style, dull and getting duller — he could disguise the thing no longer. And he weighed more. Six — eight — eleven pounds more. He took a flat in London, dined and lunched out lightly but frequently, sought the sympathetic friendship of several charming ladies, and involved himself deeply in the affairs of the Academic Committee. Indeed he made a quite valiant struggle to feel that optimism was just where it always had been and everything all right and very bright with him and with the world about him. He did not go under without a struggle. But as Max Beerbohm's caricature — the 1908 one I mean — brought out all too plainly, there was in his very animation something of the alert liveliness of the hunted man. Do what he would he had a terrible irrational feeling that things, as yet scarce imagined things, were after him and would have him. Even as he makes his point, even as he gesticulates airily, with his rather distinctively North European nose Beerbohmically enlarged and his sensitive nostril in the air, he seems to be looking at something he does not want to look at, something conceivably pursuing, out of the corner of his eye.

The thing that was assailing Mr. Brumley and making his old established humor and tenderness seem dull and opaque and giving this new uneasy quality to his expression was of course precisely the thing that Sir Isaac meant when he talked about "idees" and their disturbing influence upon all the once assured tranquillities and predominances of Putney life. It was criticism breaking bounds.

As a basis and substance for the tissue of whimsically expressed happiness and confident appreciation of the good things of life, which Mr. Brumley had set before himself as his agreeable — and it was to be hoped popular and profitable — life-task, certain assumptions had been necessary. They were assumptions he had been very willing to make and which were being made in the most exemplary way by the writers who were succeeding all about him at the commencement of his career. And these assumptions had had such an air then of being quite trustworthy, as being certain to wash and wear! Already nowadays it is difficult to get them stated; they have become incredible while still too near to justify the incredibility that attaches to history. It was assumed, for example, that in the institutions, customs, and culture of the middle Victorian period, humanity had, so far as the broad lines of things are concerned, achieved its goal. There were of course still bad men and women — individually — and classes one had to recognize as "lower," but all the main things were right, general ideas were right; the law was right, institutions were right, Consols and British Railway Debentures were right and were going to keep right forever. The Abolition of Slavery in America had been the last great act which had inaugurated this millennium. Except for individual instances the tragic intensities of life were over now and done with; there was no more need for heroes and martyrs; for the generality of humanity the phase of genial comedy had begun. There might be improvements and refinements ahead, but social, political, and economic arrangement were now in their main outlines settled for good and all; nothing better was possible and it was the agreeable task of the artist and the man of letters to assist and celebrate this establishment. There was to be much editing of Shakespeare and Charles Lamb, much delightful humor and costume romance, and an Academy of refined Fine Writers would presently establish belles-lettres on the reputable official basis, write *finis* to creative force, and undertake the task of stereotyping the language. Literature was to have its once terrible ferments reduced to the quality of a helpful pepsin. Ideas were dead — or domesticated. The last wild idea, in an impoverished and pitiful condition, had been hunted down and killed in the mobbing of 'The Woman Who Did.' For a little time the world did actually watch a phase of English writing that dared nothing, penetrated nothing, suppressed everything, and aspired at most to Charm, creep like a transitory patch of sunlight across a storm-rent universe. And vanish. . . .

At no time was it a perfectly easy task to pretend that the crazy makeshifts

of our legal and political systems, the staggering accidents of economic relationship, the festering disorder of contemporary philosophy and religious teaching, the cruel and stupid bed of King Og that is our last word in sexual adjustment, really constituted a noble and enduring sanity, and it became less and less so with the acute disillusionments that arose out of the Boer War. The first decade of the twentieth century was for the English a decade of badly sprained optimism. Our Empire was nearly beaten by a handful of farmers amidst the jeering contempt of the whole world — and we felt it acutely for several years. We began to question ourselves. Mr. Brumley found his gay but entirely respectable irresponsibility harder and harder to keep up as that decade wore on. And close upon the South African trouble came that extraordinary new discontent of women with a woman's lot which we have been observing as it reached and troubled the life of Lady Harman. Women who had hitherto so passively made the bulk of that reading public which sustained Mr. Brumley and his kind — they wanted something else!

And behind and beneath these immediately disconcerting things still more sinister hintings and questioning were beginning to pluck at contentment. In 1899 nobody would have dreamt of asking and in 1909 even Mr. Brumley was asking, "Are things going on much longer?" A hundred little incidents conspired to suggest that a Christianity that had, to put it mildly, shirked the Darwinian challenge, had no longer the palliating influence demanded of a national religion, and that down there in the deep levels of labor where they built railways to carry Mr. Brumley's food and earn him dividends, where they made engines and instruments and textiles and drains for his little needs, there was a new, less bounded discontent, a grimmer spirit, something that one tried in vain to believe was only the work of "agitators," something that was to be pacified no longer by the thin pretenses of liberalism, something that might lead ultimately — optimism scarcely dared to ask whither. . . .

Mr. Brumley did his best to resist the influence of these darkening ideas. He tried to keep it up that everything was going well and that most of these shadows and complaints were the mischief of a few incurably restless personalities. He tried to keep it up that to belong to the working class was a thoroughly jolly thing — for those who were used to it. He declared that all who wanted to alter our laws or our ideas about property or our methods of production were envious and base and all who wanted any change between the sexes, foolish or vicious. He tried to go on disposing of socialists, agitators, feminists, women's suffragists, educationists, and every sort of reformer with a good-humored contempt. And he found an increasing difficulty in keeping his contempt sufficiently good-humored. Instead of laughing down at folly and failure, he had moments when he felt that he was rather laughing up — a little wryly — at monstrous things impending. And since ideas are things of atmosphere and the spirit, insidious wolves of the soul, they crept up to him and gnawed the insides out of him even as he posed as their manful antagonist.

Insensibly Mr. Brumley moved with his times. It is the necessary first phase in the break-up of any system of unsound assumptions that a number of its votaries should presently set about padding its cutting corners and relieving the harsh pressure of its injustices by exuberance of humor and sentimentality. Mr. Brumley became charitable and romantic — orthodox still but charitable and romantic. He was all for smashing with the generalization, but now in the particular instance he was more and more for forgiveness. One finds creeping into the later Euphemia books a Bret-Harte-like doctrine that a great number of bad women are really good and a persuasion in the 'Raffles' key that a large proportion of criminals are really very picturesque and admirable fellows. One wonders how far Mr. Brumley's less ostensible life was softening in harmony with this exterior change, this tender twilight of principle. He wouldn't as yet face the sterner fact that most people who are condemned by society, whether they are condemned justly or not, are by the very gregariousness of man's nature debased, and that a law or custom that stamps you as bad makes you bad. A great state should have high and humane and considerate laws nobly planned, nobly administered, and needing none of these shabby little qualifications *sotto voce*. To find goodness in the sinner and justification in the outcast is to condemn the law, but as yet Mr. Brumley's heart failed where his intelligence pointed towards that conclusion. He hadn't the courage to revise his assumptions about right and wrong to that extent; he just allowed them to get soft and sloppy. He waded, where there should be firm ground. He waded toward wallowing. This is a perilous way of living and the sad little end of Euphemia, flushed and coughing, left him no doubt in many ways still more exposed to the temptations of the sentimental byway and the emotional gloss. Happily this is a book about Lady Harmon and not an exhaustive monograph upon Mr. Brumley. We will at least leave him the refuge of a few shadows.

Occasionally he would write an important signed review for the Twentieth Century or the Hebdomadal Review, and on one such occasion he took in hand several studies of contemporary conditions by various 'New Witnesses,' 'Young Liberals,' New Age rebels, and associated insurgent authors. He intended to be rather kindly with them, rather disillusioned, quite sympathetic but essentially conventional and conservative and sane. He sat at a little desk near the drooping Venus, under the benediction of Euphemia's posthumous rose, and turned over the pages of one of the least familiar of the group. The stuff was written with a crude force that at times became almost distinguished, but with a bitterness that he felt he must reprove. And suddenly he came upon a passionate tirade against the present period. It made him nibble softly with his lips at the top of his fountain pen as he read.

"We live," said the writer, "in a second Byzantine age, in one of those multitudinous accumulations of secondary interests, of secondary activities and conventions and colossal intricate insignificances, that lie like dust heaps in the path of the historian. The true history of such periods is written in bank books

and check counterfoils and burnt to save individual reputations; it sneaks along under a thousand pretenses, it finds its molelike food and safety in the dirt; its outer forms remain for posterity, a huge débris of unfathomable riddles."

" Hm! " said Mr. Brumley. " He slings it out. And what's this? "

" A civilization arrested and decayed, waiting through long inglorious ages of unscheduled crime, unchallenged social injustice, senseless luxury, mercenary politics and universal vulgarity and weakness, for the long overdue scavenging of the Turk."

" I wonder where the children pick up such language," whispered Mr. Brumley with a smile.

But presently he had pushed the book away and was thinking over this novel and unpleasant idea that perhaps after all his age didn't matter as some ages have mattered and as he had hitherto always supposed it did matter. Byzantine, with the gold of life stolen and the swans changed to geese? Of course always there had been a certain qualification upon heroes, even Cæsar had needed a wreath, but at any rate the age of Cæsar had mattered. Kings no doubt might be more kingly and the issues of life plainer and nobler, but this had been true of every age. He tried to weigh values against values, our past against our present, temperately and sanely. Our art might perhaps be keener for beauty than it seemed to be, but still — it flourished. And our science at least was wonderful — wonderful. There certainly this young detractor of existing things went astray. What was there in Byzantium to parallel with the electric light, the electric tram, wireless telegraphy, aseptic surgery? Of course this about " unchallenged social injustice " was nonsense. Rant. Why! we were challenging social injustice at every general election — plainly and openly. And crime! What could the man mean about unscheduled crime? Mere words! There was of course a good deal of luxury, but not *wicked* luxury, and to compare our high-minded and constructive politics with the mere conflict of unscrupulous adventurers about that semi-oriental throne! It was nonsense!

" This young man must be spanked," said Mr. Brumley, and, throwing aside an open illustrated paper in which a full-length portrait of Sir Edward Carson faced a picture of the King and Queen in their robes sitting side by side under a canopy at the Coronation Durbar, he prepared himself to write in an extremely salutary manner about the follies of the younger generation, and incidentally to justify his period and his professional contentment.

FROM 'TONO-BUNGAY'

NIGHT AND THE OPEN SEA

I

I HAVE tried throughout all this story to tell things as they happened to me. In the beginning — the sheets are still here on the table, grimy and dog's-eared and old-looking — I said I wanted to tell *myself* and the world in which I found myself, and I have done my best. But whether I have succeeded I cannot imagine. All this writing is gray now and dead and trite and unmeaning to me; some of it I know by heart. I am the last person to judge it.

As I turn over the big pile of manuscript before me, certain things become clearer to me, and particularly the immense inconsequences of my experiences. It is, I see now that I have it all before me, a story of activity and urgency and sterility. I have called it 'Tono-Bungay,' but I had far better have called it 'Waste.' I have told of childless Marion, of my childless aunt, of Beatrice wasted and wasteful and futile. What hope is there for a people whose women become fruitless? I think of all the energy I have given to vain things. I think of my industrious scheming with my uncle, of Crest Hill's vast cessation, of his resonant strenuous career. Ten thousand men have envied him and wished to live as he lived. It is all one spectacle of forces running to waste, of people who use and do not replace, the story of a country hectic with a wasting aimless fever of trade and money-making and pleasure-seeking. And now I build destroyers!

Other people may see this country in other terms; this is how I have seen it. In some early chapter in this heap I compared all our present color and abundance to October foliage before the frosts nip down the leaves. That I still feel was a good image. Perhaps I see wrongly. It may be I see decay all about me because I am, in a sense, decay. To others it may be a scene of achievement and construction radiant with hope. I, too, have a sort of hope, but it is a remote hope, a hope that finds no promise in this Empire or in any of the great things of our time. How they will look in history I do not know, how time and chance will prove them I cannot guess; that is how they have mirrored themselves on one contemporary mind.

II

Concurrently with writing the last chapter of this book I have been much engaged by the affairs of a new destroyer we have completed. It has been an oddly complementary alternation of occupations. Three weeks or so ago this novel had to be put aside in order that I might give all my time day and night

to the fitting and finishing of the engines. Last Thursday X 2, for so we call her, was done and I took her down the Thames and went out nearly to Texel for a trial of speed.

It is curious how at times one's impressions will all fuse and run together into a sort of unity and become continuous with things that have hitherto been utterly alien and remote. That rush down the river became mysteriously connected with this book. As I passed down the Thames I seemed in a new and parallel manner to be passing all England in review. I saw it then as I had wanted my readers to see it. The thought came to me slowly as I picked my way through the Pool; it stood out clear as I went dreaming into the night out upon the wide North Sea. . . .

It wasn't so much thinking at the time as a sort of photographic thought that came and grew clear. X 2 went ripping through the dirty oily water as scissors rip through canvas, and the front of my mind was all intent with getting her through under the bridges and in and out among the steamboats and barges and rowing-boats and piers. I lived with my hands and eyes hard ahead. I thought nothing then of any appearances but obstacles, but for all that the back of my mind took the photographic memory of it complete and vivid. . . .

"This," it came to me, "is England. That is what I wanted to give in my book. This!"

We started in the late afternoon. We throbbed out of our yard above Hammersmith Bridge, fussed about for a moment, and headed down stream. We came at an easy rush down Craven Reach, past Fulham and Hurlingham, past the long stretches of muddy meadow and muddy suburb to Battersea and Chelsea, round the cape of tidy frontage that is Grosvenor Road and under Vauxhall Bridge, and Westminster opened before us. We cleared a string of coal barges and there on the left in the October sunshine stood the Parliament houses, and the flag was flying and Parliament was sitting. . . .

I saw it at the time unseeingly; afterwards it came into my mind as the center of the whole broad panoramic effect of that afternoon. The stiff square lace of Victorian Gothic with its Dutch clock of a tower came upon me suddenly and stared and whirled past in a slow half pirouette and became still, I know, behind me as if watching me recede. "Aren't you going to respect me, then?" it seemed to say.

Not I! There in that great pile of Victorian architecture the landlords and the lawyers, the bishops, the railway men and the magnates of commerce go to and fro — in their incurable tradition of commercialized Bladesovery, of meretricious gentry and nobility sold for riches. I have been near enough to know. The Irish and the Labor-men run about among their feet, making a fuss, effecting little; they've got no better plans that I can see. Respect it indeed! There's a certain paraphernalia of dignity, but whom does it deceive? The King comes down in a gilt coach to open the show and wears long robes and a crown; and there's a display of stout and slender legs in white stockings

and stout and slender legs in black stockings and artful old gentlemen in ermine. I was reminded of one congested afternoon I had spent with my aunt amidst a cluster of agitated women's hats in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords and how I saw the King going to open Parliament, and the Duke of Devonshire looking like a gorgeous peddler and terribly bored with the cap of maintenance on a tray before him hung by slings from his shoulders. A wonderful spectacle! . . .

It is quaint, no doubt, this England — it is even dignified in places — and full of mellow associations. That does not alter the quality of the realities these robes conceal. The realities are greedy trade, base profit-seeking, bold advertisement; and kingship and chivalry, spite of this wearing of treasured robes, are as dead among it all as that crusader my uncle championed against the nettles outside the Duffield church. . . .

I have thought much of that bright afternoon's panorama.

To run down the Thames so is to run one's hand over the pages in the book of England from end to end. One begins in Craven Reach and it is as if one were in the heart of old England. Behind us are Kew and Hampton Court with their memories of Kings and Cardinals, and one runs at first between Fulham's episcopal garden parties and Hurlingham's playground for the sporting instinct of our race. The whole effect is English. There is space, there are old trees and all the best qualities of the home-land in that upper reach. Putney, too, looks Anglican on a dwindling scale. And then for a stretch the newer developments slop over, one misses Bladesover and there come first squalid stretches of mean homes right and left and then the dingy industrialism of the south side, and on the north bank the polite long front of nice houses, artistic, literary, administrative people's residences, that stretches from Cheyne Walk nearly to Westminster and hides a wilderness of slums. What a long slow crescendo that is, mile after mile, with the houses crowding closelier, the multiplying succession of church towers, the architectural moments, the successive bridges, until you come out into the second movement of the piece with Lambeth's old palace under your quarter and the houses of Parliament on your bow! Westminster Bridge is ahead of you then, and through it you flash, and in a moment the round-faced clock tower cranes up to peer at you again and New Scotland Yard squares at you, a fat beef-eater of a policeman disguised miraculously as a Bastille.

For a stretch you have the essential London; you have Charing Cross railway station, heart of the world, and the Embankment on the north side with its new hotels overshadowing its Georgian and Victorian architecture, and mud and great warehouses and factories, chimneys, shot towers, advertisements on the south. The northward sky-line grows more intricate and pleasing, and more and more does one thank God for Wren. Somerset House is as picturesque as the civil war, one is reminded again of the original England, one feels in the fretted sky the quality of Restoration lace. . . .

And then comes Astor's strong box and the lawyers' Inns. . . .

(I had a passing memory of myself there, how once I had trudged along the Embankment westward, weighing my uncle's offer of three hundred pounds a year. . . .)

Through that central essential London reach I drove, and X 2 bored her nose under the foam regardless of it all like a black hound going through reeds — on what trail even I who made her cannot tell.

And in this reach, too, one first meets the sea-gulls and is reminded of the sea. Blackfriars one takes — just under these two bridges and just between them is the finest bridge moment in the world — and behold, soaring up, hanging in the sky over a rude tumult of warehouses, over a jostling competition of traders, irrelevantly beautiful and altogether remote, Saint Paul's! "Of course!" one says, "Saint Paul's!" It is the very figure of whatever fineness the old Anglican culture achieved, detached, a more dignified and chastened Saint Peter's, colder, grayer, but still ornate; it has never been overthrown, never disavowed, only the tall warehouses and all the roar of traffic have forgotten it, everyone has forgotten it; the steamships, the barges, go heedlessly by regardless of it, intricacies of telephone wires and poles cut blackly into its thin mysteries, and presently, when in a moment the traffic permits you and you look round for it, it has dissolved like a cloud into the gray blues of the London sky.

And then the traditional and ostensible England falls from you altogether. The third movement begins, the last great movement in the London symphony, in which the trim scheme of the old order is altogether dwarfed and swallowed up. Comes London Bridge, and the great warehouses tower up about you, waving stupendous cranes, the gulls circle and scream in your ears, large ships lie among their lighters, and one is in the port of the world. Again and again in this book I have written of England as a feudal scheme overtaken by fatty degeneration and stupendous accidents of hypertrophy. For the last time I must strike that note as the memory of the dear neat little sunlit ancient Tower of London lying in a gap among the warehouses comes back to me, that little accumulation of buildings so provincially pleasant and dignified, overshadowed by the vulgarest, most typical exploit of modern England, the sham Gothic casings to the ironwork of the Tower Bridge. That Tower Bridge is the very balance and confirmation of Westminster's dull pinnacles and tower. That sham Gothic bridge; in the very gates of our mother of change, the Sea!

But after that one is in a world of accident and nature. For the third part of the panorama of London is beyond all law, order, and precedence; it is the seaport and the sea. One goes down the widening reaches through a monstrous variety of shipping, great steamers, great sailing-ships, trailing the flags of all the world, a monstrous confusion of lighters, witches' conferences of brown-sailed barges, wallowing tugs, a tumultuous crowding and jostling of

cranes and spars, and wharves and stores, and assertive inscriptions. Huge vistas of dock open right and left of one, and here and there beyond and amidst it all are church towers, little patches of indescribably old-fashioned and worn-out houses, riverside pubs and the like, vestiges of townships that were long since torn to fragments and submerged in these new growths. And amidst it all no plan appears, no intention, no comprehensive desire. That is the very key of it all. Each day one feels that the pressure of commerce and traffic grew, grew insensibly monstrous, and first this man made a wharf and that erected a crane, and then this company set to work and then that, and so they jostled together to make this unassimilable enormity of traffic. Through it we dodged and drove, eager for the high seas.

I remember how I laughed aloud at the glimpse of the name of a London County Council steamboat that ran across me. Caxton it was called, and another was Pepys, and another was Shakespeare. They seemed so wildly out of place, splashing about in that confusion. One wanted to take them out and wipe them and put them back in some English gentleman's library. Everything was alive about them, flashing, splashing, and passing, ships moving, tugs panting, hawsers taut, barges going down with men toiling at the sweeps, the water all a-swirl with the wash of shipping, scaling into millions of little wavelets, curling and frothing under the whip of the unceasing wind. Past it all we drove. And at Greenwich to the south, you know, there stands a fine stone frontage where all the victories are recorded in a Painted Hall, and beside it is the "Ship" where once upon a time those gentlemen of Westminster used to have an annual dinner — before the port of London got too much for them altogether. The old façade of the Hospital was just warming to the sunset as we went by, and after that, right and left, the river opened, the sense of the sea increased and prevailed, reach after reach from Northfleet to the Nore.

And out you come at last with the sun behind you into the eastern sea. You speed up and tear the oily water louder and faster, siroo, siroo — swish —siroo, and the hills of Kent — over which I once fled from the Christian teachings of Nicodemus Frapp — fall away on the right hand and Essex on the left. They fall away and vanish into blue haze, and the tall slow ships behind the tugs, scarce moving ships and wallowing sturdy tugs, are all wrought of wet gold as one goes frothing by. They stand out, bound on strange missions of life and death, to the killing of men in unfamiliar lands. And now behind us is blue mystery and the phantom flash of unseen lights, and presently even these are gone, and I and my destroyer tear out to the unknown across a great gray space. We tear into the great spaces of the future and the turbines fall to talking in unfamiliar tongues. Out to the open we go, to windy freedom and trackless ways. Light after light goes down. England and the Kingdom, Britain and the Empire, the old prides and the old devotions, glide abeam, astern, sink down upon the horizon, pass — pass. The river passes — London passes, England passes. . . .

III

This is the note I have tried to emphasize, the note that sounds clear in my mind when I think of anything beyond the purely personal aspects of my story.

It is a note of crumbling and confusion, of change and seemingly aimless swelling, of a bubbling up and medley of futile loves and sorrows. But through the confusion sounds another note. Through the confusion something drives, something that is at once human achievement and the most inhuman of all existing things. Something comes out of it. . . . How can I express the values of a thing at once so essential and so immaterial. It is something that calls upon such men as I with an irresistible appeal.

I have figured it in my last section by the symbol of my destroyer, stark and swift, irrelevant to most human interests. Sometimes I call this reality Science, sometimes I call it Truth. But it is something we draw by pain and effort out of the heart of life, that we disentangle and make clear. Other men serve it, I know, in art, in literature, in social invention, and see it in a thousand different figures, under a hundred names. I see it always as austerity, as beauty. This thing we make clear is the heart of life. It is the one enduring thing. Men and nations, epochs and civilization pass, each making its contribution. I do not know what it is, this something, except that it is supreme. It is a something, a quality, an element, one may find now in colors, now in forms, now in sounds, now in thoughts. It emerges from life with each year one lives and feels, and generation by generation and age by age, but the how and why of it are all beyond the compass of my mind. . . .

Yet the full sense of it was with me all that night as I drove, lonely above the rush and murmur of my engines, out upon the weltering circle of the sea. . . .

Far out to the northeast there came the flicker of a squadron of warships waving white swords of light about the sky. I kept them hull-down, and presently they were mere summer lightning over the watery edge of the globe. . . . I fell into thought that was nearly formless, into doubts and dreams that have no words, and it seemed good to me to drive ahead and on and on through the windy starlight, over the long black waves.

IV

It was morning and day before I returned with the four sick and starving journalists who had got permission to come with me, up the shining river, and past the old gray Tower. . . .

I recall the back views of those journalists very distinctly, going with a certain damp weariness of movement, along a side street away from the river. They were good men and bore no malice, and they served me up to the public

in turgid degenerate Kiplingese, as a modest button on the complacent stomach of the Empire. Though as a matter of fact, X 2 isn't intended for the empire, or indeed for the hands of any European power. We offered it to our own people first, but they would have nothing to do with me, and I have long since ceased to trouble much about such questions. I have come to see myself from the outside, my country from the outside — without illusions. We make and pass.

We are all things that make and pass, striving upon a hidden mission, out to the open sea.

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ARNOLD BENNETT

ARNOLD BENNETT will be remembered as the novelist of the Five Towns — as chronicler of the life and exponent of the ideals of a hard-headed, pushing, materialistic, and spiritually deficient people during the last half of the long Victorian era. He has covered a large canvas, and covered it industriously, on the whole painstakingly, and with great insight into the outward aspect of the middle-class existence of these manufacturing communities; but with vigor rather than consummate artistry or subtlety of interpretation. We wonder sometimes why the novel of business has made so little headway in this age of business. Bennett, through his training and his talent for what is loosely called " realism," is the greatest writer in this field, and by working hard and with general sincerity he has scored many commercial and several artistic successes. He has but an ill-defined point of view: he is a writer who sees the dramatic facets of human experience in the mass, whose trained observation and immense memory enable him to render a wealth of detail in human action and surroundings with never a slip, and who is content to set down what contributes to the progress of his narrative and characterization with only the slightest additions of a personal kind. This impersonal mode of writing, and his share in the worldly shrewdness of the Five Towns, have perhaps contributed to his recurrent forgetfulness of the highest standards of art and the consequent unevenness of his work. If an artist would not let himself knowingly falter, Bennett is sometimes an artist and sometimes a clever craftsman.

He was reared in circumstances that steeped him in the atmosphere of the society he was to describe. Born May 27, 1867, near Hanley, which in turn is not far from Birmingham, he had the five towns of the great Staffordshire potteries district — Hanley, Tunstall, Burslem, Stoke-upon-Trent, and Longton — under close observation. His father was a solicitor, and he was educated to follow the same calling. He was first trained at Newcastle-under-Lyme, at the Endowed Middle School, the very one mentioned in 'Clayhanger.' He matriculated at London University at about eighteen, gave four years to the study of law in his father's office, and in 1889 went from the Five Towns to London, " with no definite ambition and no immediate object save to escape from the intellectual and artistic environment which had long been excessively irksome to me." He earned a scanty living as shorthand clerk, but was soon promoted to the preparation of bills of costs for taxation, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year. From this niche he was lifted by his ambition and the remark of an older man leaving the office: " You've no business being here.

You ought to be doing something else. If I find you here when I visit town next, I shall look upon you as a d — d fool."

In 'The Truth about an Author' Bennett has given a truthful and hence mildly shocking account of the early stages of his career — to 1900, in short; shocking because his career has been so shrewdly practical, so full of the Five Towns desire to get on by industry and proficiency, so apparently empty of the ideals with which we associate conscious art. It is undoubtedly true that all authorship has many of the elements Bennett here describes so openly, and undoubtedly true that Bennett has said nothing of secret aims that were probably very real to him. He tells how in the Five Towns he contributed a smart column to a local paper, and of the thrill that came over him when he learned that he was expected to continue writing while his grandfather was dying. In London he collected books, assumed the air of an authority about them, read voraciously, making Turgenev, the brothers Goncourt, and de Maupassant his gods, and, above all, served an apprenticeship as free lance. He won a prize for articles in a "popular paper," had a story accepted by The Yellow Book, and in general labored in the journalism which he describes as sending out an article and receiving it back the next day but one. About the year 1893 these articles came back more rarely, while he became sub-editor — later editor — of the magazine Woman. His fluency growing, he contributed regularly to the Academy, became a dramatic critic, reviewed one or more books a day with just as much care as he felt his remuneration justified, and wrote plays "because I wanted money in heaps and I wanted advertisement for my books." He wrote his first novel while murmuring, in the words of Edmund Kean, "I'm doing the trick," and finished it while "I did not yet dare to call myself an artist; I lacked the courage to believe that I had the sacred fire." Under the title of 'The Man from the North' it was published in 1898, and ushered in years of literary activity prolific enough to recall Trollope. In 1899, Bennett tells us, he wrote about 230 articles and short stories, a book of plays, all of 'Anna of the Five Towns,' the greater part of 'Love and Life,' and part of 'The Gates of Wrath.' Nearly every year since, whether he has been in England or France, for he has spent much time at Fontainebleau, has been as fertile.

Inevitably in all this there has been much trash, and the kindly among Bennett's analysts will pass by the greater part of his output — he himself would in no way object to the noun — in silence. Bennett, like Hardy, has himself classified his writings: Novels, Fantasias, Short Stories, Belles Lettres, Dramas, and In Collaboration. The future will take account of only the novels and short stories, and only a portion of these. In particular, 'The Old Wives' Tale,' the trilogy comprised in 'Clayhanger,' 'Hilda Lessways,' and 'These Twain,' the three volumes of short stories, 'Tales of the Five Towns,' 'The Grim Smile of the Five Towns,' and 'The Matador of the Five Towns,' with perhaps the novel 'Anna of the Five Towns,' contain the cream of his

work. The remainder in fiction is of value to the critic of Bennett chiefly as exhibiting more clearly than this best part, his essential faults and limitations set in sharp contrast to his virtues and powers — for very little of his fiction is wanting in considerable merit in some one particular. The work of Bennett in the plays and *belles lettres,* by which is meant criticism, travel, and the handbooks on some of the personal problems of life, was probably regarded as ephemeral while it was being done.

'The Old Wives' Tale' is Bennett's most finished, profound, and deeply truthful work; his preoccupation with the objective in it is nearly as great as elsewhere, but it has not prevented him from putting a real soul into his narrative. In brief, it is an exhibition of the progress of two girls of Bursley (Burslem), born in the late forties, from the age of fifteen to their deaths; being an attempt to parallel and better Maupassant's 'Une Vie.' Sophia Baines, full of vitality and the spirit of adventure, runs away to London and France with a man whose character is indicated by the fact that he had at first the idea of seducing and abandoning her. Realizing that her life is ruined, she tries to recoup by making a competence out of an English *pension* in Paris, with the hope of returning home creditably. Meanwhile her sister Constance, a woman of sweetness but little force of character, has married a respectable Five Towns tradesman, has seen him die of overexertion, has trained a son who has some talent but no great filial affection, and has fallen into a very narrow rut indeed. In old age the two are reunited. Sophia tries her best to throw Constance out of some of her ruts, as by carrying her away from her old house to a hotel, and the two live unhappily in the mutual exhibition of the crotchets and prejudices they have acquired till, Sophia first and Constance soon after, they die. The key-note of the novel is disillusionment, the chief impression the reader carries away is of the remorselessness of time and decay; while there runs through it the same irony that furnishes the theme of the play 'Milestones,' the irony of the fact that all youths exhibit an impatience of adult conventions and discipline, and in their own old age come to show the same impatience of the heat and passion of youth. It is not a very pleasant book anywhere, in some passages it is possible to trace a faint morbidity, and from the point of view of mere craftsmanship, its 200,000 words might well be reduced. But it is unexcelled among Bennett's works in the truthfulness of its characterization, the interest excited by the steady march of the story through the years, the vigor of the style, the breadth of the palette, and the skill with which in the chief personages the manners, mind, and traditions of a whole society are exhibited. Impersonal the recital is, but it excites pity, and, when the author wishes, other emotions, as only rare books do; while its constructive merit, which lies in the selection of the illuminating passages in the lives of the two old wives, is remarkable.

In the 'Clayhanger' trilogy the Antæus-like strength that Bennett gains from the soil of his Five Towns is again noteworthy. The first two books of

the three are not initial and sequential, but complementary. In 'Clayhanger' we are invited to follow the career of the son of a prosperous Bursley printer, a rather tame youth but capable of gripping the reader's attention, from the period when his secondary schooling begins to his marriage with Hilda Lessways, also of the Five Towns. The genesis of his character; his relations with a father who has seen enough of the hard side of life to make him a little jealous of his son's advantages; his meeting and infatuation with Hilda; his abandonment by her just when his love for her seems approaching its triumph; his assumption of the printing business, upon his father's breakdown; his reunion with Hilda — all this makes a narrative of strength, variety, and interest. The story is again told dispassionately and impersonally, and though from the general point of view of Clayhanger, never by him. There are moments of real poignancy in the narrative, as when the elder Clayhanger finds himself, through softening of the brain, unable to cut up his food, and watches it done for him as the tears roll down his face; there are moments of high dramatic value, as when Clayhanger hears the thunderbolt news of Hilda's marriage to Cannon; but the greatest merit of the book, as of 'The Old Wives' Tale,' lies in the convincing representation of phases that extend over years, such as the slow absorption of Clayhanger by the printing business. A hardly secondary merit is the faithful yet natural rendering, as a background, of the body, mind, and heart of the Five Towns. The democracy, the enterprise, the common sense, the harshness of the Five Towns are established by scores of petty incidents and thousands of details. Isolated, provincial, aloof in all but an industrial way from the ringing grooves of change, they offer some qualities of the Victorian atmosphere in perfection. They cling to old manners, old habits, old religions, old political views, and the old strictness of family life, with curious tenacity. With their local pride and their wealth of personal idiosyncrasy they contradict all that we usually say of the monotony of industrial life. The careful painting-in of all this is one of the best aspects of the trilogy, and best of all in the first book.

'Hilda Lessways' covers the same ground as 'Clayhanger' so far as it goes, but does not go so far by some years. With characteristic boldness, Bennett has recorded many of the incidents of the earlier book, and in many cases has exactly reproduced the dialogue — as in the porch-meeting of Hilda and Clayhanger in the rain. Hilda is described more sympathetically, and her point of view given more intimately than was Clayhanger's. It is fully explained how she came to desert her lover, or rather to renounce him, after their first hours together. Her strength of character under the trials she endured with the bigamous Cannon is brought forth; and in all, one who had seemed in Clayhanger' eccentric, uneven, and a little harsh appears in a much warmer and more amiable light, though none the less the perplexing and capricious character she was before. In 'These Twain' the reactions upon each other of this strangely unlike yet well-suited pair are described in the most difficult

psychological study Bennett has yet undertaken, and with the verisimilitude of which, at his best, he is master. Clayhanger, now thirty-six, ensconces himself and his wife in a comfortable Bursley suburb, and settles down to the steady life of an estimable, prosperous citizen. He has his own convictions about everything, and for the most part they are open, manly, honest, and simple; Hilda has hers, and they are wayward, unfair, and exasperatingly cool. The marriage is a success because though Clayhanger is under no illusion as to his wife's faults, and resents her perversity and occasional unscrupulous duplicity, she remains to him a mysterious, enchanting, and delightful person, with whom he is permanently in love. In short, she "manages" him in spite of himself and his superior virtues. As in 'The Old Wives' Tale,' the point of view is a double one, but we see a great deal more of Clayhanger than of his wife, and it is perhaps for this reason that he appears in so much more favorable a light. The book affords Bennett much the same opportunity in character contrast as 'The Old Wives' Tale,' with room for the analysis of the characteristically masculine and characteristically feminine.

In each volume of the trilogy Bennett achieves his main ends by the device of piling up detail until it becomes impressive and overwhelming, after a method perhaps learned from the Russians. The construction is more artful than most readers will appreciate, for to make detail interesting and pertinent and keep it from clogging action is no easy task; while Bennett is expert in the use of episode to bring to expression emotions that have been long smoldering. The story in 'Hilda Lessways' ends where it should, for it was wise to leave Hilda's bleak years as a boarding-house inmate to the imagination. In 'These Twain' the stuff of the narrative is simply the bickerings of husband and wife, the adjustment of Hilda to all the members of the Clayhanger family, the management of the servants, and the relations of the two to Five Towns society, from Peartree the Methodist minister to Breeze the bank manager; but the various elements are skilfully combined. The humor of the book appears also in the social observation of the Five Towns, and although too few of the characters are likable, one, Auntie Hamps, "a classic example of widespread messy idolatrous eternal domesticity," is an admirable incarnation of all the faults and solid excellences of the Victorian age, while the others are lifelike portraits. The three volumes thus give us a satisfying picture of Five Towns life over several decades. Their chief deficiency is the deficiency of Bennett's work as a whole: its want of genuine feeling and of philosophical insight into human motives.

After a succession of inferior entertainments, such as 'The Pretty Lady' and 'Mr. Prohack,' Bennett's genius blazed up again in 1923 in 'Riceyman Steps,' a novel of London which at once took its place only a step below his best work. Its materials are the ugliest and most sordid to be found in all Bennett's writing, but he transfigures them in a marvelous way. The chief characters are a miserly middle-aged bookseller, keeping a dirty second-hand

shop in Clerkenwell; a silly and mean little widow across the street, whom he marries; and the girl of all work whom they unite in overworking and underpaying. It would be hard to find more repugnant souls than the bookseller Earlsforward and his wife, griping every penny, starving themselves, sitting in the cold dark to save candles and coal, cowards in facing life. Bennett treats them without unfairness on the one side or sentimentality on the other. He shows us their wry funniness; the honeymoon excursion, when they go to see Mme. Tussaud's and come home in a panic over their expenditures, and the scene in which Earlsforward stubbornly refuses a bit of steak with his tea lest it open the door to household extravagances, are bits of high comedy. But Bennett, as if in illustration of the remark in one of Robert Louis Stevenson's essays that there is something strangely poetic in the heart of even the miser, shows us the spark of the romantic in their pinched souls and their distorted views of life. The triumph of the book, however, and the corner-stone of the whole novel, is the sweated charwoman, Elsie. She is stupid, she is dumbly inarticulate, she submits meekly to the browbeating of her employers, she thinks herself sinful when their niggardliness about food drives her to steal raw bacon and devour it in the dark. But she compels our admiration. She is good all the way through — as wholesome as bread; she is the soul of kindliness; she has magnificent instincts for right and truth, loyalties that know no shadow of turning, passions which lift her out of herself. In the end we have Earlsforward dying on one floor of his cold house, his wife dying in the hospital, and Elsie secretly tending her sick fiancé, a shell-shocked soldier, on another floor; a situation which she handles with unwavering courage. She is one of Bennett's happiest bits of work, and an imperishable creation.

Of the short stories we can only note that they are uneven, that they lack compression but otherwise have the genuine short story construction, and that they show that Bennett's style is not highly adapted to the form, in that he has little sense for the *mot juste et court*. 'Anna of the Five Towns' has distinction but is structurally imperfect; 'Buried Alive' contains more of satire than any other of Bennett's books; and 'Denry the Audacious' has won popularity by its vivacity, high spirits, and humor, but exhibits Bennett's blindness to certain moral defects of the hero in a distressing way. Perhaps the best of all Bennett's numerous minor works is one of the latest, his war novel 'Lord Raingo.' Here we have a telling picture of the British war cabinet, as seen through the eyes of an able, shrewd, practical business man, expert in devices and ambitious for power, who is raised to a peerage and to the post of Minister of Propaganda. The identity of the great leaders, from the mercurial Prime Minister down to the rough labor member, is adroitly suggested, and some of the portraits are incisive character studies. A wealth of detail pictures the intrigue, the mutual distrust, the trades, the bickerings, the weariness that exist behind the façade of patriotism and grandeur. In the end Lord Raingo falls ill, and his seizure with pneumonia, his sick-room, his nursing, his

doctors, to the smallest details of temperature and sputum, and his final death, are done with admirable skill. But the book has competency rather than power.

'Milestones,' the most noteworthy of the plays, done in collaboration, attempts with some success to show the immutable characteristics of youth and age from generation to generation. Of the *belles lettres,* the travel sketches are impressionistic and wordy, and the little books dealing with such problems as 'How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day' show Bennett's desire to be schoolmaster to the masses and his unconquerable common sense, but have no high intellectual or spiritual message.

ALLAN NEVINS

THE PROFESSIONAL REVIEWER

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THE performances of the expert in any craft will surprise and amaze the inexpert. Come with me into my study and I will surprise and amaze you. Have I been handling novels for bread-and-cheese all these years and not learnt to judge them by any process quicker than that employed by you who merely pick up a novel for relaxation after dinner? Assuming that your taste is fairly sound, let us be confronted with the same new novel, and I will show you, though you are a quick reader, that I can anticipate your judgment of that novel by a minimum of fifty-five minutes. The title-page — that conjunction of the title, the name of the author, and the name of the publisher — speaks to me, telling me all sorts of things. The very chapter-headings deliver a message of style. The narrative everywhere discloses to me the merits and defects of the writer; no author ever lived who could write a page without giving himself away. The whole book, open it where I will, is murmurous with indications for me. In the case of nine books of ten, to read them through would be not a work of supererogation — it would be a sinful waste of time on the part of a professional reviewer. The majority of novels — and all these remarks apply only to novels — hold no surprise for the professional reviewer. He can foretell them as the nautical almanac foretells astronomical phenomena. The customary established popular author seldom or never deviates from his appointed track, and it is the customary established popular author upon whom chiefly the reviewer is a parasite. New authors occasionally cause the reviewer to hesitate in his swift verdicts, especially when the verdict is inclined to be favorable. Certain publishers (that is to say, their "readers") have a knack of acquiring new authors who can imitate real excellence in an astonishing manner. In some cases the reviewer must needs

deliberately " get into " the book, in order not to be deceived by appearances, in order to decide positively whether the author has genuine imaginative power, and if so, whether that power is capable of a sustained effort. But these difficult instances are rare. There remains the work of the true artist, the work that the reviewer himself admires and enjoys: say one book in fifty, or one in a hundred. The reviewer reads that through.

Brief reflection will convince anyone that it would be economically impossible for the reviewer to fulfil this extraordinary behest of the man of the street to read every book through. Take your London morning paper, and observe the column devoted to fiction of the day. It comprises some fifteen hundred words, and the reviewer receives, if he is well paid, three guineas for it. Five novels are discussed. Those novels will amount to sixteen hundred pages of printed matter. Reading at the rate of eight words a second, the reviewer would accomplish two pages a minute, and sixteen hundred pages in thirteen hours and twenty minutes. Add an hour and forty minutes for the composition, and we have fifteen hours, or two days' work. Do you imagine that the reviewer of a London morning paper is going to hire out his immortal soul, his experience, his mere skill, at the rate of thirty-one and sixpence per day on irregular jobs? Scarcely. He will earn his three guineas inside three hours, and it will be well and truly earned. As a journeyman author, with the ability and inclination to turn my pen in any direction at request, I long ago established a rule never to work for less than ten shillings an hour on piece-work. If an editor commissioned an article, he received from me as much fundamental brain-power and as much time as the article demanded — up to the limit of his pay in terms of hours at ten shillings apiece. But each year I raise my price per hour. Of course, when I am working on my own initiative, for the sole advancement of my artistic reputation, I ignore finance and think of glory alone. It cannot, however, be too clearly understood that the professional author, the man who depends entirely on his pen for the continuance of breath, and whose income is at the mercy of an illness or a headache, is eternally compromising between glory and something more edible and warmer at nights. He labors in the first place for food, shelter, tailors, a woman, European travel, horses, stalls at the opera, good cigars, ambrosial evenings in restaurants; and he gives glory the best chance he can. I am not speaking of geniuses with a mania for posterity; I am speaking of human beings.

A CHILDREN'S PARTY

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THE drawing-room was full of visitors, in frocks of ceremony. The old drawing-room, but newly and massively arranged with the finest Victorian furniture from dead Aunt Harriet's house at Axe; two "Canterburys," a large bookcase, a splendid scintillant table solid beyond lifting, intricately tortured chairs and armchairs! The original furniture of the drawing-room was now down in the parlor, making it grand. All the house breathed opulence; it was gorged with quiet, restrained expensiveness; the least considerable objects, in the most modest corners, were what Mrs. Baines would have termed "good." Constance and Samuel had half of all Aunt Harriet's money and half of Mrs. Baines'; the other half was accumulating for a hypothetical Sophia, Mr. Critchlow being the trustee. The business continued to flourish. People knew that Samuel Povey was buying houses. Yet Samuel and Constance had not made friends; they had not, in the Five Towns phrase, "branched out socially," though they had very meetly branched out on subscription lists. They kept themselves to themselves (emphasizing the preposition). These guests were not their guests; they were the guests of Cyril.

He had been named Samuel because Constance would have him named after his father, and Cyril because his father secretly despised the name of Samuel; and he was called Cyril; "Master Cyril," by Amy, definite successor to Maggie. His mother's thoughts were on Cyril as long as she was awake. His father, when not planning Cyril's welfare, was earning money whose unique object could be nothing but Cyril's welfare. Cyril was the pivot of the house; every desire ended somewhere in Cyril. The shop existed now solely for him. And those houses that Samuel bought by private treaty, or with a shamefaced air at auctions — somehow they were aimed at Cyril. Samuel and Constance had ceased to be self-justifying beings; they never thought of themselves save as the parents of Cyril.

They realized this by no means fully. Had they been accused of monomania they would have smiled the smile of people confident in their common sense and their mental balance. Nevertheless, they were monomaniacs. Instinctively they concealed the fact as much as possible. They never admitted it even to themselves. Samuel, indeed, would often say: — "That child is not everybody. That child must be kept in his place." Constance was always teaching him consideration for his father as the most important person in the household. Samuel was always teaching him consideration for his mother as the most important person in the household. Nothing was left undone to convince him that he was a cipher, a nonentity, who ought to be very glad to be alive.

But he knew all about his importance. He knew that the entire town was his. He knew that his parents were deceiving themselves. Even when he was punished he well knew that it was because he was so important. He never imparted any portion of this knowledge to his parents; a primeval wisdom prompted him to retain it strictly in his own bosom.

He was four and a half years old, dark, like his father; handsome like his aunt, and tall for his age; not one of his features resembled a feature of his mother's, but sometimes he "had her look." From the capricious production of inarticulate sounds, and then a few monosyllables that described concrete things and obvious desires, he had gradually acquired an astonishing idiomatic command over the most difficult of Teutonic languages; there was nothing that he could not say. He could walk and run, was full of exact knowledge about God, and entertained no doubt concerning the special partiality of a minor deity called Jesus towards himself.

Now, this party was his mother's invention and scheme. His father, after flouting it, had said that if it was to be done at all, it should be done well, and had brought to the doing all his organizing skill. Cyril had accepted it at first — merely accepted it; but, as the day approached and the preparations increased in magnitude, he had come to look on it with favor, then with enthusiasm. His father having taken him to Daniel Povey's opposite, to choose cakes, he had shown, by his solemn and fastidious waverings, how seriously he regarded the affair.

Of course it had to occur on a Thursday afternoon. The season was summer, suitable for pale and fragile toilettes. And the eight children who sat around Aunt Harriet's great table glittered like the sun. Not Constance's specially provided napkins could hide that wealth and profusion of white lace and stitchery. Never in after-life are the genteel children of the Five Towns so richly clad as at the age of four or five years. Weeks of labor, thousands of cubic feet of gas, whole nights stolen from repose, eyesight, and general health, will disappear into the manufacture of a single frock that accidental jam may ruin in ten seconds. Thus it was in those old days; and thus it is today. Cyril's guests ranged in years from four to six; they were chiefly older than their host; this was a pity, it impaired his importance; but up to four years a child's sense of propriety, even of common decency, is altogether too unreliable for a respectable party.

Round about the outskirts of the table were the elders, ladies the majority; they also in their best, for they had to meet each other. Constance displayed a new dress, of crimson silk; after having mourned for her mother she had definitely abandoned the black which, by reason of her duties in the shop, she had constantly worn from the age of sixteen to within a few months of Cyril's birth; she never went into the shop now, except casually, on brief visits of inspection. She was still fat; the destroyer of her figure sat at the head of the table. Samuel kept close to her; he was the only male, until Mr. Critchlow

astonishingly arrived; among the company Mr. Critchlow had a grand-niece. Samuel, if not in his best, was certainly not in his everyday suit. With his large frilled shirt-front, and small black tie, and his little black beard and dark face over that, he looked very nervous and self-conscious. He had not the habit of entertaining. Nor had Constance; but her benevolence ever bubbling up to the calm surface of her personality made self-consciousness impossible for her. Miss Insull was also present, in shop-black, "to help." Lastly there was Amy, now as the years passed slowly assuming the character of a faithful retainer, though she was only twenty-three. An ugly, abrupt, downright girl, with convenient notions of pleasure! For she would rise early and retire late in order to contrive an hour to go out with Master Cyril; and to be allowed to put Master Cyril to bed was, really, her highest bliss.

All these elders were continually inserting arms into the fringe of fluffy children that surrounded the heaped table; removing dangerous spoons out of cups into saucers, replacing plates, passing cakes, spreading jam, whispering consolations, explanations, and sage counsel. Mr. Critchlow, snow-white now but unbent, remarked that there was "a pretty cackle," and he sniffed. Although the window was slightly open, the air was heavy with the natural human odor which young children transpire. More than one mother, pressing her nose into a lacy mass, to whisper, inhaled that pleasant perfume with a voluptuous thrill.

Cyril, while attending steadily to the demands of his body, was in a mood which approached the ideal. Proud and radiant, he combined urbanity with a certain condescension. His bright eyes, and his manner of scraping up jam with a spoon, said: "I am the king of this party. This party is solely in my honor. I know that. We all know it. Still, I will pretend that we are equals, you and I." He talked about his picture-books to a young woman on his right named Jennie, aged four, pale, pretty, the belle in fact, and Mr. Critchlow's grand-niece. The boy's attractiveness was indisputable; he could put on quite an aristocratic air. It was the most delicious sight to see them. Cyril and Jennie, so soft and delicate, so infantile on their piles of cushions and books, with their white socks and black shoes dangling far distant from the carpet; and yet so old, so self-contained! And they were merely an epitome of the whole table. The whole table was bathed in the charm and mystery of young years, of helpless fragility, gentle forms, timid elegance, unshamed instincts, and waking souls. Constance and Samuel were very satisfied; full of praise for other people's children, but with the reserve that of course Cyril was *hors concours*. They both really did believe, at that moment, that Cyril was, in some way which they felt but could not define, superior to all other infants.

Some one, some officious relative of a visitor, began to pass a certain cake, which had brown walls, a roof of cocoanut icing, and a yellow body studded with crimson globules. Not a conspicuously gorgeous cake, not a cake to which a catholic child would be likely to attach particular importance; a good, aver-

age cake! Who could have guessed that it stood, in Cyril's esteem, as the cake of cakes? He had insisted on his father buying it at Cousin Daniel's and perhaps Samuel ought to have divined that for Cyril that cake was the gleam that an ardent spirit would follow through the wilderness. Samuel, however, was not a careful observer, and seriously lacked imagination. Constance knew only that Cyril had mentioned the cake once or twice. Now by the hazard of destiny that cake found much favor, helped into popularity as it was by the blundering officious relative who, not dreaming what volcano she was treading on, urged its merits with simpering enthusiasm. One boy took two slices, a slice in each hand; he happened to be the visitor of whom the cake-distributor was a relative, and she protested; she expressed the shock she suffered. Whereupon both Constance and Samuel sprang forward and swore with angelic smiles that nothing could be more perfect than the propriety of that dear little fellow taking two slices of that cake. It was this hullaballoo that drew Cyril's attention to the evanescence of the cake of cakes. His face at once changed from calm pride to a dreadful anxiety. His eyes bulged out. His tiny mouth grew and grew, like a mouth in a nightmare. He was no longer human; he was a cake-eating tiger being balked of his prey. Nobody noticed him. The officious fool of a woman persuaded Jennie to take the last slice of the cake, which was quite a thin slice.

Then everyone simultaneously noticed Cyril, for he gave a yell. It was not the cry of a despairing soul who sees his beautiful iridescent dream shattered at his feet; it was the cry of the strong, masterful spirit, furious. He turned upon Jennie, sobbing, and snatched at her cake. Unaccustomed to such behavior from hosts, and being besides a haughty put-you-in-your-place beauty of the future, Jennie defended her cake. After all, it was not she who had taken two slices at once. Cyril hit her in the eye, and then crammed most of the slice of cake into his enormous mouth. He could not swallow it, nor even masticate it, for his throat was rigid and tight. So the cake projected from his red lips, and big tears watered it. The most awful mess you can conceive! Jennie wept loudly, and one or two others joined her in sympathy, but the rest went on eating tranquilly, unmoved by the horror which transfixed their elders.

A host to snatch food from a guest! A host to strike a guest! A gentleman to strike a lady!

THE FIVE TOWNS

From 'Whom God Hath Joined.' Copyright by the George H. Doran Company and reprinted by their permission

WHEN I was young the road leading out of the heart of the Five Towns up to Toft End was nothing to me save a steep path toward fresh air and far horizons; but now that I have lived a little it seems the very avenue to a loving comprehension of human nature, and I climb it with a strange, overpowering, mystical sense of the wonder of existence.

Bleakridge, a suburb of Bursley, oldest of the Five Towns, lies conspicuously on a hill between Bursley and Hanbridge; but Toft End, which may be called a suburb of Bleakridge, overtops Bleakridge itself by hundreds of feet. Immediately you have crossed the railway, the street, with its narrow brick pavement and cottage-rows on one side, and smoke-discolored meadows on the other, begins to rise abruptly, and you feel that you are leaving things behind, quitting the world below, and gaining a truer perspective. You feel, too, that you are entering a mountain village, where primitive manners have survived. There are small potbanks in Toft End into which machinery has never penetrated; the shafts of the coal mines look as simple as wells; and there even remain, in a condition of habitable decay, a few of those Georgian mansions which earthenware manufacturers built for themselves a century ago and which in other parts of the Five Towns have either disappeared or been transformed into offices and warehouses. The women at the doors of the serried narrow cottages, each one of which is a little higher than its neighbor, stare at you for a stranger and ask why you walk so slowly and why you gaze so long at the glimpses of Bursley on the north and Hanbridge on the south — those cities of the murky plain mapping themselves out beneath. And suddenly you come plump into a new board school, planned with magnificent modern disregard of space, and all red with terra cotta and roof tiles; plants bloom in its windows, for the powers down at Bursley have decreed that the eyes of the children shall rest on beauty; you reflect that once the children were whipped from their beds at three in the morning to work till eight at night, and you would become sentimental over those flowers did you not remember that all states of progress are equally worthy, and that a terra cotta board school is not a final expression of the eternal purpose, though at a distance it may resemble one. Close by is a cramped and tiny building of aged brown brick, with no asphalt yard and no system of ventilation and no wide windows and no blossoms: a deplorable erection, surely! Carved over this modest stone portal, in old-fashioned lettering, is the legend "Sunday School 1806." Oh wistful, unhealthy little temple of a shaken creed, fruit of heaven

knows what tremendous effort up there in that village, the terra cotta board school is not greater than thou, and it shall not be more honored!

And so you pass onward, higher and higher, by cottages new and old, by an odd piece of a farmstead with authentic ducks on its pond, by the ancient highway from Hanbridge to Moorthorne, by a new terrace of small villas with a sticky grocer's shop for the sale of soap and perhaps stamps, by Nonconformist chapels but not by a church, until you arrive at the Foaming Quart Inn, which is the highest licensed house in the Five Towns. A couple of hundred yards more, and you are at the summit, in the center of a triangular country which on geological maps is colored black to indicate coal. Turn then and look. To the east is the wild gray-green moorland dotted with mining villages whose steeples are wreathed in smoke and fire. West and north and south are the Five Towns — Bursley and Turnhill to the north — Hanbridge, Knype, and distant Longshaw to the south — Hanbridge and Bursley uniting their arms in the west. Here they have breathed for a thousand years; and here today they pant in the fever of a quickened evolution, with all their vast apparatus of mayors and aldermen and chains of office, their gas and their electricity, their swift transport, their daily paper, their religions, their fierce pleasures, their vices, their passionate sports, and their secret ideals! Bursley Town Hall is lighting its clock — the gold angel over it is no longer visible — and the clock of Hanbridge Old Church answers; far off the blue arc lamps of Knype shunting-yard flicker into being; all round the horizon, and in the deepest valley at Cauldon, the yellow fires of furnaces grow brighter in the first oncoming of the dusk. The immense congeries of streets and squares, of little houses and great halls and manufactories, of church spires and proud smoking chimneys and chapel towers, mingle together into one wondrous organism that stretches and rolls unevenly away for miles in the grimy mists of its endless panting. Railway stations, institutes, temples, colleges, graveyards, parks, baths, workshops, theaters, concerts, *cafés*, pawnshops, emporiums, private bars, unmentioned haunts, courts of justice, banks, clubs, libraries, thrift societies, auction-rooms, telephone exchanges, post-offices, marriage registries, municipal buildings — what are they, as they undulate below you in their complex unity, but the natural, beautiful, inevitable manifestation of the indestructible Force that is within you? If this prospect is not beautiful under the high and darkened sky, then flowers are not beautiful, nor the ways of animals! If anything that happens in this arena of activity seems to you to need apologizing for, or slurring over, or concealment, then you have climbed to the top of Toft End in vain!

JOHN GALSWORTHY

JOHN GALSWORTHY belongs to an older group of modern English novelists, being exactly a contemporary of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. It is noteworthy that these three, like Kipling, were born in the late sixties; but their work, unlike Kipling's, belongs to this century. None of them acquired precocious fame, none of them, when the War came, had plainly shot his bolt. A younger group, their disciples in some sense, followed them; but they themselves represented a movement of youth. Rebellion, reaction against the past and all inheritance from it, was the breath of their nostrils.

They are all very British — none more so than Galsworthy. Mankind interests him more than the individual, but mankind in British terms. It is British convention, British hypocrisy, British complacency that raises his gorge. It is the British System, whether social or legal or political, that supplies him, as it supplies Wells, with an inexhaustible theme. But while to the protean Wells it is now a theme for laughter, now a foothold for hopeful forecast or wild surmise, to Galsworthy it is simply itself, a thing to be held up, in all its shamefulness as well as its absurdity, for the consideration of whomever it may concern. In short, John Galsworthy, whether as a writer of verses or of novels or of plays, is first and last a satirist — happily a satirist of noble temper as well as of keen vision and unerring hand.

To perceive this, hardly more is needed than a glance at his published work as a whole. From the time when, in 'The Island Pharisees' (1904), he struck and sustained the characteristic note, we have always been sure of his function. W. L. Phelps has remarked, not unfairly, that the title of this book "might stand as the title of his complete works." It is the tale of the adventures of a hapless Briton in search of Truth. Rebelling against the insincerity and the stupid complacency of the circle and the class to which he is born, he sets out to find something better elsewhere in England. Now and again he seems to be on the track of it. He succeeds in making his way from social plane to plane, among all sorts and conditions of his fellow-countrymen: and in the end he has to admit himself beaten. He has to confess to himself and to others that Pharisaism is a national or racial characteristic, that the whole of British society is based upon pretense and empty self-satisfaction. The book is purely a satire, cast in the convenient story-telling form. There is no attempt at unified action; all we find is a series of episodes and scenes strung together on the thread of the adventurer's haphazard experience. It is a book of protest, a turning of the seamy side, and it pretends to be nothing else.

Now this, in a sense, may be said of Galsworthy's utterance as a whole. As far as the substance of his work is concerned, it is always protestant, satirical, negative. He is the man who tells us what is wrong with the world. H. G. Wells tells us that, too, but he is never satisfied with the telling. As fast as he tears down with one hand he must be building up with the other. As fast as he comes to a fresh diagnosis of the world's disease, he is ready with a nostrum. Even Shaw, hard-featured and unblinking as he likes to appear, has had his dreams and theories of reform, Fabian and other. But Galsworthy is content to hold the mirror up to society; and if at times, as in the play 'Justice,' for example, the very vividness of his picture gives an impression of constructive moral force, that is simply the highest effect of satire.

And it is a proof of his quality as an artist. Here, however static his mood and matter, we are aware of a steady advancement from work to work, almost from year to year. 'The Island Pharisees' was a piece of overt satire, touching upon burlesque. There was no action in the larger sense, and the human figures were not above the plane of fine caricature. 'The Man of Property' (1906) is a book of far greater dignity and finish — more a story and less a satire. The theme has not changed, but the handling of it has changed greatly. This is a study of the British middle-class soul as embodied in a single family connection, and with a single "man of property" as its chief figure. Soames Forsyte (Galsworthy is fond of these punning names) stands as symbol of what the writer takes to be the prevailing national type. He is the smug embodiment of respectability and vested authority at whom Shaw and Wells have so often laughed. Galsworthy presents him with ruthless and unsmiling precision. He and what he stands for are summed up in a single passage: "Without Forsytes," cries the "Young Jolyon" of the story, "where should we be? My dear sir, the Forsytes are the middlemen, the commercials, the pillars of society, the corner-stones of convention, everything that is admirable!" — "I don't know whether I catch your drift," said Bosinney, "but I fancy there are plenty of Forsytes, as you call them, in my profession." — "Certainly," replied Young Jolyon, "the great majority of architects, painters, or writers have no principles, like any other Forsytes. Art, literature, religion, survive by virtue of the few cranks who really believe in such things, and the many Forsytes who make a commercial use of them. At a low estimate, three fourths of our Royal Academicians are Forsytes, seven eighths of our novelists, a large proportion of our press. Of science, I won't speak. They are magnificently represented in religion; in the House of Commons perhaps more numerous than anywhere; the aristocracy speaks for itself. But I am not laughing: it is dangerous to go against a majority — and what a majority!"

Such is the Galsworthy theme — the smugness of the civilized world, and the desperateness, almost the hopelessness of combating it. In 'The Country House' he pursues it upon the plane of "county" society, in 'The Patrician,' to a still higher social atmosphere. The plays also, notably 'Strife' (1909),

'Justice' (1910), and 'The Pigeon' (1912), express the same mood of half-despairing revolt against convention and respectability. The satirist's distrust of the institution of marriage has almost the character of an obsession with him. Like many novelists contemporary with him, he appears to look upon the sex-relation as essentially restless and treacherous. Again and again, in 'The Man of Property,' in 'The Country House,' in 'Fraternity,' in his play 'The Fugitive,' he shows marriage as a bondage, a relation fated through its very legal fixity. But if his view is narrow and negative at times, it is never ignoble: even at his bitterest there is a high air of sincerity in his thrusts. Only once, in 'The Dark Flower,' has he produced something inherently unwholesome, tainted with that sex-mania which has disfigured the work of so many current story-tellers of England.

Apart from his matter, from his atmosphere of brooding protest, from his character of satirist, he is to be valued for his singularly pure art. In an age when most writers have come to affect an informal, talking style, an imitation, or more properly adaptation, of the vernacular, with its brusque and ragged forms, Galsworthy has perfected a style, a true utterance of himself, which is plain and simple and yet distinguished. It is as finished a style as his contemporary Hewlett's, and infinitely less bookish. It seems indeed to approach a genuine fusion of the scriptive and the loquitive, to use William Watson's terms. You do not think of it as a style, but you are aware of it as a clear atmosphere in which the writer and his thought stand revealed, offer no obstacle to the eye or to the taste. And this is true of his style in the larger sense as well as the smaller. His perfection of phrasing marches with something very much like perfection of structure. 'The Island Pharisees' and 'The Man of Property' were of relatively loose texture. In his later novels, as well as in his plays, there is great economy of material and effect. In both he displays the playwright's skill in admitting nothing irrelevant, in making every stroke count. A critic has noted his peculiar habit of giving each chapter a finish and unity of its own, almost as if it were a dramatic scene. Certainly Galsworthy's theory and practice of the novel recognizes that a story, to be well told, should have something of the compactness and balance of the drama.

'The Country House' was the most popular of Galsworthy's earlier novels, and its popularity may have been due to its "well-built" character. In comparison with 'Fraternity,' which succeeded it, as well as with 'The Man of Property,' which preceded it, it has few persons and a carefully limited action proper. On the other hand, that action has a general and representative significance. It is based upon the perennial theme of the "triangle." But Galsworthy does not treat it as an isolated "case." F. T. Cooper has an admirable comment here: "If the story of George Pendyce and Helen Bellew were the only interest or even the central interest of 'The Country House,' there would have been small purpose in writing it. . . . But what Galsworthy has done is to use this episode of human frailty much as a scientist uses a germ

culture, to study its effects upon others." Its effects, that is, in view of those artificial arrangements of human society which the author deplores. The title of 'Fraternity' is, in the same light, purely ironic. The story shows what a mockery the brotherhood of blood-kinship may be, and what a mockery, under present conditions, the dream of a larger human brotherhood must be. The only noble figure is that of poor old Sylvanus Stone; and he, for his virtues, is an eccentric, a laughing-stock for strangers, an object of uneasiness to his family — a haunting embodiment of unwelcome ineffectual truth.

Galsworthy's later stories, 'The Patrician' (1911), and 'The Freelands' (1915), add nothing new to the author's commentary on life. They have greater charm, greater care for characterization, and less satiric force than the earlier novels. Strictly speaking, they are better products of the novelist's art, since here the artist comes nearer to confining himself to the real business of the serious story-teller — the interpretation of character through action. During a number of years Galsworthy's chief interest centered in the dramatic form — a form, which, with its compactness and its saliency, its fondness for types, and its convenience as a vehicle for satire, is singularly fitted for his genius.

I have emphasized the clear-cut and well-balanced character of Galsworthy's novels. This quality of fine workmanship is even more strongly felt in his plays. Indeed, we may more easily recognize his force and distinction as a playwright than as a novelist, for the very reason that in his dramas as in his novels the Galsworthy "idea," the idea of revolt against specific conditions, dominates his larger interpretation of life, and is more strikingly presented in the dramatic form. There is a touch of paradox in this — the protestant and revolutionary against the moral and social conventions of life, expressing himself with singular fidelity to the conventions of art. But this happens because in the one instance he feels convention to be founded on a false reason and morality, while in the other he accepts the established form as true and right. And the playwright has won a wide hearing for the critic of life. In 'Justice' he attacks the wooden system of the criminal law, and shows how unfair and how fatal its working may be in particular instances. In 'The Pigeon,' he illustrates the difference between a true kindliness of human relations, and the machinery of official charity. In 'A Bit o' Love,' he handles rather inconclusively a problem of the conflict between formal Christianity and really Christlike conduct. In 'The Fugitive' he puts upon the stage that favorite theme of his fiction, the hopelessness and unreasonableness of trying to make an unhappy marriage permanent. Mr. Galsworthy has no insight into the flexibility and remediability of the marriage relation: his people are not changed by that relation, they merely test it in the light of a rigid "compatibility" — and usually the test fails. A play of serious importance, 'The Mob,' was written shortly before the outbreak of the War, and dealt with the greatest of current problems — the reconciling of national and international morality and conduct with the principles which govern the life of the individual in all civilized countries. Here is

what we do not always find in Galsworthy, a noble handling of an evil which all men recognize. The hero, a member of the House of Commons, publicly protests against the commission of a public crime on the part of England towards a weaker race, and is spat upon and finally killed by the Mob for his pains. Galsworthy's plays have all been printed, and easily endure the difficult double test of reading and hearing.

After the War he continued his work without developing it, as was natural with a writer of his maturity. 'The Burning Spear' (1923) was a fantasy of War, a rather forlorn comedy of man struggling with the beast in himself. 'The Forsyte Saga,' begun with 'The Man of Property,' was continued in 'The White Monkey' and 'The Silver Spoon,' with the younger generation, Fleur and the rest, in the foreground. Old Soames Forsyte, in these narratives, becomes a person of rapidly waning dignity, a slightly fatuous hanger-on of youth. Perhaps he represents, for Galsworthy, all that rather piteous spectacle of the after-war period — the spectacle of age and middle-age anxiously fawning upon the moods and tempers of youth, as if there were suddenly something new and reverend in them. In 'Swan Song' (1928) the tale of the Forsytes is brought to a close.

He has continued to produce acceptable plays, his sense of the theater is still productive, as in 'The Skin Game' (1920) which is good to act and not merely to read. But he is conspicuous as playwright largely by contrast with mediocrity. Professor Weygandt has put the matter pithily in 'A Century of the English Novel': "He is, relatively, more important as playwright than novelist, but not absolutely. The English drama of today is of rather mediocre accomplishment on the whole, the English novel of today is of higher accomplishment, and the novels of Galsworthy as novels are better than his plays as plays. His plays loom large only because of the littleness of most contemporary plays."

For the rest he has published in recent years one or two collections of short stories, and in this form he is always master, notably 'Captures' (1923); a group of miscellaneous essays, addresses, and prefaces, 'Castles in Spain and Other Screeds' (1927); and a book of poems modestly and fitly called 'Verses New and Old' (1926). This book is slender in form and slight in substance. Galsworthy's versatility does not include real poetry; his verses are labored and often lame.

He is sure to be remembered as a prose writer of extraordinary dignity and charm; and as the prime interpreter of the English upper middle class during the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth.

H. W. Boynton

BIANCA'S "DAY"

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CECILIA turned out of the main street into a road preserved from commoner forms of traffic, and stopped at a long low house half hidden behind the trees of its front garden.

It was the residence of Hilary Dallison, her husband's brother, and himself the husband of Bianca, her own sister.

The queer conceit came to Cecilia that it resembled Hilary. Its look was kindly and uncertain; its color a palish tan; the eyebrows of its windows rather straight than arched, and those deep-set eyes, the windows, twinkled hospitably; it had, as it were, a sparse mustache and beard of creepers, and dark marks here and there, like the lines and shadows on the faces of those who think too much. Beside it, and apart, though connected by a passage, a studio stood, and about that studio — of white rough-cast, with a black oak door, and peacock-blue paint — was something a little hard and fugitive, well suited to Bianca, who used it, indeed, to paint in. It seemed to stand, with its eyes on the house, shrinking defiantly from too close company, as though it could not entirely give itself to anything. Cecilia, who often worried over the relations between her sister and her brother-in-law, suddenly felt how fitting and symbolical this was.

But, mistrusting inspirations, which experience told her committed one too much, she walked quickly up the stone-flagged pathway to the door. Lying in the porch was a little moonlight-colored lady bulldog, of toy breed, who gazed up with eyes like agates, delicately waving her bell-rope tail, as it was her habit to do towards everyone, for she had been handed down clearer and paler with each generation, till she had lost all the peculiar virtues of dogs that bait the bull.

Speaking the word "Miranda!" Mrs. Stephen Dallison tried to pat this daughter of the house. The little bulldog withdrew from her caress, being also unaccustomed to commit herself. . . .

Mondays were Bianca's "days," and Cecilia made her way towards the studio. It was a large high room, full of people.

Motionless, by himself, close to the door, stood an old man, very thin and rather bent, with silvery hair, and a thin silvery beard grasped in his transparent fingers. He was dressed in a suit of smoke-gray cottage tweed, which smelt of peat, and an Oxford shirt, whose collar, ceasing prematurely, exposed a lean brown neck; his trousers, too, ended very soon, and showed light socks. In his attitude there was something suggestive of the patience and determination of a mule. At Cecilia's approach he raised his eyes. It was at once apparent why,

in so full a room, he was standing alone. Those blue eyes looked as if he were about to utter a prophetic statement.

"They have been speaking to me of an execution," he said.

Cecilia made a nervous movement.

"Yes, Father?"

"To take life," went on the old man in a voice which, though charged with strong emotion, seemed to be speaking to itself, "was the chief mark of the insensate barbarism still prevailing in those days. It sprang from that most irreligious fetish, the belief in the permanence of the individual ego after death. From the worship of that fetish had come all the sorrows of the human race."

Cecilia, with an involuntary quiver of her little bag, said:

"Father, how can you?"

"They did not stop to love each other in this life; they were so sure they had all eternity to do it in. The doctrine was an invention to enable men to act like dogs with clear consciences. Love could never come to full fruition till it was destroyed."

Cecilia looked hastily round; no one had heard. She moved a little sideways, and became merged in another group. Her father's lips continued moving. He had resumed the patient attitude that so slightly suggested mules. A voice behind her said: "I do think your father is such an interesting man, Mrs. Dallison."

Cecilia turned and saw a woman of middle height, with her hair done in the early Italian fashion, and very small dark lively eyes, which looked as though her love of living would keep her busy each minute of her day and all the minutes that she could occupy of everybody else's days.

"Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace? Oh! how do you do? I've been meaning to come and see you for quite a long time, but I know you're always so busy."

With doubting eyes, half friendly and half defensive, as though chaffing to prevent herself from being chaffed, Cecilia looked at Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace, whom she had met several times at Bianca's house. The widow of a somewhat famous connoisseur, she was now secretary of the League for Educating Orphans who have Lost Both Parents, vice-president of the Forlorn Hope for Maids in Peril, and treasurer to Thursday Hops for Working Girls. She seemed to know every man and woman who was worth knowing, and some besides; to see all picture-shows; to hear every new musician; and attend the opening performance of every play. With regard to literature, she would say that authors bored her; but she was always doing them good turns, inviting them to meet their critics or editors, and sometimes — though this was not generally known — pulling them out of the holes they were prone to get into by lending them a sum of money — after which, as she would plaintively remark, she rarely saw them more.

She had a peculiar spiritual significance to Mrs. Stephen Dallison, being just

on the border-line between those of Bianca's friends whom Cecilia did not wish and those whom she did wish to come to her own house, for Stephen, a barrister in an official position, had a keen sense of the ridiculous. Since Hilary wrote books and was a poet, and Bianca painted, their friends would naturally be either interesting or queer; and though for Stephen's sake it was important to establish which was which, they were so very often both. Such people stimulated, taken in small doses, but neither on her husband's account nor on her daughter's did Cecilia desire that they should come to her in swarms. Her attitude of mind towards them was, in fact, similar — a sort of pleasurable dread — to that in which she purchased the Westminster Gazette to feel the pulse of social progress.

Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace's dark little eyes twinkled.

"I hear that Mr. Stone — that *is* your father's name, I think — is writing a book which will create quite a sensation when it comes out."

Cecilia bit her lips. "I hope it never will come out," she was on the point of saying.

"What will it be called?" asked Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace. "I gather that it's a book of Universal Brotherhood. That's so nice!"

Cecilia made a movement of annoyance. "Who told you?"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace, "I do think your sister gets such attractive people at her At Homes. They all take *such* interest in things."

A little surprised at herself, Cecilia answered: "Too much for me!"

Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace smiled: "I mean in art and social questions. Surely one can't be too interested in them?"

Cecilia said rather hastily:

"Oh, no, of course not." And both ladies looked around them. A buzz of conversation fell on Cecilia's ears.

"Have you seen the 'Aftermath'? It's really quite wonderful!"

"Poor old chap! he's so rococo. . . ."

"There's a new man. . . ."

"She's very sympathetic. . . ."

"But the condition of the poor. . . ."

"Is that Mr. Balladyce? Oh, really. . . ."

"It gives you such a feeling of life. . . ."

"Bourgeois! . . ."

The voice of Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace broke through: "But do please tell me who is that young girl with the young man looking at the picture over there. She's quite charming!"

Cecilia's cheeks went a very pretty pink.

"Oh, that's my little daughter."

"Really! Have you a daughter as big as that? Why, she must be seventeen!"

"Nearly eighteen!"

"What is her name?"

" Thyme," said Cecilia, with a little smile. She felt that Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace was about to say: " How charming! "

Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace saw her smile and paused.

" Who is the young man with her? "

" My nephew, Martin Stone."

" The son of your brother who was killed with his wife in that dreadful Alpine accident? He looks a very decided sort of young man. He's got that new look. What is he? "

" He's very nearly a doctor. I never know whether he's quite finished or not."

" I thought perhaps he might have something to do with art."

" Oh, no, he despises Art."

" And does your daughter despise it, too? "

" No; she's studying it."

" Oh, really! How interesting! I do think the rising generation amusing, don't you? They're so independent."

Cecilia looked uneasily at the rising generation. They were standing side by side before the picture, curiously observant and detached, exchanging short remarks and glances. They seemed to watch all these circling, chatting, bending, smiling people with a sort of youthful, matter-of-fact, half-hostile curiosity. The young man had a pale face, clean shaven, with a strong jaw, a long straight nose, a rather bumpy forehead which did not recede, and clear gray eyes. His sarcastic lips were firm and quick, and he looked at people with disconcerting straightness. The young girl wore a blue-green frock. Her face was charming, with eager, hazel-gray eyes, a bright color, and fluffy hair the color of ripe nuts.

" That's your sister's picture, ' The Shadow,' they're looking at, isn't it? " asked Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace. " I remember seeing it on Christmas day, and the little model who was sitting for it — an attractive type! Your brother-in-law told me how interested you all were in her. Quite a romantic story, wasn't it, about her fainting from want of food when she first came to sit? "

Cecilia murmured something. Her hands were moving nervously: she looked ill at ease.

These signs passed unperceived by Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace, whose eyes were busy.

" In the F. H. M. P., of course, I see a lot of young girls placed in delicate positions, just on the borders, don't you know? You should really join the F. H. M. P., Mrs. Dallison. It's a first-rate thing — most absorbing work."

The doubting deepened in Cecilia's eyes.

" Oh, it must be! " she said. " I've so little time."

Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace went on at once.

" Don't you think that we live in the most interesting days? There are such a lot of movements going on. It's quite exciting. We all feel that we can't shut our eyes any longer to social questions. I mean the condition of the people alone is enough to give one nightmare! "

" Yes, yes," said Cecilia; " it is dreadful, of course."

" Politicians and officials are so hopeless, one can't look for anything from them."

Cecilia drew herself up. " Oh, do you think so? " she said.

" I was just talking to Mr. Balladyce. He says that Art and Literature must be put on a new basis altogether."

" Yes," said Cecilia; " really? Is he that funny little man? "

" I think he's so monstrously clever."

Cecilia answered quickly: " I know — I know. Of course, *something* must be done."

" Yes," said Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace absently, " I think we all feel that. Oh, do tell me! I've been talking to such a delightful person — just the type you see when you go into the City — thousands of them, all in such good black coats. It's so unusual to really meet one nowadays; and they're so refreshing, they have such nice simple views. There he is, standing just behind your sister."

Cecilia by a nervous gesture indicated that she recognized the personality alluded to. " Oh, yes," she said; " Mr. Purcey. I don't know why he comes to see us."

" I think he's so delicious! " said Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace dreamily. Her little dark eyes, like bees, had flown to sip honey from the flower in question — a man of broad build and medium height, dressed with accuracy, who seemed just a little out of his proper bed. His mustachioed mouth wore a set smile; his cheerful face was rather red, with a forehead of no extravagant height or breadth, and a conspicuous jaw; his hair was thick and light in color and his eyes were small, gray, and shrewd. He was looking at a picture.

" He's so delightfully unconscious," murmured Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace. " He didn't even seem to know that there was a problem of the lower classes."

" Did he tell you that he had a picture? " asked Cecilia gloomily.

" Oh, yes, by Harpignies, with the accent on the ' pig.' It is worth three times what he gave for it. It's so nice to be made to feel that there is still all that mass of people just simply measuring everything by what they gave for it."

" And did he tell you my grandfather Carfax's dictum in the Banstock case? " muttered Cecilia.

" Oh yes: ' The man who does not know his own mind should be made an Irishman by Act of Parliament.' He said it was so awfully good."

" He would," replied Cecilia.

" He seems to depress you, rather! "

" Oh, no: I believe he's quite a nice sort of person. One can't be rude to him; he really did what he thought a very kind thing to my father. That's how we came to know him. Only it's rather trying when he will come to call regularly. He gets a little on one's nerves."

"Ah, that's just what I feel is so jolly about him; no one would ever get on his nerves. I do think we've got too many nerves, don't you? Here's your brother-in-law. He's such an uncommon-looking man; I want to have a talk with him about that little model. A country girl, wasn't she?"

She had turned her head towards a tall man with a very slight stoop and a brown, thin, bearded face, who was approaching from the door. She did not see that Cecilia had flushed, and was looking at her almost angrily. The tall thin man put his hand on Cecilia's arm, saying gently: "Hallo, Cis! Stephen here yet?"

Cecilia shook her head.

"You know Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace, Hilary?"

The tall man bowed. His hazel-colored eyes were shy, gentle, and deep-set; his eyebrows, hardly ever still, gave him a look of austere whimsicality. His dark-brown hair was very lightly touched with gray, and a frequent kindly smile played on his lips. His unmannerismed manner was quiet to the point of extinction. He had long, thin, brown hands, and nothing peculiar about his dress.

"I'll leave you to talk to Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace," Cecilia said.

A knot of people round Mr. Balladyce prevented her from moving far, however, and the voice of Mrs. Smallpeace traveled to her ears.

"I was talking about that little model. It was so good of you to take such interest in the girl. I wondered whether *we* could do anything for her."

Cecilia's hearing was too excellent to miss the tone of Hilary's reply.

"Oh, thank you; I don't think so."

"I fancied perhaps you might feel that our Society — hers is an unsatisfactory profession for young girls!"

Cecilia saw the back of Hilary's neck turn red. She turned her head away.

"Of course, there are many very nice models indeed," said the voice of Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace. "I don't mean that they are necessarily at all — if they're girls of strong character; and especially if they don't sit for the — the altogether."

Hilary's dry, staccato answer came to Cecilia's ears: "Thank you; it's very kind of you."

"Oh, of course, if it's not necessary. Your wife's picture was so clever, Mr. Dallison — such an interesting type."

Without intention Cecilia found herself before that picture. It stood with its face a little turned towards the wall, as though somewhat in disgrace, portraying the full-length figure of a girl standing in deep shadow, with her arms half outstretched, as if asking for something. Her eyes were fixed on Cecilia, and through her parted lips breath almost seemed to come. The only color in the picture was the pale blue of those eyes, the pallid red of those parted lips, the still paler brown of the hair; the rest was shadow. In the foreground light was falling as though from a street lamp.

Cecilia thought: "That girl's eyes and mouth haunt me. Whatever made Bianca choose such a subject? It is clever, of course — for her."

THE VAGABONDS

From 'The Pigeon,' Act III. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons and reprinted by their permission

FERRAND. The good God made me so that I would rather walk a whole month of nights, hungry, with the stars, than sit one single day making round business on an office stool! It is not to my advantage. I cannot help it that I am a vagabond. What would you have? It is stronger than me. [*He looks suddenly at Wellwyn.*] Monsieur, I say to you things I have never said.

Wellwyn [*quietly*]. Go on, go on. [*There is a silence.*]

Ferrand [*suddenly*]. Monsieur! Are you really English? The English are so civilized.

Wellwyn. And am I not?

Ferrand. You treat me like a brother.

[*Wellwyn has turned towards the street door at a sound of feet, and the clamor of voices.*]

Timson [*from the street*]. Take her in 'ere. I nows 'im.

[*Through the open doorway come a* Police Constable *and a* Loafer, *bearing between them the limp white-faced form of* Mrs. Megan, *hatless and with drowned hair, enveloped in the policeman's waterproof. Some curious persons bring up the rear, jostling in the doorway, among whom is* Timson *carrying in his hands the policeman's dripping waterproof leg pieces.*]

Ferrand [*starting forward*]. Monsieur, it is that little girl!

Wellwyn. What's happened? Constable! What's happened!

[*The Constable and Loafer have laid the body down on the dais; with Wellwyn and Ferrand they stand bending over her.*]

Constable. 'Tempted sooicide, sir; but she hadn't been in the water 'arf a minute when I got hold of her. [*He bends lower.*] Can't understand her collapsin' like this.

Wellwyn [*feeling her heart*]. I don't feel anything.

Ferrand [*in a voice sharpened by emotion*]. Let me try, Monsieur.

Constable [*touching his arm*]. You keep off, my lad.

Wellwyn. No. constable — let him. He's her friend.

Constable [*releasing Ferrand — to the Loafer*]. Here you! Cut off for a doctor — sharp now! [*He pushes back the curious persons.*] Now then, stand away there, please — we can't have you round the body. Keep back — Clear out, now!

[*He slowly moves them back, and at last shepherds them through the door and shuts it on them, Timson being last.*]

Ferrand. The rum!

[*Wellwyn fetches the decanter. With the little there is left Ferrand chafes the girl's hands and forehead, and pours some between her lips. But there is no response from the inert body.*]

Ferrand. Her soul is still away, Monsieur!

[*Wellwyn, seizing the decanter, pours into it tea and boiling water.*]

Constable. It's never drownin', sir — her head was hardly under; I was on to her like a knife.

Ferrand [*rubbing her feet*]. She has not yet her philosophy, Monsieur; at the beginning they often try. If she is dead! [*In a voice of awed rapture.*] What fortune!

Constable [*with puzzled sadness*]. True enough, sir — that! We'd just begun to know 'er. If she 'as been taken — her best friends couldn't wish 'er better.

Wellwyn [*applying the decanter to her lips*]. Poor little thing! I'll try this hot tea.

Ferrand [*whispering*]. *La mort — le grand ami!*

Wellwyn. Look! Look at her! She's coming round!

[*A faint tremor passes over Mrs. Megan's body. He again applies the hot drink to her mouth. She stirs and gulps.*]

Constable [*with intense relief*]. That's brave! Good lass! She'll pick up now, sir.

[*Then, seeing that Timson and the curious persons have again opened the door, he drives them out, and stands with his back against it. Mrs. Megan comes to herself.*]

Wellwyn [*sitting on the dais and supporting her — as if to a child*]. There you are, my dear. There, there — better now! Drink a little more of this tea. [*Mrs. Megan drinks from the decanter.*]

Ferrand [*rising*]. Bring her to the fire, Monsieur.

[*They take her to the fire and seat her on the little stool. From the moment*

of her restored animation Ferrand has resumed his air of cynical detachment, and now stands apart with arms folded, watching.]

Wellwyn. Feeling better, my child?

Mrs. Megan. Yes.

Wellwyn. That's good. That's good. Now, how was it? Um?

Mrs. Megan. I dunno. [*She shivers.*] I was standin' here just now when you was talkin', and when I heard 'im, it cam' over me to do it — like.

Wellwyn. Ah, yes, I know.

Mrs. Megan. I didn't seem no good to meself nor anyone. But when I got in the water, I didn't want to any more. It was cold in there.

Wellwyn. Have you been having such a bad time of it?

Mrs. Megan. Yes. And listenin' to him upset me. [*She signs with her head at Ferrand.*] I feel better now I've been in the water. [*She smiles and shivers.*]

Wellwyn. There, there — Shivery? Like to walk up and down a little? [*They begin walking together up and down.*]

Wellwyn. Beastly when your head goes under?

Mrs. Megan. Yes. It frightened me. I thought I wouldn't come up again.

Wellwyn. I know — sort of world without end, wasn't it? What did you think of, um?

Mrs. Megan. I wished I 'adn't jumped — an' I thought of my baby — that died — and — [*in a rather surprised voice*] and I thought of d-dancin'.

[*Her mouth quivers, her face puckers, she gives a choke and a little sob.*]

Wellwyn [*stopping and stroking her*]. There, there — there!

[*For a moment her face is buried in his sleeve, then she recovers herself.*]

Mrs. Megan. Then 'e got hold o' me, an' pulled me out.

Wellwyn. Ah! what a comfort — um?

Mrs. Megan. Yes. The water got into me mouth. [*They walk again.*] I wouldn't have gone to do it but for *him*. [*She looks towards Ferrand.*] His talk made me feel all funny, as if people wanted me to.

Wellwyn. My dear child! Don't think such things! As if anyone would — !

Mrs. Megan [*stolidly*]. I thought they did. They used to look at me so sometimes, where I was before I ran away — I couldn't stop there, you know.

Wellwyn. Too cooped-up?

Mrs. Megan. Yes. No life at all, it wasn't — not after sellin' flowers, I'd rather be doin' what I am.

Wellwyn. Ah! Well — it's all over, now! How d'you feel — eh? Better?

Mrs. Megan. Yes, I feels all right now.

[*She sits up again on the little stool before the fire.*]

Wellwyn. No shivers, and no aches; quite comfy?

Mrs. Megan. Yes.

Wellwyn. That's a blessing. All well now, Constable — thank you!

Constable [*who has remained discreetly apart at the door — cordially*]. First rate, sir! That's capital! [*He approaches and scrutinizes Mrs. Megan.*] Right as rain, eh, my girl?

Mrs. Megan [*shrinking a little*]. Yes.

Constable. That's fine. Then I think perhaps, for 'er sake, the sooner we move on and get her a change o' clothin', the better.

Wellwyn. Oh! don't bother about that — I'll send round for my daughter — we'll manage for her here.

Constable. Very kind of you, I'm sure, sir. But [*with embarrassment*] she seems all right. She'll get every attention at the station.

Wellwyn. But I assure you, we don't mind at all; we'll take the greatest care of her.

Constable [*still more embarrassed*]. Well, sir, of course, I'm afraid I can't depart from the usual course.

Wellwyn [*sharply*]. What! But — oh! No! No! That'll be all right, Constable! That'll be all right! I assure you.

Constable [*with more decision*]. I'll have to charge her, sir.

Wellwyn. Good God! You don't mean to say the poor little thing has got to be —

Constable [*consulting with him*]. Well, sir, we can't get over the facts, can we? There it is! You know what sooicide amounts to — it's an awkward job.

Wellwyn [*calming himself with an effort*]. But look here, Constable, as a reasonable man. — This poor wretched little girl — *you* know what that life means better than anyone! Why! It's to her credit to try and jump out of it! [*The Constable shakes his head.*]

Wellwyn. You said yourself her best friends couldn't wish her better! [*Dropping his voice still more.*] Everybody feels it! The Vicar was here a few minutes ago and saying the very same thing — the Vicar, Constable! [*The Constable shakes his head.*] Ah! now, look here, I know something of her. Nothing can be done with her. We all admit it. Don't you see? Well, then, hang it — you needn't go and make fools of us all by —

Ferrand. Monsieur, it is the first of April.

Constable [*with a sharp glance at him*]. Can't neglect me duty, sir; that's impossible.

Wellwyn. Look here! She — slipped. She's been telling me. Come, Constable, there's a good fellow. May be the making of her, this.

Constable. I quite appreciate your good 'eart, sir, an' you make it very 'ard for me — but, come now! I put it to you as a gentleman, would you go back on yer duty if you was me?

[*Wellwyn raises his hat, and plunges his fingers through his hair.*]

Wellwyn. Well! God in heaven! Of all the d — d topsy-turvy! Not a soul in the world wants her alive — and now she's to be prosecuted for trying to be where everyone wishes her.

Constable. Come, sir, come! Be a man!

[*Throughout all this Mrs. Megan has sat stolidly before the fire, but as Ferrand suddenly steps forward she looks up at him.*]

Ferrand. Do not grieve, Monsieur! This will give her courage. There is nothing that gives more courage than to see the irony of things. [*He touches Mrs. Megan's shoulder.*] Go, my child; it will do you good.

[*Mrs. Megan rises, and looks at him dazedly.*]

Constable [*coming forward, and taking her by the hand*]. That's my good lass. Come along! We won't hurt you.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY DRAMA IN ENGLAND

THE English drama of the twentieth century rests upon foundations earlier laid for it by Jones, Pinero, and Wilde. Oscar Wilde, who died in 1900, wrote during the preceding decade his brief but sensational 'Salome,' his farcical 'Importance of Being Earnest,' and three society plays notable less for their characterization and ideas than for their flashing wit. Of the three 'An Ideal Husband' was least significant; 'Lady Windermere's Fan' was most effective in situation, and 'A Woman of No Importance' was soundest in motive and thought, offering a protest against the traditional demand that a woman's lost honor be restored to her by marriage. Yet the virtue of this play, like that of its fellows, lay chiefly in its clever dialogue crackling with epigrams. Wilde, as one of the ablest writers of artificial comedy since Congreve, has exerted his influence upon the mood and talk of many contemporary playwrights, from Barker and Shaw to St. John Hankin; but he produced too little to do more than deflect the drift of English drama in its lighter manifestations.

As for Jones and Pinero, they have both contributed copiously to the theater, not only preparing the foundations of the drama of the twentieth century, but building piece after piece into its superstructure. They came into their own at a time when London looked to Paris for its plays as well as its fashions. They conquered the approval of a public whose taste had been formed upon conventional importations. Although affected by the unrealities in character, intrigue, and speech of popular melodrama, they strove for something better, and found in the work of Ibsen the inspiration they needed. Jones was the first to adapt an Ibsen play to English uses in 'Breaking a Butterfly,' and after the production of 'A Doll's House' in 1889 and of 'Ghosts' at the new Independent Theater in 1891, Pinero began to show the effects of Ibsen's influence. If neither could shake off the mannerisms inherited from an older generation, Pinero at least displayed thereafter a sincerity and power which for a time kept him to the fore, in spite of the rivalry of such avowed moderns as Shaw and Galsworthy.

Best among the early works of Henry Arthur Jones were his melodramas, 'The Silver King' and 'The Middleman.' In his later and more ambitious efforts the emotion is too often mawkish, and the persons and their situations merely theatrical. 'Saints and Sinners,' 'Judah,' 'The Dancing Girl,' and a poetic tragedy 'The Tempter' illustrate this Victorian sentimentalism. Even

in a play of literary pretensions, like 'Michael and His Lost Angel' (a dramatized 'Scarlet Letter'), there is too obvious a striving for effect in turns of the plot and in language. No wonder that the device of a public confession of sin is dear to Jones, since it affords him an opportunity for the use of sounding rhetoric in a stagey situation. He enjoys the scene of public inquiry for similar reasons, and manages it adroitly, as in 'Mrs. Dane's Defense,' 'The Hypocrites,' and 'Cock o' the Walk.' He is self-consciously moral, though inclined to deal farcically with social insincerity, as in 'The Triumph of the Philistines,' 'The Crusaders,' and 'Whitewashing Julia.' His rule of life is faith in the ideal and common sense. When he touches a theme that is developed with some radicalism by a Continental playwright, it is forthwith kept to conservative lines, as in 'Joseph Entangled' and 'The Case of Rebellious Susan.'

Although adhering to tradition, Jones feels himself a reformer. Thus, in 'The Hypocrites,' he assails through a truth-loving curate the philistines who, in order to compass a marriage of convenience, would prevent the hero's union with a woman he had wronged. So, too, in 'The Evangelist,' Jones rails at the formalists who scorn a simple preacher ready to save by a lie a sinful wife or to lead her to confession by conversion. For the most part, as here, he is interested in the reform of the individual soul; and not, like Galsworthy, in the reform of a condition. Yet many of his plays have no special purpose, aside from the telling of a good story, as witness 'The Liars,' 'The Manœuvers of Jane,' 'The Divine Gift,' and 'The Fall in Rookies.' Among his later pieces, 'We Can't Be as Bad as All That' repeats a situation more ably developed in 'Mrs. Dane's Defense'; 'Mary Goes First' twines gossamer threads of intrigue into a satire on place hunting in the days of James First, and 'The Lie' bespeaks sympathy for a heroine forced by unjust suspicion to assume the disgrace of another. Throughout, Jones is satisfied to present characters grave and gay, developed just enough for his purpose of the moment, to twist his plot to the proper complication, and then unknot it easily; to mingle comedy and pathos in pleasant proportions; and to provide a dialogue neither so witty as Wilde's nor so natural as Galsworthy's, yet excellent as talk of the stage.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, who like Jones began writing for the stage in the late seventies, has fathered forty plays, many now negligible, but several ranking better than Jones's best. After learning his trade by experimenting at farce and melodrama, Pinero turned serious in 'The Profligate' — a stagey, coincidental, and lachrymose piece that displayed, none the less, a desire to confront life more squarely. Then, from 'Lady Bountiful' — about on a level with Jones at his average — Pinero suddenly sprang to his highest achievement in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' simple, austere, restrained, admirable in structure, characterization, and style. A woman with a past may expect no future in marriage, says Pinero, but his story remains a matter of emotional

appeal rather than of demonstration. Just enough of comic relief is inserted to intensify the tragic impression, and, even though the ending is not inevitable, Aubrey and Paula are living personalities. 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,' next following, was less generally liked, but it is almost of equal merit in its study of another unconventional union, that between a new woman, who disbelieves in marriage, and a weak man, unhappily wed, who misinterprets her motives. The shipwreck of their alliance depends upon their incompatibility of character, the nature of man in general, and the potency of social custom. The folly of seeking divorce on inadequate grounds was Pinero's subject in 'The Benefit of the Doubt,' a more commonplace play redeemed by a fine situation.

With such comedies as 'The Princess and the Butterfly,' 'Trelawney of the Wells,' and the smart though over-rated 'Gay Lord Quex,' Pinero proved his versatility, but, in attempting to continue the vein, he descended to inanity or worse in 'A Wife without a Smile'; and later, in 'Preserving Mr. Panmure,' 'The "Mind the Paint" Girl,' 'The Widow of Wasdale Head,' 'The Big Drum,' 'The Freaks,' 'Quick Work,' and 'The Enchanted Cottage,' failed to show further progress.

It is less to such lighter efforts than to Pinero's serious dramas that we must look for work that will endure. 'Iris' unfolds the character and fate of a pleasure-loving Manon. 'Letty' stresses rather an idea, the folly of defying marital conventions, more strikingly considered in 'Mrs. Ebbsmith.' 'His House in Order' considers the situation of a vivacious second wife oppressed by the reputation and the relatives of the first, and suggests that a seeming virtue may prove but a hidden vice. The lost letters which here induce the reversal of fortune are replaced in 'The Thunderbolt' by a lost will, which serves as excuse for exhibiting a vividly conceived family group, most of its members avaricious and mean. Similar fidelity in observing character appears in 'Mid-Channel,' a masterly study of the perils of middle age, revealing the states of soul of a humdrum married couple who drift apart in selfish boredom. Although the wife's leap to death from a window is not inevitable, it emphasizes, as no quieter ending would, her tragedy.

A recent critic has said of Pinero that, "His is a conventional mind under the impact of a world in the throes of moral protest and readjustment; his, a conventional technique under the impact of a nobler and plainer art." This judgment is surely a little harsh. Although inferior in originality to Ibsen and Hauptmann, Pinero at his best may easily rank with Björnson, Sudermann, and Hervieu. His skill is unquestioned; his ideas and his characters possess universal validity; and later he conquered that temptation to pose and to prate, with one eye upon the audience, to which Jones so often succumbs.

Two kinds of reaction against the romantic falsity of a Jones may be noted in the contemporary drama — one is realistic, the other is satirical. The realistic reaction is represented by Galsworthy, the satirical by Shaw.

John Galsworthy has accepted the theories of the naturalists, declaring that it is more essential and difficult to set down life as it is than life as it ought to be. On occasion, as in 'The Little Dream,' he may write a dramatic allegory in mingled verse and prose, but this is not his forte. Neither is it the humorous depiction of family selfishness, as in his light comedy 'Joy.' Rather, Galsworthy is most himself when facing the anomalies of our social system, when expounding in 'The Silver Box' the difference in treatment by the law accorded the rich and the poor; or, in 'Justice,' the inadequacy of that law to deal with the morally weak; or, in 'Strife,' the tragedy involved when strong men contend as representatives of capital and labor; or, in 'The Pigeon,' the futility of attempting by institutional means to reform the improvident. Sometimes, as in 'The Mob,' Galsworthy takes definite sides, representing with evident indignation the tragedy of a pacifist howled down and done to death by those infatuated with militarism. As a rule, he succeeds by displaying a cool impartiality. Thus, in 'Justice,' the little clerk of weak character is neither an injured hero nor a gallant villain; his employers are not hard-hearted hypocrites bent on crushing the poor; the attorney who prosecutes is as honest as he who defends; and the prison officials are as kind as their duty will allow. The system is wrong, but the playwright offers no hint, as Brieux would have done, of measures for reform. Similarly, in 'Strife,' the voice of capital is as plausible as the voice of labor, and the strike concludes in a drawn battle from which only the walking delegate profits; but of a remedy for situations such as these the realist has nothing to say.

From setting forth social dilemmas in which love scarcely figures, Galsworthy has passed to the consideration of personal problems that involve both love and woman's new freedom. This is the case in 'The Eldest Son,' 'The Fugitive,' and 'A Bit o' Love.' In 'A Family Man,' we are shown the feminist revolt of daughters of an aspirant for public honors, threatened also for a time with the loss of his wife. Old questions of charity and reform crop up again in 'The Foundations,' and in 'Windows.' Satire, farce, and tragedy mingle in 'Six Short Plays.' 'The Skin Game' appears to offer an allegoric commentary on the conduct of nations in depicting the conflict between a family of the upper middle class and the profiteering new-rich, both stooping to shameful tactics. Best of the later dramas of Galsworthy is 'Loyalties,' skilfully laying bare racial and social cleavages in its analysis of the prejudices involved by the clash of Gentile and Jew. 'The Forest' and 'Old English' are character studies, the latter painting the portrait of a delightful old sinner who, having savored life to the full, cuts it short when disaster threatens by indulging in one last glorious banquet. 'The Show' and 'Escape' mark Galsworthy's return to his earlier manner, the first dilating upon the horrors of exploitation by newspapers of a private matter, and the second exhibiting a miscarriage of justice in the case of a chivalrous captain who breaks jail, eludes his pursuers, yet at last surrenders lest he compromise

others. Throughout, Galsworthy as a dramatist has been concerned with actual life, and, in the main, with social issues, all those forces that shape our lives independent of our individual wills. He is sane, self-poised, observant, disdainful of shams, occasionally humorous, always respectful of truth.

But contempt for a pose and the comic outlook are more characteristic of George Bernard Shaw. Yearning for the real as opposed to the romantic, Shaw cares little for verisimilitude. His concern is the soul which he would redeem from its sentimental illusions. Amid all his buffoonery, the voice of the Puritan preacher rings loud and insistent. If he provokes our laughter, it is to shatter false ideals — those notions of life invented to cloak pride, lust, and avarice, pretensions to virtue with which we solemnly seek to deceive ourselves and one another. Shaw's first play, 'Widowers' Houses,' begun with William Archer, was in the sociological manner of the moment, but his satire upon the owner of slum tenements is part and parcel of his satire upon lying pretensions in general. Sartorius justifies his refusal to improve the tenements as a matter of duty; and equally his decision to improve them when the city offers compensation for the property as the site of a street. So, too. the wicked Mrs. Warren justifies her resort to a nefarious profession as a matter of necessity, and her continuance in it, when affluent, as permissible, since others will practise it if she does not. In 'The Philanderer' are burlesqued those who find it fashionable in theory to emulate Ibsen's Nora; and in 'Arms and the Man' those who would hail the warrior as a being highly heroic. Bookish conceptions of the hero of history are exposed as fallacious in 'The Man of Destiny' and 'Cæsar and Cleopatra'; and the absurdity of a penny-dreadful scheme of revenge in 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion.' Best of all Shaw's earlier plays, not excluding the amusing 'You Never Can Tell' and the caustic 'Devil's Disciple,' is 'Candida,' wherein the youth who presents himself as the proper mate of a clergyman's wife, and the clergyman who resists that demand on traditional grounds, are both revealed in their poses by the delightful heroine, who is "straight," as Shaw concedes, not for conventional but for natural reasons.

With the new century Shaw produced in 'Man and Superman' a remarkable popular success, and was recognized, both in Europe and America, as the licensed jester of the stage; every impish saying of his mouthpieces of the moment was assured an eager hearing. In two important works of recent years, he has challenged more serious attention. 'Back to Methuselah' exhibited not only wit but erudition in dealing with the problem of creative evolution, substituting for the Darwinian determinism of natural selection the Lamarckian will. Most striking of all is 'Saint Joan,' a capital chronicle play in which Shaw adds to erudition and wit both poetry and feeling, and creates a vital character without ceasing to present ideas. Thus he draws Joan as the first new woman, nationalist, and Protestant. It is Shaw's

service in general to have turned the theater from its old concentration upon illicit love to considering questions of science, sociology, philosophy, and religion. He has made the world think as well as laugh, and has broken the stiff molds of British tradition, attaining during his lifetime a popularity without equal in the annals of the stage.

Shaw's influence may be detected in the plays of Barrie, and more openly in those of H. Granville Barker. In the few pieces that Barker's managerial duties have allowed him to write, the Shavian accent is clear, barring his adaptation of Schnitzler's 'Anatol' and his collaborations — 'The Weather Hen' with Berte Thomas, 'The Harlequinade' with D. C. Calthrop, and the charming fantasy 'Prunella' with Laurence Housman. Of the plays wholly Barker's own, the first was 'The Marrying of Anne Leete,' in which a hoyden of the eighteenth century breaks off the fine match contrived by her worldly father and proposes to his gardener. The manner of the play is more noteworthy than its substance — a crackle of wit, a rattle of epigrams, and an eddying movement that sways and halts before darting to its unexpected finish. More mature is 'The Voysey Inheritance,' the study of a family and a problem. Shall the son who finds the business he has inherited built upon a lie ruin his father, his family, and the creditors of the firm by avowing the truth, or shall he abandon formulas of conduct and treat this case as a special instance according to instinctive common sense? Rules of ethics, Barker implies, are often inapplicable to particular situations, and if valued in themselves become a fetich. In two plays, a tragedy and a comedy, he has dealt with the question of sex. 'Waste' represents the downfall of a political hero as the result of a fleeting passion. Trebell's temptress fails to understand that he has no personal affection for her, and she refuses to venture upon maternity unsupported by conventional approval. She is vain, silly, and cowardly. He is intellectual, proud, and contemptuous of her power to evoke his weakness. Both are victims of a momentary reversion to the beast and of an external moral code.

More in the temper of Shaw is Barker's comedy 'The Madras House,' typical of the new drama in its rotary technique. Here several threads of action are wound round and round in parallel lines instead of being woven together. The unity is one of theme, not of plot. A variety of persons illustrate aspects of a central problem — the Huxtable family with its six maiden daughters suffering from artificial restrictions upon love; the American department-store manager prepared to double his business by sexualizing it; the Mohammedan convert justifying the relegation of women to the harem; and the youth who awakens to a perception of the ignoble rôle he has played in conducting a fashion shop for dressing out women to make them more delectable to men. The whole thing is suggestive, stimulating, inconclusive. Barker's late offerings, 'The Morris Dance' and 'The Secret of Life,' show nothing new. In the former, he employs again the tricks of Shaw, but the piece is slight, con-

fessedly " an outrageous farce," based upon ' The Wrong Box ' by Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

Sir James Barrie, who won his first laurels in the field of fiction, became a playwright at the age of thirty and of late has practically confined his creative activities to the stage. ' Walker, London,' produced in 1890, was followed by the popular ' Professor's Love Story,' a dramatization of his novel ' The Little Minister,' and ' Quality Street,' a quiet and whimsical piece. Barrie is imaginative, original, delicately sentimental and humorous, never the dramatist of problem or passion. He possesses rare insight into the odd corners of character, and all the graces of an alert, poetic, finely tempered nature. His ability to render the spirit of the child has made ' Peter Pan ' the best beloved of children's plays, a favorite not only of the young but of all who rejoice in youthful memories. His power of characterization is admirably seen in ' What Every Woman Knows,' with its laughter-loving heroine, her three brothers, and her serious-minded lover, who, believing himself too good for her, is in fact the creature of her making. Maggie is indeed the exemplification of " charm," an adorable being too humorous and sweetly feminine to be wasted upon so selfish and dull a fellow as John Shand. In ' Alice Sit-by-the-Fire ' Barrie displays his knowledge of the heart and his skill in gentle satire, by poking fun at all the hackneyed business of " the eternal triangle." In ' The Admirable Crichton ' he provides a genial satire upon class distinctions unrelated to natural ability, delightfully combining philosophy, fancy, and humor in his account of an island shipwreck and its portrait of the butler who, in emergency, becomes a captain of men.

Sometimes in Barrie may be heard a note more strident, as in his one-act plays ' Half Hours ' (including ' The Twelve-Pound Look '), or such longer pieces as ' The Legend of Leonora ' and ' The Will.' The Barrie of kindly sentiment reappears in the brief ' Rosalind ' and the three thin acts of ' A Kiss for Cinderella,' pretty, witty, tender, undramatic. Such, indeed, are the adjectives to describe Barrie at his best. In his later work he has tended to mingle the supernatural with the natural. ' Dear Brutus ' uses the magic transformation of another Midsummer Night's Dream controlled by an older Puck in order to prove that character rather than circumstance controls our lives. ' Mary Rose ' shows a youthful mother returning from the fairy world to seek her son, now grown to man's estate and gone the primrose way. ' A Well-Remembered Voice ' brings back to a lonely father the spirit of his son slain in battle; and ' Barbara's Wedding ' turns inside out for us the muddled mind of an old man in whose memory, amid the confusion of the War, live those dear to him before the cataclysm. Here vision and reality, pathos and humor, are combined with infinite skill and delicacy. At the opening of the conflict, he had paid his partisan respects to the Kaiser in a slight allegory, ' Der Tag '; but later he restrained his wrath in two charming " War Echoes," ' The New Word ' and ' The Old Lady Shows Her Medals.'

The latter, which exhibits the mothering by a widowed little scrub-woman of a Highlander come to London on furlough, is the best of all the war plays. Granted that Barrie lacks the vigor of the masters, he is none the less admirable. For him technique is the servant of mood. He is not ashamed to be honest, merry, imaginative, but he does not permit virtue to become self-conscious, merriment to become boisterous, or imagination to obscure his keen eye for observation. His plays are alluring in their common sense, their spontaneous purity, their joy, their tenderness.

Of lesser writers for the stage, most have followed in the footsteps of Jones and Pinero; and one at least — Sydney Grundy — is their older contemporary. Since the appearance of his first play in 1872, Grundy has continued prolific, especially of adaptations from the French. Scribe, Feuillet, Labiche, Dumas *père,* and Mirbeau have provided material for his translation and reshaping. Usually, as in the case of Mirbeau's 'Les Affaires Sont les Affaires,' he transposes the foreign play to English conditions. Sometimes he dramatizes a French novel, as in 'The Mousqueteers,' or an English, as in 'The Garden of Lies.' He has also contrived original pieces of decided merit, as witness 'A White Lie,' 'A Fool's Paradise,' 'The New Woman,' 'The Greatest of These,' 'The Degènerates,' and 'A Fearful Joy.' Among all the forty there is a tendency to hold to Victorian ideas and conventions and a failure to depart from traditional molds in the drawing of character.

Fifteen years younger than Grundy is Alfred Sutro, who likewise drew from the French in 'The Chili Widow' and 'Carrots,' before trying his hand upon native material. His own plays range from 'The Cave of Illusion,' 'Arethusa,' 'A Lonely Life,' and 'The Walls of Jericho,' to 'The Perfect Lover,' 'The Man on the Kerb,' 'The Builder of Bridges,' 'Making a Gentleman,' and 'The Choice.' He is conservative in ideas as in technique, his later work frequently reproving the radical. Thus, in 'The Perplexed Husband' he has satirized a new woman who introduces into her household a popular lecturer upon female emancipation and relegates her husband to rooms apart. The husband retaliates by adopting a sentimental typist to awaken the jealousy of his wife; and when that lady has learned her lesson, the typist is disposed of to the lecturer, and all concludes cheerfully. In similar vein is Sutro's later effort 'The Clever Ones,' depicting the dilemma of another husband, whose peace of mind is imperiled by the women of his family. They nurse intellectual ambitions and incite his son to publish a free-love novel. His daughter falls enamoured of an anarchist, but the latter, proving to be one who has merely assumed the part to win her hand, is ready to conspire with the father in showing her something of actual anarchy that she may be shocked out of her romantic ideas. Sutro, here and always, is witty and expert, a writer of capital dialogue, but without the energy or depth to produce work of the first order.

Israel Zangwill, like Jones, affects the drama of rhetoric and moral in-

tention. His 'Children of the Ghetto' adapted for the stage from his novel of that name, has been followed by 'Merely Mary Ann,' 'The Serio-Comic Governess,' 'Nurse Marjorie,' 'The Melting Pot,' 'The War God,' and 'Plaster Saints.' The last is quite in Jones's manner, with a dissenting minister whose fair secretary has borne him a child, and a Puritan wife who offers to divorce him that he may marry the girl, if only he will make a public confession. But he convinces the wife that her reasoning is fallacious; for he has learned virtue and strength through weakness, and such a confession will not only destroy his daughter's future, but injure his influence and even his character. 'The War God' is a dull versified allegory, no more satisfying as a poetic drama than 'The Tempter' of Jones; but 'The Melting Pot,' with its plea for human brotherhood and the abatement of racial hatreds, is effective, in spite of its sentimentality.

It is the spirit of Wilde, rather than that of Jones, which animates the comedies of St. John Hankin, lively in speech and not too serious in thesis. Of one of them Hankin has written: "The end is 'inconclusive' in the sense that it proves nothing. Why should it? It is the dramatist's business to represent life, not to argue about it." Like the naturalists, Hankin insists upon the delineation of character as more essential than the unfolding of plot, and he departs farther than Wilde from stage conventions, substituting for the soliloquy self-revealing action. In his printed works he depends upon stage directions, after the fashion of Shaw. Like Shaw and Barker, he belonged to that group of progressives connected with the Stage Society and the Court Theater, but his plays are not strikingly novel. In his 'Two Mr. Wetherbys' the humor lies in the fact that one brother is regarded as a saint, and the other as a rascal, although neither deserves his reputation. In 'The Return of the Prodigal' a ne'er-do-well descends upon the parents who thought they were rid of him and, exacting an allowance, departs to lead an easy life in town. Eustace ought to have reformed, says Hankin, and "become an entirely different person from what nature and education and environment made him," or perhaps he ought to have drowned himself as "not properly equipped for the struggle for existence in an age of competition. . . . But the moralists won't allow this. . . . The moralist is quite certain that Eustace must not destroy himself, and the law says that if he does so, he is either a madman or a felon. So Eustace, bowing to the measureless stupidity of society, since he cannot alter it, accepts the situation and 'sponges on the family.'"

Similar piquancy flavors 'The Charity That Began at Home,' a satire upon a family encouraged to unselfishness in entertaining the people that no one else desires and making happy the disagreeable, even in marriage. Less original in conception, though clever in development, is 'The Cassilis Engagement,' detailing the devices of a mother to separate her son from his fiancée while appearing to smile on the match. If these comedies remind us of Wilde and Shaw in their lively dialogue, Hankin's single serious play seems

reminiscent in theme of Wilde and Sudermann. 'The Last of the De Mullins' shows a girl, driven from home by her scandalized father, but proud to maintain herself and her child by the toil of her hands. On being sent for when her father lies dying, she is urged to accept her lover's offer of marriage. But she refuses his tardy reparation, leaving her heart-broken father to mutter, as she carries away the child: "The last of the De Mullins!" Here the thesis is not driven home as in Sudermann's 'Magda' or Wilde's 'A Woman of No Importance.' The situation emerges naturally from the character of Janet, a fresh soul in a world of convention, grown tired of waiting for the marriage she would have preferred, but learning to dispense with it, and feeling no regrets at her condition.

Hankin's work was concluded by two one-act pieces, the last, entitled 'The Constant Lover,' a mere dialogue between a philanderer and his fancy of the moment. In such a trifle, as in his more ambitious plays, Hankin's excellence lies in vivacity and freedom from artifice; his limitation lies in lack of passion.

To this list of minor playwrights may be added many others. Among these are Charles Rann Kennedy, the vogue of whose one noteworthy success, the allegorical 'Servant in the House,' has failed to buoy up such efforts in other directions as 'The Winter Feast,' 'The Necessary Evil,' and 'The Terrible Meek'; Jerome K. Jerome, whose 'Passing of the Third Floor Back' afforded another allegory of Christian charity; C. Haddon Chambers, whose 'Tyranny of Tears' is representative of a dozen careful and conventional plays in the style of Pinero at his second-best; Hubert Henry Davies, whose comedies, 'Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace,' 'Cousin Kate,' 'Doormats,' and 'The Mollusc,' a study of feminine psychology, are whimsically Barriesque; and Graham Moffet, whose 'Scrape o' the Pen' followed hard upon 'Bunty Pulls the Strings,' which seeks to emulate Barrie more directly in humorous depiction of Scottish character. Satire and imagination appear in the plays of A. A. Milne, who passed to the trenches from the editorial staff of Punch and, in order to while away dark hours, turned to writing pieces bright and fragile — 'Wurzel-Flummery,' 'The Lucky One,' and 'Belinda.' Caring much for sentiment and little for probability, he irritated the realist critics with 'The Romantic Age,' 'The Dover Road,' 'Success,' and 'Ariadne.' But, in spite of his easy drawing of the long bow, his 'Truth about Blayds' and 'Mr. Pim Passes By' appealed to the popular fancy. In the first, a confession of the theft of a literary reputation is rejected by the interested friends and relatives of the thief. In the second, a respectable wife, remarried, is made to think for a time that the disreputable husband of her youth still lives. Here, as in 'Wurzel-Flummery,' the complications all depend upon the use or misuse of a name. However agreeable such plays, they lack the substance and the deeper humor of Barrie.

This tendency to relieve realism with fancy may be seen in the dramas of H. V. Esmond, Harold Chapin, Louis Parker, Rudolf Besier, Allan Monk-

house, and C. K. Munro. Munro, a North Country Irishman, started well with 'Wanderers' and a picaresque comedy 'At Mrs. Beam's,' and then in 'Storm' sketched entertainingly the inmates of a water-cure. In 'The Rumour' and 'Progress' he has produced more serious apologues intended to puncture the bubble of jingoism by showing that wars are made out of trifles for selfish ends and that alliances between states are too often unscrupulous bargains to exploit other states still weaker. Here, as in 'The Mountain,' a lack of concision has minimized Munro's chances for success. As for Monkhouse, The Manchester Guardian's dramatic critic, he turned to the writing of plays when past fifty, and in 'Mary Broome' and 'The Education of Mr. Surrage' combined realism and social satire with fancy. His Mary is a housemaid who thumbs her nose at married respectability, and his Mr. Surrage is an old-fashioned father who knows rather more than the free-thinking children who would bring him up. His Mrs. Perkins, in 'The Grand Cham's Diamond,' is the most prosaic of suburban wives shocking her matter-of-fact family when tempted by her desire for romance to retain the jewel flung through her window. In 'The Conquering Hero,' Monkhouse laughs at the relatives of a novelist who force him into the War in spite of his protest that, even with the world in arms, "Some of us have to keep the eternal going." What begins with a promise of comedy gains a tragic twist in 'First Blood,' when a strike kills off the hero and the parlor maid who had thought to capture him.

The same alliance of realism and romance is to be found in the plays of certain writers of fiction — Eden Phillpotts, G. K. Chesterton, Arnold Bennett, and Somerset Maugham. Phillpotts has written 'The Farmer's Wife'; Chesterton, "a fantastic comedy" 'Magic' and 'The Judgment of Doctor Johnson.' Bennett, in his best play 'Milestones,' composed with Edward Knoblock, presented with considerable realistic detail three generations of a family seen first in the Mid-Victorian era, then in the gay nineties, and finally just before the War. In 'The Great Adventure,' he brought upon the boards his own fantastic story 'Buried Alive.' In 'Don Juan de Marana' he made even more melodramatic the familiar Spanish legend; and in 'What the Public Wants' he satirized the world of journalism.

The drift toward realism, obvious in 'Milestones,' is evident in the dramas of Maugham. His short story, 'Miss Sadie Thompson,' adapted by others as 'Rain,' has proved his chief gift to the stage, except for 'Our Betters,' a cynical comedy of high life, and 'The Circle,' a sophisticated but genial study of the younger generation undaunted by the spectacle of defeat in the older. Maugham, who began his writing for the theater with 'Schiffbrüchig,' composed in German, has exhibited great versatility and a strong theatric sense in 'A Man of Honor,' 'Lady Frederick,' 'Jack Straw,' 'Mrs. Dot,' and 'The Land of Promise.' In 'East of Suez' and 'The Letter' he has added exotic local color, the latter providing a murder mystery with its scene in

Singapore and its protagonist a wife attempting to cloak her slaying of a lover as a deed done in self-defense. Characteristic of Maugham's technique is the cinema-like throwback in the last act revealing the events leading up to the shooting with which the first begins.

Not the least important of these lesser dramatists are the naturalists who have revolted against the repressive conventions of an older generation. Writers of this school include the prolific Harold Brighouse, with his 'Hobson's Choice,' 'Zack,' 'Maid of France,' and 'The Bantam, V.C.'; George Calderon, with 'The Fountain,' 'Revolt,' and 'Cromwell'; Anthony Rowley, with 'A Weaver's Shuttle' and 'The Probationer'; Charles McEvoy, with 'The Three Barrons,' 'Her Ladyship,' and 'The Likes of Her'; and especially Stanley Houghton, Elizabeth Baker, Githa Sowerby, and J. O. Francis, each known for single plays of great power.

The 'Change' of Francis is interesting as an earnest treatment of contemporary conditions in Wales and as developing that clash between the new and the old shown also in 'Milestones,' and in 'The Younger Generation' of Houghton and 'Rutherford and Son' of Miss Sowerby. The sacrifice of the affections in devotion to business presented in the last-named play finds a complement in the depressing representation, in Miss Baker's 'Chains,' of the life-in-death of London clerks, toiling in the City, and of their wives consumed with household cares at home. The drudge who revolts against it all and dreams of adventures in Australia drops back into the treadmill with a sigh on learning that he is again to become a father. Among the ten plays of Stanley Houghton, 'Hindle Wakes' stands foremost as a remarkable study of homely character and an original contribution to the discussion of honor. As in 'The Eldest Son' of Galsworthy, so here, a girl refuses to marry the man of higher station who offers thus to repair her injured honor. Fanny Hawthorne goes far beyond Ibsen's Nora in asserting woman's independence. As a mill-worker she enjoys a holiday lark with the mill master's son, yet feels no compunction at her deed and no desire to render permanent an alliance that would cramp her freedom.

A more recent treatment of the conflict between generations is afforded by 'The Vortex' of Noel Coward, a young actor-playwright of unusual talent. 'The Vortex' depicts the manners and morals of the social world in the post-war reaction. Its protagonist, a youth addicted to drugs, loses his sweetheart to his mother's lover, and proceeds to berate that frivolous lady for having spoiled him from the first. Here, in place of the conservative parent, is the parent unduly emancipated. The hectic smartness of the piece offended as many as it attracted; but the earlier experiments of Coward — 'I Leave It to You,' 'The Young Idea,' and 'The Rat Trap' — were less highly spiced. 'Fallen Angels' and 'Hay Fever,' which immediately followed, did not match 'The Vortex' in dramatic excellence. 'This Was a Man' continues to paint the decadent, and the intervening 'Easy Virtue' and 'The Queen Was in

the Parlor' do not relieve the impression conveyed by Coward's dramas of a very real talent expended upon subjects unworthy.

To the dramas of realism one masterpiece has been contributed by a poet, John Masefield, whose 'The Campden Wonder' and 'Mrs. Harrison' scarcely prepared even his admirers for 'The Tragedy of Nan.' Here domestic naturalism is touched with beauty, as the heroine, shamed by the execution of her father as a thief, suffers the abuse of a malevolent aunt and a faithless lover. When the government, discovering its error in hanging Nan's father, offers her reparation in the shape of fifty pounds, her greedy lover, who at the aunt's instance has jilted her for her cousin, again pays court to her. But Nan stabs the faithless Don Juan and drowns herself in the Severn tide. The piece displays that "delighted brooding on excessive terrible things" which Masefield has declared to be lacking in the dramas of his contemporaries. But Masefield the naturalist has given way to Masefield the poet in 'The Tragedy of Pompey the Great' and 'Philip the King.' Admirable as verse, they are of little importance as plays. In 'Esther' and 'Berenice' Masefield has endeavored to make the classical drama of Racine palatable to the English. In 'Good Friday' and 'The Trial of Jesus' he has turned for material to the New Testament, and in 'A King's Daughter' to the Old, creating in Jezebel a fine character. In 'The Faithful' he has tried to interpret the spirit of Japanese Bushido. All these experiments, however interesting, have failed to affect the commercial theater or the general public, and in spite of the skilful mingling of the real and the supernatural in 'Melloney Holtspur,' it is only 'The Tragedy of Nan' which thus far entitles Masefield to distinction as playwright rather than poet.

Among other writers of poetic drama, Stephen Phillips no longer holds the stage, and James Elroy Flecker, Gordon Bottomley, Lascelles Abercrombie, and John Drinkwater cannot pretend to command the attention of the playwrights of prose. Flecker, a Keatsian genius of brief but ardent life, showed a penchant for spectacle and melodrama. In 'Hassan,' produced only after his death, he outrivaled the popular 'Chu Chin Chow' and 'Kismet' of Edward Knoblock. There was here an authentic poetry lacking in the other Eastern fantasies. His attempt to embroider the legend of Don Juan, admirable in one or two scenes, proved less significant than Rostand's posthumous 'Last Night of Don Juan.' Gordon Bottomley, a fastidious poet, was vague and mysterious in his early plays and more clearly defined in his treatment in the later. Beginning with 'The Crier by Night' and 'Midsummer Eve,' and proceeding with 'Laodice and Danaë' and 'The Riding to Lithend,' he turned eventually for subject matter to Shakespeare, and composed for two of the tragedies, not sequels, but antecedents. In 'King Lear's Wife' he explored the early history of the monarch, making him guilty of disloyalty to his wife and subject to the justified anger of the noble Goneril, who avenges her abused mother by slaying that mother's rival. Here Regan does not figure, and Cordeil is only

a spoiled darling. Lear is punished in part by discovering the treachery of his murdered mistress and losing both her and his queen. In 'Gruach' it is 'Macbeth' that Bottomley rearranges, showing the Scottish hero in his courtship and his carrying off of the future Lady Macbeth on the eve of her unwilling wedding to a cousin. Here and in 'Britain's Daughter,' revolving about the struggle and defeat of the early Celts assailed by the Romans, there is an elemental strength.

A recent aspirant for the honors of the poetic stage is Lascelles Abercrombie, whose dramas, grave and light, include 'Deborah,' 'The Adder,' 'The End of the World,' 'The Staircase,' 'The Deserter,' and 'Phœnix.' Though forceful in his verse and closer to reality than Bottomley or Flecker, Abercrombie is deficient in theatrical concentration, a quality more evident in John Drinkwater, whose interest in a poetry revival was rendered frustrate by the War. On the boards, Drinkwater has attained more than British fame with his chronicle play 'Abraham Lincoln,' produced at a fortunate moment just as the War was being brought to an end through American aid. Here, with imaginative insight, the playwright realizes the homely and heroic character of his protagonist, altering nothing in the essence though much in the detail of Lincoln's career, and employing a chorus of two to bridge the gaps in action and interpret its significance. Earlier, Drinkwater had expressed dissatisfaction with the passing age in his symbolic 'Rebellion,' and with militarism in 'X = O: A Night of the Trojan War.' He had unfolded in 'The Storm' a rustic tragedy of Wordsworthian simplicity, and had composed two other poetic plays, 'Cophetua' and 'The God of Quiet.' Since the 'Lincoln' he has persisted in endeavors to dramatize vivid personalities. It is not strange that, in producing 'Mary Stuart,' 'Oliver Cromwell,' and 'Robert E. Lee,' he should have failed to content the scholars, the partisans, and even the critics, since to transmute thus the rough ore of fact into the pure gold of poetry is no easy task. The material itself, especially in the case of 'Lee,' proved resistant. Yet, as with the Shakespearean chronicle plays, a truer idea of history and character emerges from such artistic recreations than from the works of the professional historians and biographers.

It is to Stephen Phillips, however, that one reverts for the best poetic plays of recent times. As with so many other adventurers in verse, Phillips found it difficult to divide his attention between what is essentially stirring in deed and what is beautiful in expression. 'Paolo and Francesca' best preserves the balance between the dramaturgic and the poetic. Its reworking of a much-used episode from Dante is well calculated in motive, duly restrained in emotion, fresh in its invention of character, especially in the barren and embittered Lucrezia, and as movingly simple in its diction at a crisis as the tragedies of Otway. But in 'Herod' Phillips began to relax his drama that his hero might indulge in lyric outbursts of passion, splendidly intense at times, yet at others suspiciously rhetorical. However richly imaginative, the piece

contains no true characterization; and in 'Ulysses' the element of spectacle becomes over-prominent. In 'The Sin of David' Phillips turned to a subject more modern, and strove to deal with it less as poet than as playwright. King David, coveting the wife of Uriah and sending that rival to his doom, becomes the model for a Puritan commander, who thus disposes of the elderly husband of the woman he loves. Years pass before Sir Hubert, seeing in the death of his child heaven's judgment for his deed, makes confession to his wife. Although she threatens to leave him, they are reconciled, resolving to reap from their experience spiritual benefits. In 'Nero' Phillips returned to his earlier manner, devising a loosely constructed romantic tragedy in which Nero voices in declamatory outbursts his lust for power and his fear of retribution. In the poet's latest work — 'Faust,' 'Pietro of Siena,' 'The King,' 'Nero's Mother,' 'The Adversary,' and 'Harold' — the decline of Phillips is only too evident. He did not develop in his understanding of human nature or in his interest in plausible and effective intrigue; and even in verse he seemed but to echo his earlier performance.

On the whole, the English have failed in the realm of poetic drama where so many Continental writers have been successful. If the spirit of poetry has animated the plays of the Irish, few Englishmen have achieved distinction as poetic playwrights. Rather, they have excelled in the theater by their dealings in prose with contemporary life, composing witty or whimsical comedies, sharp social satires, and serious studies either of personal character or of the larger issues confronting individuals and classes in a world of changing ideals.

FRANK W. CHANDLER

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, the celebrated pamphleteer and playwright, was born in Dublin in 1856. He came of a Protestant family of the middle class. His father, a small government official, was an unsuccessful and a rather shiftless man; but his mother was a woman of culture and of character. She was an excellent musician; and, when the fortunes of the family were at their lowest ebb, she supported her husband and her son by teaching music. It was from his mother that Shaw derived his early love for music and for painting and his early interest in science. His formal schooling never proceeded very far; and of this early period of education he has said: "It was the most completely wasted and mischievous part of my life." During his teens, he left school to earn a pittance in the office of a Dublin land-agent. Meanwhile, his mother had moved to London, to improve her prospects in the field of music; and he followed her to London in 1876.

Throughout the subsequent nine years, Shaw lived on next to nothing in a shabby little room, and tried his hand at literary hack-work. According to his own account, the products of his pen in this entire period afforded him a profit of six pounds; and, in order to keep alive, he was obliged to accept a small allowance from his mother. It was in this period of hardship that he adopted the exceedingly abstemious regimen of life that he maintained ever after. He did not drink, smoke, or eat meat; and he supplemented his vegetarianism by a habit of early rising and favoring the open air. It might be said, as Stevenson remarked in his essay on Thoreau, that "so many negative superiorities begin to smack a little of the prig." To any such suggestion, Shaw would probably have replied that, in the habit of his life, he was a normal person, and that the vast majority of men, who prefer to eat meat and to smoke and drink occasionally, should be regarded as abnormal.

In the lean years of his apprenticeship, Shaw was particularly interested in theories of social revolution. He became an active member in several societies which were organized to attack the established religion of the time and to support various panaceas of political economy. This interest brought him into contact with several important thinkers, such as Sidney Webb, Edward Carpenter, William Morris, and Henry George. He became a cart-tail orator in Hyde Park and established an incipient reputation as a propagandist. Meanwhile, between 1880 and 1883, he wrote four novels — 'The Irrational Knot,' 'Love Among the Artists,' 'The Unsocial Socialist,' and

'Cashel Byron's Profession'; but these novels — though now read with interest — attracted nearly no attention at the time, and earned for the author neither advertisement nor prosperity.

In 1884, the Fabian Society was founded, with the purpose of improving social conditions by encouraging enlightened legislation. Shaw became at once a leading member of this mildly revolutionary organization; and many of his most brilliant essays on economic topics appeared among its publications. In this aspect of his work, Shaw came forward frankly as a radical in politics and as a propagandist in the cause of socialism.

In 1885, when Shaw had reached the age of twenty-nine, he became acquainted with William Archer — a man accomplished as a critic of the drama and notable as the translator and editor of Ibsen. Archer persuaded Shaw to abandon the unremunerative practice of writing novels and to devote his attention to the business of criticism. Before long, Shaw became a public commentator on music and painting and the drama. In a brilliant series of articles, contributed to the Saturday Review and signed with the initials G. B. S., he soon established a new standard in dramatic criticism. He ably seconded the work of Archer in setting up the revolutionary art of Ibsen as a potent influence upon the British drama of the day, and furiously fought against the moribund conventions which, for nearly a century, had impeded the progress of the drama in the English language. As a critic of the current theater, G. B. S. ranked himself with Archer and with Arthur Bingham Walkley as one of the three leaders in the craft.

It was owing also to the advice and influence of William Archer that Shaw decided to try his hand at writing plays. His first piece, 'Widowers' Houses,' completed in 1892, was produced by the Independent Theater, which had been established by J. T. Grein. The only possible success for such an undertaking was a *succès d'estime*. This initial play was followed the next year by 'The Philanderer,' a playful piece in which the author satirized the cult of the New Woman and the current misconceptions of the message of Ibsen. Shaw's next play, 'Mrs. Warren's Profession,' which was also composed in 1893, was prohibited by the censor, and was not produced in England, even privately, till 1902.

These three plays, which were subsequently labeled by the author as "Unpleasant," were written at the time when Pinero and Jones, by the production of such pieces as 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' and 'The Case of Rebellious Susan,' were bringing about what Jones called "the Renaissance of the English Drama." Shaw, disappointed by the comparative failure of his own plays in the popular theater, decided to make an appeal to a wider audience by publishing the texts of his dramatic compositions.

At that time, the publication of plays, in England and America, was utterly uncustomary; but Shaw invented a new method to impose upon the reader an acceptance of his plays as compositions worthy to be read. He

provided each piece with a preface, which, because of his adeptness in the art of criticism, furnished a commentary which even the most casual of readers could not afford to turn his back upon; and, in the minor matter of stage-directions, he supplanted the traditional shorthand of the theater with elaborate little essays in literary comment which, in themselves, were worthy of remark. By these devices, Shaw succeeded in attracting the attention of the reading public to his published plays.

By virtue of a not unnatural reaction, the early acceptance of Shaw's plays as contributions to the library militated, to some extent, against their acceptance as contributions to the stage. For many years it was assumed that his pieces were too "literary" to be exploited in the popular and public theater. In England they were acted only at special matinées, under the auspices of semi-private organizations, such as the Stage Society. When Vedrenne and Barker had established a repertory system at the Court Theater in Sloane Square, Granville Barker, as actor and as stage-director, did more than any other man in England to bring the plays of Shaw to the attention of the British public. It was Barker who first acted the parts of Marchbanks in 'Candida,' Napoleon in 'The Man of Destiny,' Brassbound in 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion,' and other leading characters in the theater of Shaw; and by his sympathetic stage-direction he did much toward establishing a sort of vogue for the plays of his friend and fellow-dramatist.

But it was in America that Shaw first attained a practical success in the commercial theater. So early as 1894, Richard Mansfield presented 'Arms and the Man' at the Herald Square Theater in New York; and in 1897 this eminent actor produced 'The Devil's Disciple.' Neither of these plays made any remarkable amount of money; but both pieces were accorded a *succès d'estime*, and both were sufficiently successful to warrant their retention in the Mansfield repertory. Richard Mansfield also went so far as to begin rehearsals of Shaw's 'Candida,' but he abandoned the project of making a production when he discovered that the part of Marchbanks was not suited to his own equipment as an actor.

In 1903, Arnold Daly scraped together a few hundred dollars and produced 'Candida' for a series of special matinées at the Princess Theater in New York. The success of the play was instantaneous. The piece soon became a "regular" attraction, and ran for many months as one of the commercial triumphs of the year. Daly subsequently produced several other plays of Shaw's and repeated the success that he had made with 'Candida.' The commercial triumph of the playwright in America was communicated by contagion to the theater-world of London; and, after 1905, the plays of Bernard Shaw were eagerly accepted in the English theater. Meanwhile, however, the dramatic work of Shaw had already been welcomed with enthusiasm on the continent of Europe — especially in Germany. In Germany his repu-

tation was for a long time higher than in England or even in America. Some of Shaw's later plays, 'Pygmalion' for instance, were translated into German and produced in Berlin several months before they were shown to an English-speaking audience. Of the practical success of Shaw in the public theater, there has long been no doubt.

But, despite his popular success as a public entertainer, Shaw always considered himself primarily a teacher and only incidentally a playwright. He practised the dramatic art not for the sake of art, but for the sake of propaganda. His pieces were designed not as plays of plot, nor even as plays of character, but as patterns for the exposition of ideas. His technique, as a playwright, is sufficient to satisfy most of the calls that have been made upon it. In 'Candida,' for instance, he showed that he could easily command the pattern of "the well-made play," inherited from Eugène Scribe and domesticated in the English theater by the early plays of Pinero. But Shaw, in certain of his later pieces, like 'Getting Married' and 'Misalliance,' deliberately cast aside the pattern of "the well-made play" and wrote non-dramatic conversations, in order to discuss more easily the ideas which he desired to set before the public. Such a procedure may be criticized in either of two ways. It must, inevitably, be condemned by critics who are interested mainly in the art of the drama; but, on the other hand, it may, very logically, be commended by critics who are interested mainly in the current problems of society.

In the present brief discussion of Shaw's dramatic compositions, his works will be considered first as plays (from the point of view of the dramatic critic), and secondly as propagandist essays (from the point of view of the student of philosophy). By means of such an absolute dichotomy, it may become possible to "place" the plays of an author who has brilliantly eluded most attempts to pigeonhole his writings and rank them in the catalogue of the contemporary theater.

As a playwright, Shaw was never particularly interested in problems of construction. In his earlier pieces, he was satisfied to pour new wine into old bottles. The content of these early plays was new, but the structure was based upon the pattern which Pinero had previously borrowed from T. W. Robertson. In his later plays, Shaw introduced no notable improvements in technique. At times he discarded altogether the pattern of "the well-made play"; at other times he reverted to the loose and easy pattern of the Elizabethan "chronicle-history": but in such experiments as these, he merely revolted against the rigors of contemporary dramaturgy without offering any acceptable substitute for the structure which he attempted to discard.

As an artist in characterization, Shaw was always impeded by the fact that his talent is essentially critical instead of creative. The natural habit of his mind is to take the elements of life apart, rather than to put the elements of life together. He is an analyst of life, and not a synthetist. Because of

this predestined inclination, he frequently writes essays about characters instead of creating characters that are capable of acting and speaking for themselves.

It is in the subsidiary element of dialogue that Shaw most easily asserts a claim to be ranked among the masters of the dramaturgic art. He is, indeed, a wondrous writer of good talk. Even in a bad play — like 'Getting Married,' for example — he holds attention easily by the almost preposterous brilliancy of his command of dialectic. As a builder of plays, Shaw is not remarkable; as a creator of characters, he is comparatively negligible; but as a writer of delightful conversation, he is all but supreme.

The importance of Shaw as a social propagandist is, for many reasons, more difficult to define. For one thing, he was a born dissenter, with a nimble habit of dancing over to what may be called "the other side" of any subject. Like Ibsen's Doctor Stockmann, Shaw believes that "the strongest man on earth is he who stands most alone." It is one of his chief services to society that he has a habit of scenting out what may conveniently be called "the other half of the truth." Most of the ideas that have been commonly accepted on the basis of tradition are merely half-truths, after all. Shaw combats them by brushing them away and setting up their opposites. But, in the course of this procedure, he very often surrenders to the manifest temptation of over-emphasis. In attacking an accepted half of the truth, he exalts the other half as if it were the whole truth. Thus, it has traditionally and conventionally been assumed that, in the love-chase of the sexes, men pursue women: therefore, in 'Man and Superman,' Shaw asserts the opposite — that women pursue men. The full truth of this matter is, of course, circuitous; both sexes chase each other round a circle, and no observer can determine absolutely which is the pursuer and which is the pursued. In this instance — which may be accepted as a symbol of uncounted others — the only way to arrive at an indication of the utter truth is to take the traditional opinion and the opinion of Shaw and to add them together and then divide by two. An emphatic formulation of the other half of a truth is serviceable as a corrective of conventional opinion, but it cannot be accepted at its face value as a statement of what must absolutely be believed as final.

Another point to be considered is that the mind of Bernard Shaw appeared to be deficient in the ordinary reactions of emotion. He seemed to believe that the only mental processes that are of any value are those of the intellect, and to disbelieve in any movements of the human mind that are not reasonable. Man cannot live by intellect alone; but, in the plays of Bernard Shaw, the human race appears to be expected to accept the possibility of doing so. In the real sense, there are no love-scenes in his plays — no scenes, at least, in which the synthetic and creative sensation of sex is not dominated and confuted by the analytical and critical intrusion of the cold and reasonable intellect. The comprehension of the dramatist is limited

within the little circle of what a man may know by the intellect alone. He lacks the larger knowledge of "what every woman knows."

In the contemporary theater, Shaw has attracted much attention as a champion of novel and advanced ideas. He has often chosen to discuss the timeliest of topics. But the trouble with timely topics is that, like the daily newspapers, they are bound to wear a date upon their foreheads; and the trouble with advanced ideas is that they are destined, very soon, to slip behind the times. 'The Philanderer' of Shaw is obsolete today, because the ideas which it discussed were new in 1893 and now have been forgotten; but 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' of Pinero is just as new as ever, because the ideas which it discussed in 1893 were already very old. The plays which survive in the theater are those which give expression to perennial ideas, instead of to ideas which are ephemeral. The invention of a new thought in the theater can never be regarded as so safe an undertaking as the recognition of an old thought, which has been considered for many centuries as sound. The plays of Bernard Shaw may lose their potency within a score of years, because they were so novel at the time when they were written. A professed disciple of dissent is seldom honored by a generation beyond the period in which he fought against preponderating odds. But, whether or not the plays of Bernard Shaw are destined to survive, in the library or in the theater, the weighty fact must be recorded that he made a great impression on his time and set contemporary critics talking.

CLAYTON HAMILTON

BERNARD SHAW AND THE THEATRE GUILD

THE Theatre Guild, in New York, was founded in the spring of 1919. In the autumn of 1920, after considerable dickering with Shaw, who perhaps hesitated to trust his play to so young an organization, the Guild produced at the Garrick Theater, for the first time on any stage, his comedy, 'Heartbreak House.' The success of the play was considerable, for it achieved 129 performances. Shaw was quite evidently pleased with this run for a play he could hardly have expected to be popular in America, and with the accounts he received of the Guild's production, and thereafter he gave to the Guild the first rights for his new plays, and the first choice in America for the revivals of his earlier work. Since then the Guild has produced for the first time 'Back to Methuselah' (February 27, 1922), and 'Saint Joan' (December 28, 1924), and has revived, each season, one or more of his earlier works: 'The Devil's Disciple' in 1923, 'Arms and the Man' in 1925, 'Androcles and the Lion' and 'The Man of Destiny' (double bill) 1925, 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' which opened the new Guild Theater, April

13, 1925, 'Pygmalion,' 1926, and 'The Doctor's Dilemma,' 1927. The shortest run any of the Shaw plays has had under Guild production was 'Androcles and the Lion' and 'The Man of Destiny,' which were acted 68 times. The longest run was enjoyed by his last drama, 'Saint Joan,' which was acted 214 times at the Garrick and then the Empire Theater, and thereafter, with a different company, toured the United States and Canada. In the first nine years of its life the Guild produced ten Shaw plays, in nine bills, a distinction accorded to no other dramatist. Three of these plays were new, and of course a new play by Shaw was certain to attract attention. But the majority were revivals, one of the most popular being 'The Devil's Disciple,' first acted by Richard Mansfield more than thirty years ago. Yet, with an actor of no outstanding popularity or distinction in the title rôle, it ran for 198 performances — six months. Such figures are an extraordinary testimony to the vitality of Shaw's work, the enduring quality of his humor, the freshness of his ideas; and a convincing reply to those academic critics who say his plays "aren't really plays at all." Many people would be delighted to write theatrical works which "aren't plays at all" upon such terms!

The preface to "Heartbreak House" is dated June 1919, though it is evident from this preface that Shaw had the play in mind for some time, but deferred its publication and production till after the War. It was produced for the first time anywhere by the Guild, November 10, 1920, staged by Dudley Digges, like Shaw of Irish birth, and trained in the Abbey Theater, but now one of the Guild's most valuable actors. The cast included Elizabeth Risdon as Ellie, Albert Perry as Captain Shotover, Lucille Watson as Lady Utterword, Effie Shannon as Hesione, and Dudley Digges as Boss Mangan.

To the reader, 'Heartbreak House' is probably one of Shaw's least interesting plays. It is comparatively uninteresting to read for the same reason as Chekhov's play, 'The Cherry Orchard,' lacks interest. Indeed, Shaw in this drama very frankly departs from his usual straightaway formula of the comedy of manners, and writes in the formula of the great Russian. He does so because in this play he is concerned with similar material. As in 'The Cherry Orchard' Chekhov sought to represent in stage terms the futility and spiritual aimlessness of an aristocratic class in Russia, so in 'Heartbreak House' Shaw attempts to represent the aimlessness and futility of a certain class of pre-War Englishmen, the cultured, leisurely, educated set who drifted along rather charmingly, playing with ideas, not realities. Reality comes to them at the end, not like a bomb shell, but as an actual bomb shell dropped from a raiding plane. In other words, the reality of war. Just as in 'The Cherry Orchard' the reader finds the lack of continuity in conversation bewildering and almost absurd, but when the play is well acted gets the point immediately, so 'Heartbreak House' may very likely impress the reader as inchoate and fantastic, even annoyingly and pointlessly so, but when he sees it in performance it resolves itself into satire, oddly without bitterness, of charmingly futile people.

More, perhaps, than any other of Shaw's plays, this one gains by stage performance, because of its deliberately chosen method.

But the parallel between Chekhov and Shaw cannot be pushed too far. In spite of the borrowed technique, which Shaw admits (and which the directors of the Theatre Guild say he so definitely embodied in his stage directions that staging the play was comparatively simple and easy), 'Heartbreak House' emerges with "Shaw" written all over it, and instead of impressing us with wistfully tragic naturalism, as Chekhov does, it gives us a picture heightened by irrepressible wit and breaking out constantly into little comic passages, such as that of the burglar who gets himself caught and takes up a collection, which are difficult to reconcile with the underlying scheme of the drama, but delightfully easy to enjoy in the playhouse. All in all, 'Heartbreak House' will probably not rank among the best of Shaw's plays, not because its theme lacks interest and importance, but because it is a theme the dramatist himself felt required a departure from his more usual technique of play-making, and one in which he was not quite happy. It demands, for its best development, a patiently faithful realist, which Mr. Shaw is certainly not. Its satire must be by implication only, and it permits no more fantasy and wit and comic bravura than the life depicted itself provides — which is considerably less than Shaw crowds into 'Heartbreak House.' Nevertheless, the chatter of these irresponsible creatures, the irrepressible sex appeal of the charming Mrs. Hushabye and her equally charming husband, the bewilderment of the poor middle-class fellow introduced into this strange world, the odd old captain and his rum, the whirling squirrel-cage of life till the final thunder of the tombs, is not easily forgotten, and form a record of one phase, at least, of English existence before the Great War.

Shaw, however, is too positive a person to be at his best in representing futility. His next play was an enormous work requiring three evenings to perform, 'Back to Methuselah,' which he calls a gospel of Creative Evolution. Obviously it was written in complete indifference to the demands of the practical theater, and he must have been as surprised as everybody else when the Theatre Guild announced their intention of producing it. The play, with its lengthy preface, fills an entire volume of 300 pages, and is a serious, clear, direct, and at times eloquent exposition of its author's religious faith. That faith, which he follows Bergson in calling Creative Evolution, includes the belief that Man can, by taking thought, add perhaps a cubit to his stature and two centuries to his span of life. You may regard this as figurative if you like, no doubt, and the play as a symbolic legend. But behind it is the faith in the possibility of human progress through the conscious will to improve. In Shaw's case, too, as this drama plainly shows, faith in Creative Evolution means faith in the intellect over the emotions, the mind over the body, and demonstrates how inevitable it was that all his plays before moved so largely in the intellectual domain.

How Shaw contrived to make a drama out of his philosophical religion is an interesting study. To be sure, he required five "parts," as he calls them, one of which is subdivided into two, and one into three acts. But in those five parts, requiring three nights to act, he carries the hearer from the Garden of Eden through the present to the year 3000 A.D., and then, finally, on "as far as thought can reach," to a time when men and women are hatched out of eggs, reach passionless maturity at four, and live forever.

Part One, Act I, shows us only Adam, Eve, and the Serpent in the Garden. Far from indulging in the comedy you might expect from G. B. S. with such a cast, the act is grave and serious. Adam is oppressed with the idea he must live forever, unless he stumbles and is killed, like the dead fawn he finds. To Eve the Serpent whispers the secret of how to achieve immortality for the race, by reproduction, taking the burden off the individual. Act II, centuries later, outside the Garden, shows us Adam delving, Eve spinning, and Cain, the first murderer, refusing to do either. Immortality by reproduction of the race isn't working so well. Cain scorns work; it is more fun hunting and fighting. He has discovered war. He scoffs at his father and demands more and more fighting men from his mother. Only Eve is calm. She and Adam are to die when they are a thousand. She too scorns Adam's dull plodding, and she despises Cain's bloodthirsty childishness. "Man need not always live by bread alone," she says. "There is something else. We do not yet know what it is, but some day we shall find out; and then we will live on that alone; and there shall be no more digging nor spinning, nor fighting nor killing."

Part Two, "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas," is laid in the present, *i. e.* England just after the Great War. Its relation to the play as a whole is clear, but by itself it is a characteristic and hearty satire on British politicians, with two of the leading characters obvious parodies on Asquith and Lloyd George. These two leaders come to the Brothers Barnabas for political aid, and the brothers give them instead, for a liberal "platform," the idea that men don't live long enough to learn sense, and the human life span must be lengthened to 300 years. Their reception of this "platform," this slogan of "Back to Methuselah," can perhaps be imagined, by imagining how it would be received in a Republican convention in these United States!

Part Three is called "The Thing Happens." The scene is the office of the President of the British Isles, in 2170 A.D. Those who say Shaw doesn't write plays must have a hard time explaining away the fact that here Shaw conforms to the most orthodox rule, which says that having roused curiosity along certain lines the dramatist must gratify it not by explanation but by an actual stage scene. Shaw has roused our curiosity to see somebody actually live 300 years, and our wonder as to what the effect on them would be. And in this episode he shows us two people, the rector and the parlor maid of the previous part, who are now in their third century. By having others of his characters descendants of people in the previous part, and satirically un-

changed, he throws an air of wisdom and grave dignity about his double centurions and contrives both comedy and seriousness.

Part Four pushes still farther into the future. It is divided into three acts, and is interminably long and at times garrulously repetitious. The British Isles are now entirely inhabited by the long livers, the capital of the British Empire having been moved to Bagdad. An envoy from the capital has come to Galway to consult the oracle there, and brought along his family, including an elderly Briton, his father-in-law. An eastern emperor (Napoleon *redivivus*) has also come for the same purpose. Affairs have reached a pass where the long livers have little understanding of or patience with the politics and puerilities of ordinary men, and where they have achieved the power, by psychic forces or unknown rays, to "isolate" anybody they chose, from any distance. There are comedy, satire, and in the hocus pocus of blue lights and music and thunder staged by the oracle a good deal of picturesqueness in these three acts; and the fate of the elderly gentleman, who perishes because he cannot bear to go back to the trivialities and hypocrisies of ordinary life, is not without a pathetic dignity. But they are unquestionably long-winded and needlessly repetitious.

The final part, "As Far as Thought Can Reach,' depicts a Shavian vision of the evolutionary goal. The human race is now hatched from eggs, begins at once to flirt and cajole and love and of course argue, and at the age of four puts away childish things, such as art and companionship, each soul withdrawing into a kind of solitary eternity of intellectual contemplation, a Shavian Nirvana. In this final episode, Shaw shows us a "baby" being hatched from an egg, and emerging a delightful ingénue. He shows us two living figures created by science, which supposedly approximate what man once was like, and which are killed in horror when they display anger, deceit, and other such passions; and he has a fling at the ultimate futility of art. The episode — and the play — ends with a kind of coda, to borrow a musical term. The ghosts of Adam, Eve, the Serpent appear, and also of Lilith, that "first mother" from the Talmudic legend, who wrenched herself in twain to create male and female and the means of reproduction. All confess their mission is accomplished, though Adam is dubious what it is all about, and Lilith, the last to vanish, closes the play with a long and eloquent speech, one of the most beautiful Shaw ever wrote, Biblical in its cadence and fervor, rejoicing that at last mankind is on the way to make the "whirlpool of force . . . all life and no matter."

Such a play as this, which endeavors by mythical and prophetic allegory to preach a religion, is obviously no task for an ordinary dramatist. It demands fervor, profound knowledge, and unflagging invention, not the invention of a Sardou, but of a daring, speculative imagination which can put a vision into concrete terms. No living man save Shaw could achieve anything so consistently impressive. And it was to produce this huge work on the small stage

of the Garrick Theater that the Guild set out in the winter of 1922. Their method was to divide the play into three sections, acting each one a week. First they played Parts One and Two, ending with the scene in the present. The next week they played "The Thing Happens" and "The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman." The final week they acted Part Three, dividing it into two acts to rest the audience. As nobody could see the whole play without going to the Garrick for three weeks in succession, and as any one of the three divisions was a considerable strain on the attention, it is indeed remarkable that the complete cycle was performed twenty-five times, or three weeks for each section. When the Guild told Shaw they lost $20,000 on the production, he replied that, on the contrary, they made $10,000, because they had expected to lose $30,000! As a matter of fact, they made far more than $10,000, in added prestige.

For each of the three divisions, the Guild employed a different director, but the same actors had, both for illusion and economy, to be employed. The actors' task was enormous, merely in the matter of memorizing lines. Albert Bruning, who played Franklyn Barnabas one week, the Elderly Gentleman the next, and the He-Ancient the last, had a combined rôle which made that of Hamlet look like a Scotchman's cablegram. The scenic difficulties were in part met by using a German invention which magnifies a picture, painted on glass, upon a back cloth. Thus the Eden tree was represented, rising above a simple green mound, and also the background for Burrin Pier. Shaw's prophetic use of the already partially realized television apparatus was ingeniously worked out, but it must be confessed that the last scene, the templed Elysian glade where the egg-hatched youngsters debated art, was a bit too like a pseudo-Greek temple in an early nineteenth-century pleasure park. However, scenery is always secondary in a Shaw play.

Probably the public most enjoyed Part Two, where Claude King as Lubin and A. P. Kaye as Joyce-Burge, were made up uncannily to resemble Asquith and Lloyd George, and the contemporary satire rattled and flashed. They greatly enjoyed, too, Bruning's Elderly Gentleman, who was made up exactly to resemble Bernard Shaw, and the episode in Part Five where a lovely little actress named Martha Bryan-Allen was hatched from the egg. Where the production was perhaps weakest — and inevitably so — was in suggesting convincingly the immeasurably greater dignity and majesty of the "long livers." Having to be played by mortal actors, like the rest, and using similar speech, the effect of superiority is easier to imagine than to represent concretely on the stage. There are only the differences in ideas to carry it. On the whole, however, the patient theater-goer found 'Back to Methuselah' a rich and suggestive experience, even if somewhat exhausting.

When 'Saint Joan' was produced, Shaw announced that it was to be his last play. In this drama he returned to a favorite method of his — the bold employment of historical personages speaking contemporary language, both to

revitalize history and throw clearer light on contemporary affairs. But he also, in this case, chose as his chief personage a figure who has always dominated men's imaginations, Joan of Arc, and one with whose life it would not be tactful to take liberties. He had to adhere pretty closely to the known facts, the leeway permitted being in the interpretation of those facts. His play at once took its place, not merely as one more of the scores of dramas about the Maid, but as one of the three or four outstanding interpretations of that fascinating and disputed page of history. It must be read not only as drama, but as historical interpretation.

Briefly, Joan is represented as a plain country girl, downright, good humored, frank, but without "sex appeal," who was one of those women aspiring to man's attire and way of life, and whose "voices" were the dictates of shrewd common sense glorified by a self-confident religious nature. She was, she supposed, a good Catholic, and never understood the Church's opposition to her. But actually, she was one of the first Protestants, because she followed so instinctively her own conscience and allied it with celestial voices; and she was, as well, the first nationalist, which earned her, also, the deadly enmity of the Feudal Lords of England. This mystic and medieval maid, then, was actually the prophet of modernism, actually a foe of the Established Order, and her fate was a foregone conclusion. She had, according to then existing standards and beliefs, a fair trial, and a representation of that trial, while it need not lessen the pathos of Joan's plight, should not neglect the ideals and forces at war behind it.

To make a stage play along these lines, Shaw first shows Joan coming it over Robert de Baudricourt and his steward to get a hearing, by sheer cheek and persistence — an amusing scene. She carries conviction at last, and wins her horse and armor. Then Robert's hens lay again! In Scene II we are introduced to the poor Dauphin and the Archbishop of Rheims, who discourses on Joan and miracles — somewhat cynically. Then curtains part to show the throne room and Joan enters. She good-naturedly faces the laughter of the mock court, drags out the miserable Dauphin, shames the Archbishop into dignity by her simple faith, and then by turns bullies and coaxes and inspires Charles into giving her command of the army. The scene is handled with a nice balance between comedy and dignity, with at the end a touch of romantic color as the Maid draws her sword and cries, "Who is for Orleans with me?"

Scene III, on the banks of the Loire, is brief, and shows Dunois and Joan at that famous moment when the wind changes, the "miracle" which raised the siege. It is introduced, like some brief Shakespearean scene, to further the story and to provide an illustration of the faith Joan first put into the French army.

Scene IV is not brief. Here, in the tent of the Earl of Warwick, that feudal nobleman and Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, discuss Joan in modern terms, thus giving Shaw's interpretation alike of the Church's attitude toward her,

and of the English desire to get her out of the way. Comedy is provided (as in 'Cæsar and Cleopatra') by a most insular Briton, this time a chaplain, and more subtly by Warwick's sarcastic urbanity. Dignity is provided by the Bishop's insistence on his duty first to try to save Joan's soul by bringing her to acknowledge the authority of the Church. Drama is provided by the sense of relentless forces, each for its own self-preservation uniting to crush this extraordinary child. All in all, one of Shaw's finest passages, where intellect and emotion are perfectly welded.

Scene V is the ambulatory of Rheims Cathedral after the coronation. The reaction has begun. Joan feels the hatred of the Church, and cannot comprehend it. She cannot grasp the hate of the military leaders she has superseded. Charles already is weary and wants to go no farther. But Joan must go on. Stubbornly, blindly, she persists in setting up her "voices" against the authority of the Archbishop, rising to a pathetic dignity and eloquence in her growing loneliness, till poor Charles cries out, "If only she would keep quiet and go home!"

Scene VI is the trial. Here the forces made clear in Scene IV rally to crush that lone figure on her humble stool in the center of the stone hall. Unlike the trials in other Joan of Arc plays, this one is not made a display of romantic eloquence by Joan and crushing villainy by the Bishop and Inquisitor. It is seriously conducted according to contemporary procedure, and the Inquisitor's address is a clear statement of that belief in authority the Church was defending and of Joan's guilt according to accepted ideas. Joan's "eloquence" is not romantic, but merely naïve common sense. The historic recantation of course is made use of to heighten suspense, but the honest efforts of the ecclesiastical court to save Joan's soul are also fairly stressed. Only the English representatives are bloodthirsty. To the thoughtful spectator, the true tragedy of this little, stubborn, uncomprehending Maid in the ring of powerful accusers is greater than it could be under any sort of romantic treatment. A final touch is furnished by the English chaplain, who views the execution and is suddenly stung to a pitiful and raving remorse.

The play ends with an epilogue, which many critics have considered unnecessary and a blemish. It shows Charles's bedchamber, twenty-five years later, and mingles ghosts of the past and future, including Joan's. At word that she has been canonized a Saint in 1920, all kneel to her, but when she suggests coming back to earth again, they all flee in consternation.

"Oh, God, that madest this beautiful earth," cries Joan, "when will it be ready to receive Thy Saints? How long, O Lord, how long?" — and the play is over.

It is a little difficult to see why this epilogue does not fit into the drama as Shaw has conceived it, for his whole point, at bottom, is that Joan was a protestant soul in a world of established order, and such human dynamite is always too disturbing and dangerous to be tolerated by society. To sum up

in a racy and biting epilogue seems, actually, to finish the drama on a proper and effective note.

In staging this play, which proved one of their most popular productions, reaching over two hundred performances in New York City alone, the Guild were not troubled by production difficulties, as the scenes are comparatively simple and the outlines of the characters clean-cut. The central rôle of Joan was given to Miss Winifred Lenihan, who was an attractive figure in her armor, and who stressed happily the simple good nature and naïve peasant heartiness of the Maid, though less happily, perhaps, her capacity for inspiration. Philip Leigh played the Dauphin, A. H. Van Buren the Earl of Warwick, Ian Maclaren played Cauchon, and Henry Travers, as the English chaplain, gave one of his sharply etched, acid, and effective comic performances, rising at the end of the trial scene into thrilling emotion. Many spectators no doubt missed the romantic pageantry and tearful pathos of the conventional Joan of Arc play, but still more found a new intellectual dignity and significance in its story, and a pathos deeper than tears. That such a drama about Saint Joan could hardly have been written, and certainly not performed 200 times, thirty years ago is testimony to the influence Shaw himself has exerted on modern drama, for he more than any other single force is responsible for our more intellectual attitude in the playhouse. Without arguing for or against his interpretation of the Maid's story, we must certainly admit that to interpret that story on the stage in terms of social philosophy, and yet keep it lively, interesting, and moving drama, is a triumph of which our older theater was quite incapable.

Of the several Guild revivals of Shaw plays since 'Saint Joan,' it is needless to speak at any length. All those plays had previously been acted in America, and the Guild productions had to suffer the inevitable comparisons. Richard Mansfield's "chocolate cream soldier," of course, was far in the past, and Alfred Lunt's performance in 'Arms and the Man' was abundantly popular, and shrewdly effective. 'Androcles and the Lion' was much better done by Granville Barker, with O. P. Heggie as Androcles, just before the War. 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' with which the Guild opened their new theater in April 1925, was also far better done by Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott. The Guild gave the title parts to Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes — a stilted romantic actor and a too, too cute ingénue. Moreover, they made the error of trying to mingle overmuch picturesque pageantry with the story. Shaw's style admits neither of romantic actors nor of excessive pageantry. When either is present, his characteristic acidity evaporates, and the production loses unity. But with 'Pygmalion' (1926) in which Miss Lynn Fontanne acted the cockney flower girl, and 'The Doctor's Dilemma,' with Lunt as Dubedat and such able actors as Dudley Digges, Ernest Cossart, Henry Travers, and Morris Carnovsky as the doctors, the Guild once more got down to Shavian production in the very spirit of the plays, with humor,

color, intellectual sparkle, and on occasion the unpostured dignity which makes his work adult and serious. Both revivals were accordingly popular, and make it certain that some Shaw play will probably be in the Guild repertoire for many seasons to come, at least until we have caught up and passed the ideas he sets forth, and until his wit ceases to have glamour. Neither event seems immediate.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

NOTE ON SHAW'S SOCIALISM

WHILE there is no question that in the course of his dramatic career Shaw developed a very high degree of comedic talent, it is to be remembered that his original intention was to use the stage as a means for socialistic propaganda. This is obviously the purpose of his first play, 'Widowers' Houses,' and James Agate, perhaps the keenest of London critics, says that "All roads in Mr. Shaw lead, and all roots dig down, to Communism." Just what Shaw's socialistic program is — or was — has not always been clear. In the ardor of youth his estimate of the period required for the socialistic revolution was "that a fortnight would be ample," but as he grew older (and richer) he came to take a longer view. In 1911 and again in 1914 he expounded the creed of the equal distribution of the total income of the population of the United Kingdom among all the inhabitants, men, women and children alike, but as he appeared to be not very sure whether the average yearly income would be £500 each or £50, this was taken to be an expression of pious belief rather than the setting forth of a practical program. The fullest statement of his economic creed is to be found in his most recent publication, 'The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism' (Brentano's, New York, 1928). In a descriptive bibliography appended to this portly volume of between 400 and 500 closely printed pages, he says of his previous contributions to the subject: — "One of the oddities of English literary tradition is that plays should be printed with prefaces which have nothing to do with them, and are really essays, or manifestoes, or pamphlets, with the plays as a bait to catch readers. I have exploited this tradition very freely, puzzling many people who thought the prefaces must be part of the plays. In this guise I contended that poverty should be neither pitied as an inevitable misfortune, nor tolerated as a just retribution for misconduct, but resolutely stamped out and prevented from recurring as a disease fatal to human society. I also made it quite clear that Socialism means equality of income or nothing, and that under Socialism you would not be allowed to be poor. You would be forcibly fed, clothed, lodged, taught, and employed whether you liked it or not. If it were discovered that you had not character

and industry enough to be worth all this trouble, you might possibly be executed in a kindly manner; but whilst you were permitted to live you would have to live well. Also you would not be allowed to have half a crown an hour when other women had only two shillings, or to be content with two shillings when they had half a crown. As far as I know I was the first Socialist writer to whom it occurred to state this explicitly as a necessary postulate of permanent civilization; but as nothing that is true is ever new I daresay it had been said again and again before I was born. Two Fabian booklets of mine entitled 'Socialism and Superior Brains' and 'The Common Sense of Municipal Trading' are still probably worth reading, as they are written from personal experience of both."

THE CHOICE

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[Marchbanks, a young poet created somewhat in the likeness of Shelley, has fallen in love with Candida, the wife of his friend Morell, a popular clergyman, and tells him so. Morell decides that Candida must choose between them.]

MARCHBANKS. Morell, there's going to be a terrible scene. Aren't you afraid?

Morell. Not in the least.

Marchbanks. I never envied you your courage before. [*He rises timidly and puts his hand appealingly on Morell's forearm.*] Stand by me, won't you?

Morell [*casting him off gently, but resolutely*]. Each for himself, Eugene. She must choose between us now. [*He goes to the other side of the room as* Candida *returns. Eugene sits down again on the sofa like a guilty schoolboy on his best behavior.*]

Candida [*between them, addressing Eugene*]. Are you sorry?

Marchbanks [*earnestly*]. Yes, heartbroken.

Candida. Well, then, you are forgiven. Now go off to bed like a good little boy: I want to talk to James about you.

Marchbanks [*rising in great consternation*]. Oh, I can't do that, Morell. I must be here. I'll not go away. Tell her.

Candida [*with quick suspicion*]. Tell me what? [*His eyes avoid hers furtively. She turns and mutely transfers the question to Morell.*]

Morell [*bracing himself for the catastrophe*]. I have nothing to tell her, except [*here his voice deepens to a measured and mournful tenderness*] that she is my greatest treasure on earth — if she is really mine.

Candida [*coldly, offended by his yielding to his orator's instinct and treating*

her as if she were the audience at the Guild of St. Matthew]. I am sure Eugene can say no less, if that is all.

Marchbanks [*discouraged*]. Morell: she's laughing at us.

Morell [*with a quick touch of temper*]. There is nothing to laugh at. Are you laughing at us, Candida?

Candida [*with quiet anger*]. Eugene is very quick-witted, James. I hope I am going to laugh; but I am not sure that I am not going to be very angry. [*She goes to the fireplace, and stands there leaning with her arm on the mantelpiece, and her foot on the fender, whilst Eugene steals to Morell and plucks him by the sleeve.*]

Marchbanks [*whispering*]. Stop, Morell. Don't let us say anything.

Morell [*pushing Eugene away without deigning to look at him*]. I hope you don't mean that as a threat, Candida.

Candida [*with emphatic warning*]. Take care, James. Eugene: I asked you to go. Are you going?

Morell [*putting his foot down*]. He shall not go. I wish him to remain.

Marchbanks. I'll go. I'll do whatever you want. [*He turns to the door.*]

Candida. Stop! [*He obeys.*] Didn't you hear James say he wished you to stay? James is master here. Don't you know that?

Marchbanks [*flushing with a young poet's rage against tyranny*]. By what right is he master?

Candida [*quietly*]. Tell him, James.

Morell [*taken aback*]. My dear: I don't know of any right that makes me master. I assert no such right.

Candida [*with infinite reproach*]. You don't know! Oh, James, James! [*To Eugene, musingly.*] I wonder do you understand, Eugene! No, you're too young. Well, I give you leave to stay — to stay and learn. [*She comes away from the hearth and places herself between them.*] Now, James: what's the matter? Come: tell me.

Marchbanks [*whispering tremulously across to him*]. Don't.

Candida. Come. Out with it — !

Morell [*slowly*]. I meant to prepare your mind carefully, Candida, so as to prevent misunderstanding.

Candida. Yes, dear: I am sure you did. But never mind: I sha'n't misunderstand.

Morell. Well — er — [*He hesitates, unable to find the long explanation which he supposed to be available.*]

Candida. Well?

Morell [*baldly*]. Eugene declares that you are in love with him.

Marchbanks [*frantically*]. No, no, no, no, never. I did not, Mrs. Morell: it's not true. I said I loved you, and that he didn't. I said that I understood you, and that he couldn't. And it was not after what passed there before the fire that I spoke: it was not, on my word. It was this morning.

Candida [*enlightened*]. This morning!

Marchbanks. Yes. [*He looks at her, pleading for credence and then adds, simply.*] That was what was the matter with my collar.

Candida [*after a pause, for she does not take in his meaning at once*]. His collar! [*She turns to Morell, shocked.*] Oh, James: did you? [*She stops.*]

Morell [*ashamed*]. You know, Candida, that I have a temper to struggle with. And he said [*shuddering*] that you despised me in your heart.

Candida [*turning quickly on Eugene*]. Did you say that?

Marchbanks [*terrified*]. No!

Candida [*severely*]. Then James has just told me a falsehood. Is that what you mean?

Marchbanks. No, no: I — I — [*blurting out the explanation desperately*] — it was David's wife. And it wasn't at home; it was when she saw him dancing before all the people.

Morell [*taking the cue with a debater's adroitness*]. Dancing before all the people, Candida; and thinking he was moving their hearts by his mission when they were only suffering from — Prossy's complaint. [*She is about to protest: he raises his hand to silence her, exclaiming.*] Don't try to look indignant, Candida.

Candida [*interjecting*]. Try!

Morell [*continuing*]. Eugene was right. As you told me a few hours after, he is always right. He said nothing that you did not say far better yourself. He is the poet, who sees everything; and I am the poor parson who understands nothing.

Candida [*remorsefully*]. Do you mind what is said by a foolish boy, because I said something like it again in jest?

Morell. That foolish boy can speak with the inspiration of a child and the cunning of a serpent. He has claimed that you belong to him and not to me; and, rightly or wrongly, I have come to fear that it may be true. I will not go about tortured with doubts and suspicions. I will not live with you and keep a secret from you. I will not suffer the intolerable degradation of jealousy. We have agreed — he and I — that you shall choose between us now. I await your decision.

Candida [*slowly recoiling a step, her heart hardened by his rhetoric in spite of the sincere feeling behind it*]. Oh! I am to choose, am I? I suppose it is quite settled that I must belong to one or the other.

Morell [*firmly*]. Quite. You must choose definitely.

Marchbanks [*anxiously*]. Morell: you don't understand. She belongs to herself.

Candida [*turning on him*]. I mean that and a good deal more, Master Eugene, as you will both find out presently. And pray, my lords and masters, what have you to offer for my choice? I am up for auction, it seems. What do you bid, James?

Morell [*reproachfully*]. Cand — [*He breaks down: his eyes and throat fill with tears: the orator becomes the wounded animal.*] I can't speak.

Candida [*impulsively going to him*]. Ah, dearest —

Marchbanks [*in wild alarm*]. Stop: it's not fair. You mustn't show her that you suffer, Morell. I am on the rack, too; but I am not crying.

Morell [*rallying all his forces*]. Yes; you are right. It is for pity that I am bidding. [He *disengages himself from Candida.*]

Candida [*retreating, chilled*]. I beg your pardon, James; I did not mean to touch you. I am waiting to hear your bid.

Morell [*with proud humility*]. I have nothing to offer you but my strength for your defense, my honesty of purpose for your surety, my ability and industry for your livelihood, and my authority and position for your dignity. That is all it becomes a man to offer to a woman.

Candida [*quite quietly*]. And you, Eugene? What do you offer?

Marchbanks. My weakness! my desolation! my heart's need!

Candida [*impressed*]. That's a good bid, Eugene. Now I know how to make my choice.

[*She pauses and looks curiously from one to the other, as if weighing them. Morell, whose lofty confidence has changed into heartbreaking dread at Eugene's bid, loses all power of concealing his anxiety. Eugene, strung to the highest tension, does not move a muscle.*]

Morell [*in a suffocated voice — the appeal bursting from the depths of his anguish*]. Candida!

Marchbanks [*aside, in a flash of contempt*]. Coward!

Candida [*significantly*]. I give myself to the weaker of the two.

[*Eugene divines her meaning at once: his face whitens like steel in a furnace that cannot melt it.*]

Morell [*bowing his head with the calm of collapse*]. I accept your sentence, Candida.

Candida. Do you understand, Eugene?

Marchbanks. Oh, I feel I'm lost. He cannot bear the burden.

Morell [*incredulously, raising his head with prosaic abruptness*]. Do you mean me, Candida?

Candida [*smiling a little*]. Let us sit and talk comfortably over it like three friends. [*To Morell.*] Sit down, dear. [*Morell takes the chair from the fireside — the children's chair.*] Bring me that chair, Eugene. [*She indicates the easy chair. He fetches it silently, even with something like cold strength, and places it next Morell, a little behind him. She sits down. He goes to the sofa*

and sits there, still silent and inscrutable. When they are all settled she begins, throwing a spell of quietness on them by her calm, sane, tender tone.] You remember what you told me about yourself, Eugene: how nobody has cared for you since your old nurse died: how those clever, fashionable sisters and successful brothers of yours were your mother's and father's pets: how miserable you were at Eton: how your father is trying to starve you into returning to Oxford: how you have had to live without comfort or welcome or refuge, always lonely, and nearly always disliked and misunderstood, poor boy!

Marchbanks [*faithful to the nobility of his lot*]. I had my books. I had Nature. And at last I met you.

Candida. Never mind that just at present. Now I want you to look at this other boy here — my boy — spoiled from his cradle. We go once a fortnight to see his parents. You should come with us, Eugene, and see the pictures of the hero of that household. James as a baby! the most wonderful of all babies. James holding his first school prize, won at the ripe age of eight! James as the captain of his eleven! James in his first frock coat! James under all sorts of glorious circumstances! You know how strong he is (I hope he didn't hurt you) — how clever he is — how happy! [*With deepening gravity.*] Ask James's mother and his three sisters what it cost to save James the trouble of doing anything but be strong and clever and happy. Ask me what it costs to be James's mother and three sisters and wife and mother to his children all in one. Ask Prossy and Maria how troublesome the house is even when we have no visitors to help us to slice the onions. Ask the tradesmen who want to worry James and spoil his beautiful sermons who it is that puts them off. When there is money to give, he gives it: when there is money to refuse, I refuse it. I build a castle of comfort and indulgence and love for him, and stand sentinel always to keep little vulgar cares out. I make him master here, though he does not know it, and could not tell you a moment ago how it came to be so. [*With sweet irony.*] And when he thought I might go away with you, his only anxiety was what should become of me! And to tempt me to stay he offered me [*leaning forward to stroke his hair caressingly at each phrase*] his strength for my defense, his industry for my livelihood, his position for my dignity, his — [*Relenting.*] Ah, I am mixing up your beautiful sentences and spoiling them, am I not, darling? [*She lays her cheek fondly against his.*]

Morell [*quite overcome, kneeling beside her and embracing her with boyish ingenuousness*]. It's all true, every word. What I am you have made me with the labor of your hands and the love of your heart! You are my wife, my mother, my sisters: you are the sum of all loving care to me.

Candida [*in his arms, smiling, to Eugene*]. Am I your mother and sisters to you, Eugene?

Marchbanks [*rising, with a fierce gesture of disgust*]. Ah, never. Out, then, into the night with me!

Candida [*rising quickly and intercepting him*]. You are not going like that, Eugene?

Marchbanks [*with the ring of a man's voice — no longer a boy's — in the words*]. I know the hour when it strikes. I am impatient to do what must be done.

Morell [*rising from his knee, alarmed*]. Candida: don't let him do anything rash.

Candida [*confident, smiling at Eugene*]. Oh, there is no fear. He has learnt to live without happiness.

Marchbanks. I no longer desire happiness: life is nobler than that. Parson James: I give you my happiness with both hands: I love you because you have filled the heart of the woman I loved. Good-by. [*He goes towards the door.*]

Candida. One last word. [*He stops, but without turning to her.*] How old are you, Eugene?

Marchbanks. As old as the world now. This morning I was eighteen.

Candida [*going to him, and standing behind him with one hand caressingly on his shoulder*]. Eighteen! Will you, for my sake, make a little poem out of the two sentences I am going to say to you? And will you promise to repeat it to yourself whenever you think of me?

Marchbanks [*without moving*]. Say the sentences.

Candida. When I am thirty, she will be forty-five. When I am sixty, she will be seventy-five.

Marchbanks [*turning to her*]. In a hundred years, we shall be the same age. But I have a better secret than that in my heart. Let me go now. The night outside grows impatient.

Candida. Good-by. [*She takes his face in her hands; and as he divines her intention and bends his knee, she kisses his forehead. Then he flies out into the night. She turns to Morell, holding out her arms to him.*] Ah, James! [*They embrace. But they do not know the secret in the poet's heart.*]

CÆSAR, THE SPHINX, AND CLEOPATRA

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[*The youthful* Cleopatra, *unseen by* Cæsar, *is sitting asleep between the knees of the Sphinx.*]

JULIUS CÆSAR. Hail, Sphinx: salutation from Julius Cæsar! I have wandered in many lands, seeking the lost regions from which my birth into this world exiled me, and the company of creatures, such as I myself. I have found flocks and pastures, men and cities but no other Cæsar, no air native to me, no man kindred to me, none who can do my day's deed, and

think my night's thought. In the little world yonder, Sphinx, my place is as high as yours in this great desert; only I wander, and you sit still; I conquer, and you endure; I work and wonder, you watch and wait; I look up and am dazzled, look down and am darkened, look round and am puzzled, whilst your eyes never turn from looking out — out of the world — to the lost region — the home from which we have strayed. Sphinx, you and I, strangers to the race of men, are no strangers to one another: have I not been conscious of you and of this place since I was born? Rome is a madman's dream: this is my Reality. These starry lamps of yours I have seen from afar in Gaul, in Britain, in Spain, in Thessaly, signaling great secrets to some eternal sentinel below, whose post I never could find. And here at last is their sentinel — an image of the constant and immortal part of my life, silent, full of thoughts, alone in the silver desert. Sphinx, Sphinx: I have climbed mountains at night to hear in the distance the stealthy footfall of the winds that chase your sands in forbidden play — our invisible children, O Sphinx, laughing in whispers. My way hither was the way of destiny; for I am he of whose genius you are the symbol: part brute, part woman, and part God — nothing of man in me at all. Have I read your riddle, Sphinx?

Cleopatra [*who has wakened, and peeped cautiously from her nest to see who is speaking*]. Old gentleman!

Cæsar [*starting violently, and clutching his sword*]. Immortal gods.

Cleopatra. Old gentleman: don't run away.

Cæsar [*stupefied*]. "Old gentleman: don't run away!!!" This! to Julius Cæsar!

Cleopatra [*urgently*]. Old gentleman.

Cæsar. Sphinx: you presume on your centuries. I am younger than you, though your voice is but a girl's voice as yet.

Cleopatra. Climb up here, quickly; or the Romans will come and eat you.

Cæsar [*running forward past the Sphinx's shoulder, and seeing her*]. A child at its breast! divine child!

Cleopatra. Come up quickly. You must get up at its side and creep round.

Cæsar [*amazed*]. Who are you?

Cleopatra. Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.

Cæsar. Queen of the Gipsies, you mean.

THE WOMAN TRIUMPHS

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MENDOZA [*advancing between Violet and Tanner*]. Sir: there are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it. Mine and yours, sir.

Tanner. Mr. Mendoza: I have no heart's desires. Ramsden, it is very easy for you to call me a happy man: you are only a spectator. I am one of the principals; and I know better. Ann: stop tempting Tavy, and come back to me.

Ann [*complying*]. You are absurd, Jack. [*She takes his proffered arm.*]

Tanner [*continuing*]. I solemnly say that I am not a happy man. Ann looks happy; but she is only triumphant, successful, victorious. That is not happiness, but the price for which the strong sell their happiness. What we have both done this afternoon is to renounce happiness, renounce freedom, renounce tranquillity, above all, renounce the romantic possibilities of an unknown future, for the cares of a household and a family. I beg that no man may seize the occasion to get half drunk and utter imbecile speeches and coarse pleasantries at my expense. We propose to furnish our own house according to our own taste; and I hereby give notice that the seven or eight traveling clocks, the four or five dressing cases, the salad bowls, the carvers and fish slicers, the copy of Tennyson in extra morocco, and all the other articles you are preparing to heap upon us, will be instantly sold, and the proceeds devoted to circulating free copies of the Revolutionist's Handbook. The wedding will take place three days after our return to England, by special license, at the office of the district superintendent registrar, in the presence of my solicitor and his clerk, who, like his clients, will be in ordinary walking dress —

Violet [*with intense conviction*]. You are a brute, Jack.

Ann [*looking at him with fond pride and caressing his arm*]. Never mind her, dear. Go on talking.

[*Universal laughter.*]

ENGLISHMAN AND IRISHMAN

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KEEGAN [*with a courteous inclination*]. The conquering Englishman, sir. Within twenty-four hours of your arrival you have carried off our only heiress, and practically secured the parliamentary seat. And you have promised me that when I come here in the evenings to meditate on my madness; to watch the shadow of the round tower lengthening in the sunset; to break my heart uselessly in the curtained gloaming over the dead heart and blinded soul of the island of the saints, you will comfort me with the bustle of a great hotel, and the sight of the little children carrying the golf clubs of your tourists as a preparation for the life to come.

Broadbent [*quite touched, mutely offering him a cigar to console him, at which he smiles and shakes his head*]. Yes, Mr. Keegan: you're quite right. There's poetry in everything, even [*looking absently into the cigar case*] in the most modern prosaic things, if you know how to extract it. [*He extracts a cigar for himself and offers one to Larry, who takes it.*] If I was to be shot for it I couldn't extract it myself; but that's where you come in, you see [*roguishly, waking up from his reverie and bustling Keegan good-humoredly*]. And then I shall wake you up a bit. That's where I come in: eh? d'ye see? Eh? eh? [*He pats him very pleasantly on the shoulder, half admiringly, half pityingly.*] Just so, just so. [*Coming back to business.*] By the way, I believe I can do better than a light railway here. There seems to be no question now that the motor boat has come to stay. Well, look at your magnificent river there, going to waste.

Keegan [*closing his eyes*]. "Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy waters."

Broadbent. You know, the roar of a motor boat is quite pretty.

Keegan. Provided it does not drown the Angelus.

Broadbent [*reassuringly*]. Oh no: it won't do that: not the least danger. You know, a church bell can make a devil of a noise when it likes.

Keegan. You have an answer for everything, sir. But your plans leave our question still unanswered: how to get butter out of a dog's throat.

Broadbent. Eh?

Keegan. You cannot build your golf links and hotels in the air. For that you must own our land. And how will you drag our acres from the ferret's grip of Matthew Haffigan? How will you persuade Cornelius Doyle to forego the pride of being a small landowner? How will Barney Doran's millrace agree with your motor boats? Will Doolan help you to get a license for your hotel?

Broadbent. My dear sir: to all intents and purposes the syndicate I represent already owns half Rosscullen. Doolan's is a tied house; and the brewers are in the syndicate. As to Haffigan's farm and Doran's mill and Mr. Doyle's place and half a dozen others, they will be mortgaged to me before a month is out.

Keegan. But pardon me, you will not lend them more on their land than the land is worth; so they will be able to pay you the interest.

Broadbent. Ah, you are a poet, Mr. Keegan, not a man of business.

Larry. We will lend every one of these men half as much again on their land as it is worth, or ever can be worth, to them.

Broadbent. You forget, sir, that we, with our capital, our knowledge, our organization, and may I say our English business habits, can make or lose ten pounds out of land that Haffigan, with all his industry, could not make or lose ten shillings out of. Doran's mill is a superannuated folly: I shall want it for electric lighting.

Larry. What is the use of giving land to such men? They are too small, too poor, too ignorant, too simple-minded to hold it against us: you might as well give a dukedom to a crossing sweeper.

Broadbent. Yes, Mr. Keegan: this place may have an industrial future, or it may have a residential future: I can't tell yet; but it's not going to be a future in the hands of your Dorans and Haffigans, poor devils!

Keegan. It may have no future at all. Have you thought of that?

Broadbent. Oh, I'm not afraid of that. I have faith in Ireland, great faith, Mr. Keegan.

Keegan. And we have none: only empty enthusiasms and patriotisms, and emptier memories and regrets. Ah yes: you have some excuse for believing that if there be any future, it will be yours; for our faith seems dead, and our hearts cold and cowed. An island of dreamers who wake up in your jails, of critics and cowards whom you buy and tame for your own service, of bold rogues who help you to plunder us that they may plunder you afterwards. Eh?

Broadbent [*a little impatient of this unbusinesslike view*]. Yes, yes; but you know you might say that of any country. The fact is, there are only two qualities in the world: efficiency and inefficiency, and only two sorts of people: the efficient and the inefficient. It doesn't matter whether they're English or Irish. I shall collar this place, not because I'm an Englishman and Haffigan and Co. are Irishmen, but because they're duffers and I know my way about.

Keegan. Have you considered what is to become of Haffigan?

Larry. Oh, we'll employ him in some capacity or other, and probably pay him more than he makes for himself now.

Broadbent [*dubiously*]. Do you think so? No, no. Haffigan's too old. It really doesn't pay now to take on men over forty, even for unskilled labor, which I suppose is all Haffigan would be good for. No: Haffigan had better

go to America, or into the Union, poor old chap! He's worked out, you know: you can see it.

Keegan. Poor lost soul, so cunningly fenced in with invisible bars!

Larry. Haffigan doesn't matter much. He'll die presently.

Broadbent [*shocked*]. Oh come, Larry! Don't be unfeeling. It's hard on Haffigan. It's always hard on the inefficient.

Larry. Pah! what does it matter where an old and broken man spends his last days, or whether he has a million at the bank or only the workhouse dole? It's the young men, the able men, that matter. The real tragedy of Haffigan is the tragedy of his wasted youth, his stunted mind, his drudging over his clods and pigs until he has become a clod and a pig himself — until the soul within him has smoldered into nothing but a dull temper that hurts himself and all around him. I say let him die, and let us have no more of his like. And let young Ireland take care that it doesn't share his fate, instead of making another empty grievance of it. Let your syndicate come —

Broadbent. Your syndicate too, old chap. You have your bit of the stock.

Larry. Yes, mine if you like. Well, our syndicate has no conscience: it has no more regard for your Haffigans and Doolans and Dorans than it has for a gang of Chinese coolies. It will use your patriotic blatherskite and balderdash to get parliamentary powers over you as cynically as it would bait a mouse-trap with toasted cheese. It will plan, and organize, and find capital while you slave like bees for it and revenge yourselves by paying politicians and penny newspapers out of your small wages to write articles and report speeches against its wickedness and tyranny, and to crack up your own Irish heroism, just as Haffigan once paid a witch a penny to put a spell on Billy Byrne's cow. In the end it will grind the nonsense out of you, and grind strength and sense into you.

Broadbent [*out of patience*]. Why can't you say a simple thing simply, Larry, without all that Irish exaggeration and talky-talky? The syndicate is a perfectly respectable body of responsible men of good position. We'll take Ireland in hand, and by straightforward business habits teach it efficiency and self-help on sound Liberal principles. You agree with me, Mr. Keegan, don't you?

Keegan. Sir: I may even vote for you.

Broadbent [*sincerely moved, shaking his hand warmly*]. You shall never regret it, Mr. Keegan: I give you my word for that. I shall bring money here: I shall raise wages: I shall found public institutions, a library, a Polytechnic (undenominational, of course), a gymnasium, a cricket club, perhaps an art school. I shall make a Garden city of Rosscullen: the round tower shall be thoroughly repaired and restored.

Keegan. And our place of torment shall be as clean and orderly as the cleanest and most orderly place I know in Ireland, which is our poetically named Mount-joy prison. Well, perhaps I had better vote for an efficient

devil that knows his own mind and his own business than for a foolish patriot who has no mind and no business.

Broadbent [*stiffly*]. Devil is rather a strong expression in that connection, Mr. Keegan.

Keegan. Not from a man who knows that this world is hell. But since the word offends you, let me soften it, and compare you simply to an ass. [*Larry whitens with anger.*]

Broadbent [*reddening*]. An ass!

Keegan [*gently*]. You may take it without offense from a madman who calls the ass his brother — and a very honest, useful, and faithful brother too. The ass, sir, is the most efficient of beasts, matter-of-fact, hardy, friendly when you treat him as a fellow-creature, stubborn when you abuse him, ridiculous only in love, which sets him braying, and in politics, which move him to roll about in the public road and raise a dust cloud about nothing. Can you deny these qualities and habits in yourself, sir?

Broadbent [*good humoredly*]. Well, yes, I'm afraid I do, you know.

Keegan. Then perhaps you will confess to the ass's one fault.

Broadbent. Perhaps so: what is it?

Keegan. That he wastes all his virtues — his efficiency, as you call it — in doing the will of his greedy masters instead of doing the will of Heaven that is in himself. He is efficient in the service of Mammon, mighty in mischief, skilful in ruin, heroic in destruction. But he comes to browse here without knowing that the soil his hoof touches is holy ground. Ireland, sir, for good or evil, is like no other place under heaven; and no man can touch its sod or breathe its air without becoming better or worse. It produces two kinds of men in strange perfection: saints and traitors. It is called the island of the saints: but indeed in these later years it might be more fitly called the island of the traitors; for our harvest of these is the fine flower of the world's crop of infamy. But the day may come when these islands shall live by the quality of their men rather than by the abundance of their minerals; and then we shall see.

Larry. Mr. Keegan: if you are going to be sentimental about Ireland, I shall bid you good evening. We have had enough of that, and more than enough of cleverly proving that everybody who is not an Irishman is an ass. It is neither good sense nor good manners. It will not stop the syndicate; and it will not interest young Ireland so much as my friend's gospel of efficiency.

Broadbent. Ah, yes, yes: efficiency is the thing. I don't in the least mind your chaff, Mr. Keegan; but Larry's right on the main point. The world belongs to the efficient.

Keegan [*with polished irony*]. I stand rebuked, gentlemen. But believe me, I do every justice to the efficiency of you and your syndicate. You are both, I am told, thoroughly efficient civil engineers; and I have no doubt the golf links will be a triumph of your art. Mr. Broadbent will get into parliament most efficiently, which is more than St. Patrick could do if he were alive now.

You may even build the hotel efficiently if you can find enough efficient masons, carpenters, and plumbers, which I rather doubt. [*Dropping his irony, and beginning to fall into the attitude of the priest rebuking sin.*] When the hotel becomes insolvent [*Broadbent takes his cigar out of his mouth, a little taken aback*], your English business habits will secure the thorough efficiency of the liquidation. You will reorganize the scheme efficiently; you will liquidate its second bankruptcy efficiently [*Broadbent and Larry look quickly at one another; for this, unless the priest is an old financial hand, must be inspiration*]; you will get rid of its original shareholders efficiently after efficiently ruining them; and you will finally profit very efficiently by getting that hotel for a few shillings in the pound. [*More and more sternly*]. Besides these efficient operations, you will foreclose your mortgages most efficiently [*his rebuking forefinger goes up in spite of himself*]; you will drive Haffigan to America very efficiently; you will find a use for Barney Doran's foul mouth and bullying temper by employing him to slave-drive your laborers very efficiently; and [*low and bitter*] when at last this poor desolate countryside becomes a busy mint in which we shall all slave to make money for you, with our Polytechnic to teach us how to do it efficiently, and our library to fuddle the few imaginations your distillers will spare, and our repaired round tower with admission sixpence, and refreshments and penny-in-the-slot mutoscopes to make it interesting, then no doubt your English and American shareholders will spend all the money we make for them very efficiently in shooting and hunting, in operations for cancer and appendicitis, in gluttony and gambling; and you will devote what they save to fresh land development schemes. For four wicked centuries the world has dreamed this foolish dream of efficiency; and the end is not yet. But the end will come.

Broadbent [*seriously*]. Too true, Mr. Keegan, only too true. And most eloquently put. It reminds me of poor Ruskin — a great man, you know. I sympathize. Believe me, I'm on your side. Don't sneer, Larry: I used to read a lot of Shelley years ago. Let us be faithful to the dreams of our youth. [*He wafts a wreath of cigar smoke at large across the hill.*]

Keegan. Come, Mr. Doyle! is this English sentiment so much more efficient than our Irish sentiment, after all? Mr. Broadbent spends his life inefficiently admiring the thoughts of great men, and efficiently serving the cupidity of base money hunters. We spend our lives efficiently sneering at him and doing nothing. Which of us has any right to reproach the other?

Broadbent [*coming down the hill again to Keegan's right hand*]. But you know, something must be done.

Keegan. Yes: when we cease to do, we cease to live. Well, what shall we do?

Broadbent. Why, what lies to our hand.

Keegan. Which is the making of golf links and hotels to bring idlers to a country which workers have left in millions because it is a hungry land, a naked land, an ignorant and oppressed land.

Broadbent. But, hang it all, the idlers will bring money from England to Ireland!

Keegan. Just as our idlers have for so many generations taken money from Ireland to England. Has that saved England from poverty and degradation more horrible than we have ever dreamed of? When I went to England, sir, I hated England. Now I pity it. [*Broadbent can hardly conceive an Irishman pitying England; but as Larry intervenes angrily, he gives it up and takes to the hill and his cigar again.*]

Larry. Much good your pity will do it!

Keegan. In the accounts kept in heaven, Mr. Doyle, a heart purified of hatred may be worth more even than a Land Development Syndicate of Anglicized Irishmen and Gladstonized Englishmen.

Larry. Oh, in heaven, no doubt! I have never been there. Can you tell me where it is?

Keegan. Could you have told me this morning where hell is? Yet you know now that it is here. Do not despair of finding heaven: it may be no farther off.

Larry [*ironically*]. On this holy ground, as you call it, eh?

Keegan [*with fierce intensity*]. Yes, perhaps, even on this holy ground which such Irishmen as you have turned into a Land of Derision.

Broadbent [*coming between them*]. Take care! you will be quarreling presently. Oh, you Irishmen, you Irishmen! Toujours Ballyhooly, eh? [*Larry, with a shrug, half comic, half impatient, turns away up the hill, but presently strolls back on Keegan's right. Broadbent adds, confidentially to Keegan*] Stick to the Englishman, Mr. Keegan: he has a bad name here; but at least he can forgive you for being an Irishman.

Keegan. Sir: when you speak to me of English and Irish you forget that I am a Catholic. My country is not Ireland, nor England, but the whole mighty realm of my Church. For me there are but two countries: heaven and hell; but two conditions of men: salvation and damnation. Standing here between you, the Englishman, so clever in your foolishness, and this Irishman, so foolish in his cleverness, I cannot in my ignorance be sure which of you is the more deeply damned; but I should be unfaithful to my calling if I opened the gates of my heart less widely to one than to the other.

Larry. In either case it would be an impertinence, Mr. Keegan, as your approval is not of the slightest consequence to us. What use do you suppose all this drivel is to men with serious practical business in hand?

Broadbent. I don't agree with that, Larry. I think these things cannot be said too often: they keep up the moral tone of the community. As you know, I claim the right to think myself, a bit of a — of a — well, I don't care who knows it — a bit of a Unitarian; but if the Church of England contained a few men like Mr. Keegan, I should certainly join it.

Keegan. You do me too much honor, sir. [*With priestly humility to*

Larry] Mr. Doyle: I am to blame for having unintentionally set your mind somewhat on edge against me. I beg your pardon.

Larry [*unimpressed and hostile*]. I didn't stand on ceremony with you: and you needn't stand on it with me. Fine manners and fine words are cheap in Ireland: you can keep both for my friend here, who is still imposed on by them. I know their value.

Keegan. You mean you don't know their value.

Larry [*angrily*]. I mean what I say.

Keegan [*turning quietly to the Englishman*]. You see, Mr. Broadbent, I only make the hearts of my countrymen harder when I preach to them: the gates of hell still prevail against me. I shall wish you good evening. I am better alone, at the round tower, dreaming of heaven. [*He goes up the hill.*]

Larry. Ay, that's it! there you are! dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming!

Keegan [*halting and turning to them for the last time*]. Every dream is a prophecy: every jest is an earnest in the womb of Time.

Broadbent [*reflectively*]. Once, when I was a small kid, I dreamt I was in heaven. [*They both stare at him.*] It was a sort of pale blue satin place, with all the pious old ladies in our congregation sitting as if they were at a service; and there was some awful person in the study at the other side of the hall. I didn't enjoy it, you know. What is it like in your dreams?

Keegan. In my dreams it is a country where the State is one Church and the Church the people: three in one and one in three. It is a commonwealth in which work is play and play is life: three in one and one in three. It is a temple in which the priest is the worshiper and the worshiper the worshiped; three in one and one in three. It is a godhead in which all life is human and all humanity divine: three in one and one in three. It is, in short, the dream of a madman. [*He goes away across the hill.*]

Broadbent [*looking after him affectionately*]. What a regular old Church and State Tory he is! He's a character: he'll be an attraction here. Really almost equal to Ruskin and Carlyle.

Larry. Yes; and much good they did with all their talk!

Broadbent. Oh tut, tut, Larry! They improved my mind: they raised my tone enormously. I feel sincerely obliged to Keegan: he has made me feel a better man: distinctly better. [*With sincere elevation.*] I feel now as I never did before that I am right in devoting my life to the cause of Ireland. Come along and help me to choose the site for the hotel.

THE DEATH OF THE ARTIST

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[*The* Newspaper Man *quickly sits down on the piano stool as* Louis Dubedat, *in an invalid's chair, is wheeled in by* Mrs. Dubedat *and* Sir Ralph. *They place the chair between the dais and the sofa, where the easel stood before. Louis is not changed, as a robust man would be; and he is not scared. His eyes look larger; and he is so weak physically that he can hardly move, lying on his cushions with complete languor; but his mind is active; it is making the most of his condition, finding voluptuousness in languor and drama in death. They are all impressed, in spite of themselves, except* Ridgeon, *who is implacable.* B. B. *is entirely sympathetic and forgiving. Ridgeon follows the chair with a tray of milk and stimulants.* Sir Patrick, *who accompanies him, takes the tea-table from the corner and places it behind the chair for the tray. B. B. takes the easel chair and places it for* Jennifer *at Dubedat's side, next the dais, from which the lay figure ogles the dying artist. B. B. then returns to Dubedat's left. Jennifer sits.* Walpole *sits down on the edge of the dais. Ridgeon stands near him.*]

LOUIS [*blissfully*]. That's happiness. To be in a studio! Happiness!

Mrs. Dubedat. Yes, dear. Sir Patrick says you may stay here as long as you like.

Louis [*to his wife*]. Jennifer.

Mrs. Dubedat. Yes, my darling.

Louis. Is the newspaper man here?

The Newspaper Man [*glibly*]. Yes, Mr. Dubedat: I'm here, at your service. I represent the press. I thought you might like to let us have a few words about — about — er — well, a few words on your illness, and your plans for the season.

Louis. My plans for the season are very simple. I'm going to die.

Mrs. Dubedat [*tortured*]. Louis — dearest —

Louis. My darling: I'm very weak and tired. Don't put on me the horrible strain of pretending that I don't know. I've been lying there listening to the doctors — laughing to myself. They know. Dearest: don't cry. It makes you ugly; and I can't bear that. [*She dries her eyes and recovers herself with a proud effort.*] I want you to promise me something.

Mrs. Dubedat. Yes, yes: you know I will. [*Imploringly.*] Only, my love, my love, don't talk: it will waste your strength.

Louis. No: it will only use it up. Ridgeon: give me something to keep me

going for a few minutes — not one of your confounded antitoxins, if you don't mind. I have some things to say before I go.

Ridgeon [*looking at Sir Patrick*] I suppose it can do no harm? [*He pours out some spirit, and is about to add soda-water when Sir Patrick corrects him.*]

Sir Patrick. In milk. Don't set him coughing.

Louis [*after drinking*]. Jennifer.

Mrs. Dubedat. Yes, dear.

Louis. If there's one thing I hate more than another, it's a widow. Promise me that you'll never be a widow.

Mrs. Dubedat. My dear, what do you mean?

Louis. I want you to look beautiful. I want people to see in your eyes that you were married to me. The people in Italy used to point at Dante and say, "There goes the man who has been in hell." I want them to point at you and say, "There goes a woman who has been in heaven." It has been heaven, darling, hasn't it — sometimes?

Mrs. Dubedat. Oh yes, yes. Always, always.

Louis. If you wear black and cry, people will say, "Look at that miserable woman: her husband made her miserable."

Mrs. Dubedat. No, never. You are the light and the blessing of my life. I never lived until I knew you.

Louis [*his eyes glistening*]. Then you must always wear beautiful dresses and splendid magic jewels. Think of all the wonderful pictures I shall never paint. [*She wins a terrible victory over a sob.*] Well, you must be transfigured with all the beauty of those pictures. Men must get such dreams from seeing you as they never could get from any daubing with paints and brushes. Painters must paint you as they never painted any mortal woman before. There must be a great tradition of beauty, a great atmosphere of wonder and romance. That is what men must always think of when they think of me. That is the sort of immortality I want. You can make that for me, Jennifer. There are lots of things you don't understand that every woman in the street understands; but you can understand that and do it as nobody else can. Promise me that immortality. Promise me you will not make a little hell of crape and crying and undertaker's horrors and withering flowers and all that vulgar rubbish.

Mrs. Dubedat. I promise. But all that is far off, dear. You are to come to Cornwall with me and get well. Sir Ralph says so.

Louis. Poor old B. B.

B. B. [*affected to tears, turns away and whispers to Sir Patrick*]. Poor fellow! Brain going.

Louis. Sir Patrick's there, isn't he?

Sir Patrick. Yes, yes. I'm here.

Louis. Sit down, won't you? It's a shame to keep you standing about.

Sir Patrick. Yes, yes. Thank you. All right.

Louis. Jennifer.

Mrs. Dubedat. Yes, dear.

Louis [*with a strange look of delight*]. Do you remember the burning bush?

Mrs. Dubedat. Yes, yes. Oh, my dear, how it strains my heart to remember it now.

Louis. Does it? It fills me with joy. Tell them about it.

Mrs. Dubedat. It was nothing — only that once in my old Cornish home we lit the first fire of the winter; and when we looked through the window we saw the flames dancing in a bush in the garden.

Louis. Such a color! Garnet color. Waving like silk. Liquid lovely flame flowing up through the bay leaves, and not burning them. Well, I shall be a flame like that. I'm sorry to disappoint the poor little worms; but the last of me shall be the flame in the burning bush. Whenever you see the flame, Jennifer, that will be me. Promise me that I shall be burnt.

Mrs. Dubedat. Oh, if I might be with you, Louis!

Louis. No: you must always be in the garden when the bush flames. You are my hold on the world: you are my immortality. Promise.

Mrs. Dubedat. I'm listening. I shall not forget. You know that I promise.

Louis. Well, that's about all; except that you are to hang my pictures at the one-man show. I can trust your eye. You won't let anyone else touch them.

Mrs. Dubedat. You can trust me.

Louis. Then there's nothing more to worry about, is there? Give me some more of that milk. I'm fearfully tired; but if I stop talking I sha'n't begin again. [*Sir Ralph gives him a drink. He takes it and looks up quaintly.*] I say, B. B., do you think anything would stop you talking?

B. B. [*almost unmanned*]. He confuses me with you, Paddy. Poor fellow! Poor fellow!

Louis [*musing*]. I used to be awfully afraid of death: but now it's come, I have no fear; and I'm perfectly happy. Jennifer.

Mrs. Dubedat. Yes, dear?

Louis. I'll tell you a secret. I used to think that our marriage was all an affectation, and that I'd break loose and run away some day. But now that I'm going to be broken loose whether I like it or not, I'm perfectly fond of you, and perfectly satisfied because I'm going to live as part of you and not as my troublesome self.

Mrs. Dubedat [*heartbroken*]. Stay with me, Louis. Oh, don't leave me, dearest.

Louis. Not that I'm selfish. With all my faults I don't think I've ever been really selfish. No artist can: Art is too large for that. You will marry again, Jennifer.

Mrs. Dubedat. Oh, how can you, Louis?

Louis [*insisting childishly*]. Yes, because people who have found marriage happy always marry again. Ah, I sha'n't be jealous. [*Slyly.*] But don't talk

to the other fellow too much about me: he won't like it. [*Almost chuckling.*] I shall be your lover all the time; but it will be a secret from him, poor devil!

Sir Patrick. Come! you've talked enough. Try to rest awhile.

Louis [*wearily*]. Yes: I'm fearfully tired; but I shall have a long rest presently. I have something to say to you fellows. You're all there, aren't you? I'm too weak to see anything but Jennifer's bosom. That promises rest.

Ridgeon. We are all here.

Louis [*startled*]. That voice sounded devilish. Take care, Ridgeon: my ears hear things that other people's ears can't. I've been thinking — thinking. I'm cleverer than you imagine.

Sir Patrick [*whispering to Ridgeon*]. You've got on his nerves, Colly. Slip out quietly.

Ridgeon [*apart to Sir Patrick*]. Would you deprive the dying actor of his audience?

Louis [*his face lighting up faintly with mischievous glee*]. I heard that, Ridgeon. That was good. Jennifer, dear: be kind to Ridgeon always; because he was the last man who amused me.

Ridgeon [*relentlessly*]. Was I?

Louis. But it's not true. It's you who are still on the stage. I'm half-way home already.

Mrs. Dubedat [*to Ridgeon*]. What did you say?

Louis [*answering for him*]. Nothing, dear. Only one of those little secrets that men keep among themselves. Well, all you chaps have thought pretty hard things of me, and said them.

B. B. [*quite overcome*]. No, no, Dubedat. Not at all.

Louis. Yes, you have. I know what you all think of me. Don't imagine I'm sore about it. I forgive you.

Walpole [*involuntarily*]. Well, damn me! [*Ashamed.*] I beg your pardon.

Louis. That was old Walpole, I know. Don't grieve, Walpole. I'm perfectly happy. I'm not in pain. I don't want to live. I've escaped from myself. I'm in heaven, immortal in the heart of my beautiful Jennifer. I'm not afraid, and not ashamed. [*Reflectively, puzzling it out for himself weakly.*] I know that in an accidental sort of way, struggling through the unreal part of life, I haven't always been able to live up to my ideal. But in my own real world I have never done anything wrong, never denied my faith, never been untrue to myself. I've been threatened and blackmailed and insulted and starved. But I've played the game. I've fought the good fight. And now it's all over, there's an indescribable peace. [*He feebly folds his hands and utters his creed.*] I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed. Amen. Amen. [*He closes his eyes and lies still.*]

Mrs. Dubedat [*breathless*]. Louis: are you —

[*Walpole rises and comes quickly to see whether he is dead.*]

Louis. Not yet, dear. Very nearly, but not yet. I should like to rest my head on your bosom; only it would tire you.

Mrs. Dubedat. No, no, no, darling: how could you tire me? [*She lifts him so that he lies on her bosom.*]

Louis. That's good. That's real.

Mrs. Dubedat. Don't spare me, dear. Indeed, indeed you will not tire me. Lean on me with all your weight.

Louis [*with a sudden half return of his normal strength and comfort*]. Jinny Gwinny: I think I shall recover after all.

[*Sir Patrick looks significantly at Ridgeon, mutely warning him that this is the end.*]

Mrs. Dubedat [*hopefully*]. Yes, yes: you shall.

Louis. Because I suddenly wanted to sleep. Just an ordinary sleep.

Mrs. Dubedat [*rocking him*]. Yes, dear. Sleep. [*He seems to go to sleep. Walpole makes another movement. She protests.*] Sh-sh: please don't disturb him. [*His lips move.*] What did you say, dear? [*In great distress.*] I can't listen without moving him. [*His lips move again: Walpole bends down and listens.*]

Walpole. He wants to know is the newspaper man here.

The Newspaper Man [*excited; for he has been enjoying himself enormously*]. Yes, Mr. Dubedat. Here I am.

[*Walpole raises his hand warningly to silence him. Sir Ralph sits down quietly on the sofa and frankly buries his face in his handkerchief.*]

Mrs. Dubedat [*with great relief*]. Oh, that's right, dear: don't spare me: lean with all your weight on me. Now you are really resting.

[*Sir Patrick quickly comes forward and feels Louis's pulse; then takes him by the shoulders.*]

Sir Patrick. Let me put him back on the pillow, ma'am. He will be better so.

Mrs. Dubedat [*piteously*]. Oh no, please, please, doctor. He is not tiring me; and he will be so hurt when he wakes if he finds I have put him away.

Sir Patrick. He will never wake again. [*He takes the body from her and replaces it in the chair. Ridgeon, unmoved, lets down the back and makes a bier of it.*]

Mrs. Dubedat [*who has unexpectedly sprung to her feet, and stands dry-eyed and stately*]. Was that death?

Walpole. Yes.

THE MEANING OF LOVE

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MRS. GEORGE [*with intensely sad reproach*]. When you loved me I gave you the whole sun and stars to play with. I gave you eternity in a single moment, strength of the mountains in one clasp of your arms, and the volume of all the seas in one impulse of your soul. A moment only: but was it not enough? Were you not paid then for all the rest of your struggle on earth? Must I mend your clothes and sweep your floors as well? Was it not enough? I paid the price without bargaining: I bore the children without flinching: was that a reason for heaping fresh burdens on me? I carried the child in my arms: must I carry the father too? When I opened the gates of paradise, were you blind? was it nothing to you? When all the stars sang in your ears and all the winds swept you into the heart of heaven, were you deaf? were you dull? was I no more to you than a bone to a dog? Was it not enough? We spent eternity together; and you ask me for a little lifetime more. We possessed all the universe together; and you ask me to give you my scanty wages as well. I have given you the greatest of all things; and you ask me to give you little things. I gave you your own soul: you ask me for my body as a plaything. Was it not enough? Was it not enough?

THE FUTURE OF MANKIND

From 'Back to Methuselah. A Metabiological Pentateuch.' Copyright by Brentano's and reprinted by their permission

[Believing that mankind is sadly in need of a new religion, Shaw wrote this play "as a contribution to the modern Bible." He begins with the old story of Adam and Eve and the Serpent in the Garden of Eden, but we learn that there was one who came before all of them, Lilith, who by her mighty will and terrible birth pangs brought forth both Adam and Eve. At the end of the play her spirit appears and reviews the achievements of her offspring.]

LILITH. They have redeemed themselves from their vileness, and turned away from their sins. Best of all, they are still not satisfied: the impulse I gave them in that day when I sundered myself in twain and launched Man and Woman on the earth still urges them: after passing a million goals they press on to the goal of redemption from the flesh, to the vortex freed

from matter, to the whirlpool in pure intelligence that, when the world began, was a whirlpool in pure force. And though all that they have done seems but the first hour of the infinite work of creation, yet I will not supersede them until they have forded this last stream that lies between flesh and spirit, and disentangled their life from the matter that has always mocked it. I can wait: waiting and patience mean nothing to the eternal. I gave the woman the greatest of gifts: curiosity. By that her seed has been saved from my wrath; for I also am curious; and I have waited always to see what they will do tomorrow. Let them feed that appetite well for me. I say, let them dread, of all things, stagnation; for from the moment I, Lilith, lose hope and faith in them, they are doomed. In that hope and faith I have let them live for a moment; and in that moment I have spared them many times. But mightier creatures than they have killed hope and faith, and perished from the earth; and I may not spare them forever. I am Lilith: I brought life into the whirlpool of force, and compelled my enemy, Matter, to obey a living soul. But in enslaving Life's enemy I made him Life's master; for that is the end of all slavery; and now I shall see the slave set free and the enemy reconciled, the whirlpool become all life and no matter. And because these infants that call themselves ancients are reaching out towards that, I will have patience with them still; though I know well that when they attain it they shall become one with me and supersede me, and Lilith will be only a legend and a lay that has lost its meaning. Of Life only is there no end; and though of its million starry mansions many are empty and many still unbuilt, and though its vast domain is as yet unbearably desert, my seed shall one day fill it and master its matter to its uttermost confines. And for what may be beyond, the eyesight of Lilith is too short. It is enough that there is a beyond.

BRITISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BRITISH poetry during the first quarter of the twentieth century has been distinguished by abundance and variety of talent. Perhaps no outstanding genius has appeared, but the number of writers is as remarkable as the high average of their work, and their relation to the life of their time will probably compel future historians to consider many of them as essential witnesses to social and political ideals. There have been, of course, the purely literary groups, continuing the traditions of their art, and following somewhat exclusively the oldest ideal of the minstrel, to evoke beauty and to transmit a noble kind of pleasure. But these poets have not been the most vigorous, nor have they enjoyed, on the whole, the widest reputation. The writers who seem typical of the period are those who have used verse to express a point of view, to plead indirectly for a philosophy or a cause, or to set down a social scene, usually in order to enlist a humanitarian interest. In Russia it has long been the custom to employ literature as an instrument in social and political conflicts, and many earlier British poets have stepped aside from their main occupation with art to engage in patriotic debate. But this latest period has given to the advocate in verse a position so strong that the more traditional poets have themselves in many cases turned advocates, to combat what they have considered a mistaken tendency. Their arguments, however, they have usually expressed in prose, in theoretical discussions of their art — making the point, of course, that there is only one kind of poetry, and that they are its custodians.

In this period the influence of the novel, of the short story, and of journalism is plain. We might say simply that much of this poetry is realistic, but we might also disagree too easily as to what is realism. It is enough to notice that the sharp objective record, such as the reporter tries to make of an event actually under his eyes, recurs frequently in this poetry — that the poets avail themselves of short story technique, to score one point or to drive in one situation — and that the subject matter of the modern novel, the psychological study of character, or rather, the psychological hypothesis about character and the problems, economic or sexual, of the group, is largely taken over into the poems of this quarter century.

Two writers whose reputation was made before 1900 have perhaps set the tone, as it were, of the years immediately following — Rudyard Kipling (1865–) and Thomas Hardy (1840–1928). In many anthologies of con-

temporary verse Hardy, the older man, is represented, but not Kipling, perhaps because his political ideals, his emphatic nationalism, seem out of date. Yet both illustrate what has just been said of twentieth-century poetry, and the influence of both is obvious and great.

Kipling's first ballads of army life show him as the journalist, the accomplished reporter. His 'Departmental Ditties' (1886) and his 'Barrack-Room Ballads' (1892), supplied the world with unforgettable pictures of army and governmental life in India and elsewhere, pictures which sometimes sketched only the outside of experience, but which occasionally gave extraordinary glimpses into human nature. The great poems which he wrote about the Boer war, such as 'M. I.', 'Boots,' 'Chant Pagan,' and 'Lichtenburg,' have this profound quality along with the vivid surface.

The propaganda in these and other sections of Kipling's work went often hand in hand, curiously, with the finest kind of romance, a spiritual illumination of common life. For this reason there will probably be division of opinion over the essential value of the contribution, though none at all over its importance to the historian as record of the international conditions which brought on the World War. Kipling praised armies and navies as necessary to the progress of civilization, and vigorously opposed suggestions of disarmament, as in his famous poem, 'The Truce of the Bear,' against the Tsar's tragically futile call to world peace at the end of the nineteenth century. Kipling's patriotic ideals did not include a union of the English-speaking peoples, and the sharp criticisms he frequently addressed to America proved embarrassing when co-operation and friendship became the more popular program. On the other hand, such poems as 'For to Admire,' and Recessional,' belong to world poetry, and 'Danny Deever,' 'Mandalay,' and 'The Ladies,' to name no others, have given new catch-words and proverbs to the language.

Because Kipling has written out of a full and rich inspiration, one could make a large collection of his verse in which the theme would be the celebration of the military life and of nationalism in a narrow sense. But one could make another collection in which no trace of these subjects would be found, a collection of pure poetry. The splendid chapter headings from the 'Just-So Stories,' like the haunting 'Merrow Down,' would have earned a wide reputation for the poet, even without the work which is generally considered more characteristic of him. And certain longer pieces, such as 'McAndrew's Hymn,' express better than anything else we have as yet, the attitude of our times toward machinery. His 'Collected Poems (Inclusive Edition)' appeared in 1919.

It was not till the end of the last century that Thomas Hardy added the poet's fame to his magnificent reputation as a novelist. His dramatic poem, 'The Dynasts' (1904–8), made a profound impression on the literary world, though not on the general reader. In it are the same sense of fate, the same pathos, the same irony, and the same love of man, as in the prose stories. His

shorter poems, collected in 1919, are in the same mood, but their brevity gives them a more poignant beauty. Critics have referred Hardy's pessimism to one philosophy or another, but the success of a poet depends on the amount of truth the reader can recognize in his work, and we cannot explain Hardy's success by supposing that his readers have all prepared themselves by a study of the same pessimistic philosophies. It is more reasonable to say that he had, like many others of his time, a deep love of life and of humanity, but lacked the spiritual and intellectual courage to live fearlessly in a burdened and complicated age. His poems, like his novels, express in many subtle ways a vast regret that life is not other than it is. His imagination sees beauty always in the past, in a good world slipping away, or else more tragically he makes us admire human nature in those crises which we know cannot end happily. Sometimes he asks us, as in his short stories, to look not at beauty, but at the ironies of life, whether petty or grim. This side of his art is represented in 'Satires of Circumstance' (1914), fifteen terrible little poems in which casual encounters are used to disclose bitter truths.

To understand Hardy's poems, perhaps, one should first have a natural sympathy for his novels. The philosophy in neither is remarkable — as an argument it would be feeble. His power comes from his talent for identifying the philosophy with a picture of life, and it is the positive element in him, the deep love of life, which fascinates us. Sometimes this positive note is so strong that we are ready to accuse him of perverseness — we feel he is deliberately suppressing magnificent enthusiasms for the sake of seeming sophisticated. This impression is strengthened by his style, by his deliberate use of conversational words and casual constructions, as though with all the poetry in him, he did not care altogether to admit himself a poet. Yet the total effect of his verse is that of true song. His imitators have indicated his power, by failing lamentably to achieve his results; they have copied the unpromising subjects and the unadorned manner, but they none of them suggest the surge of poetry underneath.

The most important figure in twentieth-century British poetry, belonging wholly to the later years and still actively writing, is John Masefield (1874–). His affinities to Kipling and to Hardy are easy to recognize, though his work is powerfully individual. His first books of verse, 'Salt-Water Ballads' (1902), and 'Ballads' (1903), celebrated the sea and the sailor's life with the same vigorous and somewhat external accuracy as characterized Kipling's early work. Some of the poems, however, gave evidence of another gift, a lyric power more musical than Hardy's, but voicing the same love of landscape, the same sense of nature in the large, and the same regret, or yearning, or homesickness, as it has been called. The impression made by these early volumes, and by some short sea tales in prose, was comparatively slight. Masefield's fame began with 'The Everlasting Mercy' (1911), and was firmly established by the succession of three other long poems, 'The Widow in the Bye-

Street' (1912), 'Dauber' (1913), and 'The Daffodil Fields' (1913). His 'Collected Poems' appeared in 1923.

In these poems there is a powerful mixture of rough fact with sensitiveness of observation and acute sympathy, and in the case of 'The Everlasting Mercy' the roughness is transformed by a mystical exaltation, ascribed to the hero of the poem but perhaps expressing an integral part of Masefield's own temperament. Certainly the mysticism reappears in his later sonnets. He has the eye for external detail which one may call reporting, or which one may refer to the method of the modern short story, and like Kipling he likes to use this faculty on aspects of life which are elemental. Poverty, hunger, thirst, and sex are the large ingredients out of which he creates beauty. That is to say, tragic beauty. Like Hardy, he is disposed to observe the soul in moments of defeat, though his tendency toward mysticism permits him to escape Hardy's pessimism. Like Hardy, he is the poet of the English landscape, which he sings as few have done since Chaucer or Shakespeare. When he is busy with this theme, he avoids the philosophizing of Wordsworth and the detailed painting of Tennyson, and renders the freshness and the joy of nature with the spontaneity of the older poets. There are few lovelier passages in English verse than those lyric bursts which surprise us in 'The Everlasting Mercy.' His love of the sea and of ships is expressed in many poems, most remarkably perhaps in the grim narrative of 'Dauber,' where the contrast between the painter zealous for his art and the titanic forces which annihilate him seems almost a parable of the conflict between old esthetic attitudes and the social and economic demands of our time.

In his later work Masefield is less objective, more meditative — perhaps we should add, less forceful. At present the four long poems seem to be his masterpieces.

A poet who has affinities with both Hardy and Masefield is Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1878–). He writes of the poor, and of life in its uncomfortable and wretched aspects, with something of the humane purpose of George Crabbe, and with not a little of that subdued manner which makes Crabbe, for all but imaginative readers, difficult. Underneath the manner, one feels in Gibson the same genuine interest in life close to the soil which appeals to us in Hardy. If the poor in Crabbe's poems had suddenly become better off, perhaps Crabbe would not have written about them at all, but Gibson, we fancy, would still look for his subjects in that part of society which is furthest from a complicated civilization. We feel, too, that he shares Masefield's interest in a stark conflict, in a desperate collision of man with his environment — without such an external peril one doubts whether either poet would consider any story truly dramatic. And like both Hardy and Masefield, Gibson is a story-teller; sometimes the reader asks whether he might not have put his material just as well into prose. Often he tells his narrative through dialogue, describing the scene and the persons in stage directions, and letting them speak

for themselves. Yet he is not a dramatist, and in spite of the play form, we know the scene is not to be acted. He is essentially a story-teller.

One wonders a little why this modern poet has reverted to a kind of theme and a kind of manner which were familiar at the end of the eighteenth century. The description of the sufferings of the laboring classes has been accomplished so often and so powerfully that a poet might doubt whether with this material he could arouse a greater sympathy than his predecessors. Perhaps Gibson is primarily a literary man rather than a humanitarian. The suspicion, if it is just, explains why, with all his power, he does not make the sincere appeal which Hardy does, or Masefield. He may have turned to this subject matter in the modern search for something to write about. At least his early verses were on literary themes; it was only with 'Stonefolds' (1907), that he began to publish a series of volumes in his new manner, 'Daily Bread' (1910), 'Womenkind' (1912), 'Fires' (1912), 'Thoroughfares' and 'Borderlands' (1914), 'Battle' (1915), 'Livelihood' (1917), 'Collected Poems' (1917), and 'Neighbors' (1920).

In the dramatic dialogue Gibson uses verse of extreme looseness. His habit is approximately that of the free-verse writers in England and America — he discards the old line rhythms and substitutes phrase-patterns. The irregular stretches of print represent the phrasing he wishes the reader to put on the language. He differs from the best writers of free verse, however, in the degree to which he is willing to approach the undistinguished phrases of conversation. His work illustrates a vogue which has obtained even more in America than in England, a determination to be natural at all costs to poetic diction and poetic glamour. The unquestioned power of his most successful work comes somewhat exclusively from the appeal of the subject.

With the exception of Masefield, none of the poets so far mentioned cared to make use of the musical possibilities of English verse; because of their success it is easy to get the impression that song for its own sake is disappearing from British literature. Apparently, however, it is the public which has ceased to appreciate pure song — the number of poets who excel in it is surprisingly large, but with a few exceptions their audience is small. At the turn of the century William Watson (1858–) was for the select reader an important figure. He had the gift of criticism in verse, a kind of criticism which proceeds by love and enthusiasm rather than by analysis. His odes on Tennyson and on Wordsworth are as wise appraisals of those masters as one is likely to come on, and the verse in which the appraisal is made has always a noble, sometimes a magnificent tone. Watson's poetry as a whole owes much of its inspiration to former literature, not because he is an imitator, but because the world in which he lived contained masterpieces of art, and he was just as much aware of them as of other items in his environment. It was not in his ideal of truth to close his eyes to all but one aspect of the human inheritance — to respond only, let us say, to the social or economic problems and never to the spiritual

achievements. His best work, however, belongs to the nineteenth century. His 'Selected Poems' were published in 1903.

A poet whose work parallels Watson's, but whose gift was more remarkable, was Stephen Phillips (1864–1915). Like Watson he did his finest work before 1900, but in the first decade of the new century he wrote a number of poetic dramas, some of which were produced on the stage — 'Paolo and Francesca' (1900), 'Herod' (1901), 'Ulysses' (1902), 'The Sin of David' (1904), 'Nero' (1906), 'Faust' (1908). Though he had always been interested in plays and in acting, he was not a dramatist, and these works, in spite of many beauties, were singularly out of tune with the tendencies of the modern theater. They are read now for what makes his narrative poems and lyrics among the most precious in the language — the extraordinary flexibility and loveliness of the verse, and the consequent power to evoke emotions of a subtle and haunting quality. His two masterpieces, 'Christ in Hades,' and 'Marpessa,' are included in his 'Poems' (1898). 'New Poems' (1907) contained narratives and lyrics only a little less remarkable.

His use of blank verse was modeled on the patterns which Milton developed, and which were at last understood by English poets about the time when Phillips began to write. In the memoir of Tennyson by his son certain remarks of the laureate are quoted which show that he understood how varied and free Milton's blank verse was, and must be if it is properly read, but the less acute reader had found in 'Paradise Lost' only a rather stiff and formal alternation of accented and unaccented syllables. The new way of reading the great poet opened up new possibilities, new effects of music and of emphasis. Phillips embraced the opportunity with such enthusiasm that some critics found him too experimental, conservative as he seems today.

His verse followed the tradition of the great poets in using the utmost variety of accent and rhythm, but with such respect for the natural cadence of the language that when it is read for the sense, the rhythmic patterns easily indicate themselves. Some critics have felt that Phillips was so interested in newly discovered verse combinations that his inspiration lagged somewhat behind these external effects, but it is hard for anyone to read 'Marpessa' and the noble 'Christ in Hades' without believing that a great poet was lost, or at least went astray, when Phillips turned his attention to his dramas. In his later work he showed the loyalty to the Shakespearean tradition, perhaps to the tradition of Racine in France, which has often misled the modern dramatist, who after all must meet the conditions of the contemporary stage. The best of the dramas poetically is 'Paolo and Francesca,' in which many speeches convey the haunting effects for which his early poems are memorable.

One cannot refer to the metrical experiments of Stephen Phillips without thinking at once of Robert Bridges (1844–), poet laureate of England since 1913. About few literary figures of our time do critical opinions differ so much. Bridges, in a long life of steady production, has won the profound

respect of the literary guild, but has missed rather completely anything that might be called popular success. Among the literary craftsmen who admire him some hold that his genius is exclusively for versification and that the substance of his work is thin. Others, notably Lafcadio Hearn, have expressed their most enthusiastic admiration for the subtle emotions and the keen observation which they find in all his best work. Bridges is above all things a cultured poet, having a wide acquaintance with the best work of the past, and having derived also from his early profession of medicine a remarkable acquaintance with science, and with those aspects of human nature with which the doctor comes in contact. To say with some critics that he simply carries on the classical tradition is to be altogether blind to the novelty of his subject matter. His approach to human nature is only slightly through the traditional avenues of romance. He is more interested in the special case in which some psychological or spiritual state calls at least for attention and often for a cure. To class him as one of the innovators of the period would not occur to the undiscriminating reader. Yet it may well be found by future historians that his subject matter as well as his metrical experiments have provided inspiration and suggestion for the most modern writers of our time.

The best approach to Bridges' metrical experiments is through his study entitled 'Milton's Prosody' (1893), a masterpiece of criticism. In this volume he demonstrated what the reading world had generally overlooked — the quite extraordinary flexibility of Milton's verse — the variety of rhythm, even of line structure, which far surpassed the liberties of free verse. In his own work Bridges imitated this august example, but with a peculiar quality personal to himself. His verse gives the effect of music — that is, of a particularly fairy-like music. It is not robust nor forceful in the Miltonic tradition, nor has it any of the prettiness sometimes to be found in Keats and Shelley, and none of the saccharine quality of Swinburne. It has the definiteness of outline and the austerity of mood often noticed in modern painting. Many readers who try to recognize in this period indications of what is to come next in our literary development, believe Bridges prophetic of a new kind of simplicity.

During the War he published in 1917 an anthology of great quotations from various literatures in which he had hoped to give comfort during the agonies of the great conflict. This slender book, 'The Spirit of Man,' disclosed to a wider public, perhaps, than had known him before, the nobility of his nature and the exquisiteness of his taste. If one should omit the preface, which carried in it some momentary war rancours, one might well consider the book as among the most exquisite garlands of human thought and feeling. It characterizes our time, our desire for an international understanding of the world, and for a universal appreciation of art, quite as faithfully as Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury' represented the Victorian interest. The first collection of Bridges' work, in six volumes, appeared as early as 1898.

If Bridges seems to be a traditional poet and yet is a modern, one might

say the reverse of A. E. Housman (1859–), whose two volumes, 'A Shropshire Lad' (1896) and 'Last Poems' (1922), have sufficed to give him a first place in contemporary British literature. These two books are practically one in mood, subject, and treatment. They represent the incidental creative work of a well-known classical scholar, yet few readers would suspect the book-learning behind Housman's spontaneous and vital lyrics. He writes with a delightful frankness and power about three or four subjects — love, which he treats as a youthful passion not widely distinguished from the madness of sex — friendship, which he sets on an equality with love — beauty, which for him is quite as often beauty of the landscape as the human beauty — and death. Death he treats almost always in violent forms, never as a natural decline after old age. He writes of murders and hangings and sudden death in battle with a gusto which those subjects do not usually inspire, and with an almost wilful insistence on the grimness of the fact. When he writes of the beauty of nature, it is to insist on the flight of time and the shortness of all beauty. When he sings of love, he manages to insert, often with a masterly wit, ironic possibilities — the ease with which the lovers will forget each other and turn to some one else, the self-delusion which may lurk in the most radiant romance, the physical basis of the passion which in the end may or may not betray the soul.

When 'A Shropshire Lad' appeared and enjoyed at once its enormous and apparently lasting success, Housman was greeted as an ultra-modern voice speaking courageously about some hard facts which softer people prefer not to notice. Yet there is hardly a poem in his two volumes for which a parallel or a model could not be found in the later lyric poetry of Rome, and in the Latin verse of the Middle Ages. In some cases the poems are brilliant paraphrases of well-known originals.

To say this is not in the least to detract from Housman's extraordinary achievement. The old themes have in his handling a convincing quality, a note of personal sincerity, which in the original was often lacking, and the fact that other times have been interested in such themes does not prove, of course, that they are not characteristic also of our own day.

The music of Housman's verse is so strongly marked that it has inevitably affected any number of verse-writers in the last thirty years, both in England and in the United States. It is far more simple than that of Bridges or of Stephen Phillips, but the simplicity is disarming and perhaps deceptive. In the hands of his imitators this manner has become somewhat too casual and facile, but in Housman's own work the apparent ease goes with a superb economy and control.

Sir Henry Newbolt (1862–) must be included in any group of modern British poets distinguished for verse music. He has, however, quite as many affinities with Masefield, even with Kipling, as with these other writers just mentioned. His early work was occupied with rather conventional literary

themes, as in his Arthurian drama, 'Mordred' (1895). Two years later, however, in 'Admirals All,' he entered upon the field which he has made peculiarly his own, the celebration of the romance of the sea, especially of England's sea history. In this feeling for the sea, as well as in a certain nobility of mood, he reminds one of Masefield, and in the nationalistic implications of his work he suggests Kipling, but it is not the life of the modern sailor which he sings of. In that respect he differs entirely from both Masefield and Kipling. Nelson and Drake, and the other heroes of the past, are in his songs poetic symbols of England's greatness, and perhaps of something more, of man's triumphs over nature. He has been compared to Swinburne, but Swinburne's sea poems are concerned with the water itself, quite as much as with man upon it, whereas Newbolt is thinking always in terms of the human spirit.

His later volumes are 'The Island Race' (1898), 'Collected Poems' (1910), and 'A New Study of English Poetry' (1917), a remarkably wise book full of the intuition of an accomplished poet about his art.

When we say that a poet produces the effect of music, we usually mean that his verse has such a quality of music in it as would be destroyed or obscured if the words were actually set to notes and sung. The difference between actual song and verse-music is enormous. Newbolt, however, has recovered the gift which so many of the Elizabethans enjoyed, of producing verse charming in itself and equally charming when sung. Of all the writers of this period he is probably the truest song-writer in the sense that he furnishes a text for the other art. His sea songs are even better known in their musical setting than in their exclusively literary form.

Alfred Noyes (1880–) is the poet of this period who has enjoyed the widest popular success. In his own way he combines many of the traits we have just noticed in Masefield, Newbolt, Housman, Kipling, and Hardy. His gift is for story-telling, yet he has great metrical facility and a deep sense of the romance of the English past. It has been his good fortune to establish himself as a considerable artist, and at the same time to win a reading public which ordinarily might not care for poetry at all. It is a fair guess that his narrative ability accounts for this large audience. He might have won a high place as a short-story writer if he had not chosen verse for his medium. The quality of his contribution is indicated by such volumes as 'Forty Singing Seamen' (1907), 'Tales of the Mermaid Tavern' (1915), and his long narrative poem, 'Drake' (1908). The delightful title poem of the first book illustrates his ability to tell a story which is fanciful and humorous, but which in his rendering becomes poetic and haunting. The 'Tales of the Mermaid Tavern,' as the title would indicate, is a more serious volume with more substantial subject matter, but with the same power and charm. In 'Drake,' Noyes tried to write something approaching an epic, an account of the most adventurous period of English history, which should indicate the largeness of man's character in those days and the destiny which was working through

them. Opinions differ as to the success of this attempt, perhaps because Noyes tried to maintain throughout a certain dignity of verse-music such as the traditional epic calls for, thereby denying himself the use of his various kinds of skill in verse-making. The poem to some readers is rather long, but in sections it makes as deep an impression as anything written in these years, and it seems likely to maintain its position in that literature of respect to which we pay tribute, even though we do not make it our companion. Noyes has collected his verse in a series of volumes, beginning in 1910.

Ralph Hodgson has won a high reputation, like Housman, with very few poems. His early poems appeared in small verse pamphlets, and were collected in 'The Last Blackbird' (1907) and 'Poems' (1917). Three of his poems, 'The Song of Honor,' 'Eve,' and, 'Time, You Old Gypsy Man,' are usually included in anthologies of this period, and are regarded by most readers of poetry as safely among the unforgettable things in our language. In these, as in some of his shorter things, Hodgson fascinates with the picture he creates rather than with any remembrance of reality which he stirs up in us. He is the pure artist, apparently standing as much apart from actual life as the most abstractive painters and musicians, and yet creating something clear, human, and sensuously lovely. The nationalistic theme found in some of these other poets he ignores. Spontaneous and vital as his verse-music is, he seems to owe little to earlier poets. He is not primarily a story-teller, he has little of the satiric impulse and none of the instinct for propaganda which marks our modern life. He is not even sympathetic, it would seem, with our present interest in psychology, so called; he is simply a poet responding to life in his own way. Yet perhaps these differences represent in him and in our time a characteristic reaction, a determination to recover a simple attitude toward life and to get free, to some extent, from the complicated influences which become too great a burden.

Somewhat in Hodgson's class is Walter de la Mare (1873–), a poet of exquisite fancy, and master of extraordinary verse technique. He differs from Hodgson most, perhaps, in the wistfulness which characterizes almost all his work, a suggestion of spiritual homesickness which some critics look for as the characteristic strain in contemporary poetry. Much of his verse is designed for children, or is about childhood, and some critics have compared it to the kindred verse of R. L. Stevenson. De la Mare, however, is more whimsical than Stevenson, more other-worldly, if you choose. His power is in the suggestion of haunting effects, the stimulation in the reader of such emotions as are usually produced by fairy tales and ghost stories. The poem which is most often reproduced in anthologies, 'The Listeners,' parallels achievements of modern painting, or of the music of Debussy. It tells no story which could be summarized as plot, yet it produces on the reader a sense of the complete and articulate experience, a brief drama in which profound meanings seem to be conveyed. Just what the meanings are would be hard to say.

The technique of De la Mare's verse associates him in our minds with Noyes, and to some extent with Hodgson, and yet it has a separate quality quite easily recognized. It conveys the effect of strong rhythms even when it avoids the steady beat which Newbolt and Noyes use. A parallel could be found again in modern music, where the rhythm is preserved even with such syncopations and rests as leave the theme itself apparently casual and uncontrolled. De la Mare's 'Collected Poems' appeared in two volumes in 1920.

The suggestion that the simplicity of Ralph Hodgson and the apparent detachment of his interest from contemporary life are a reaction against the very things he appears to ignore, occurs strongly in De la Mare's case. Though he writes often for children or about them, he is one of the most sophisticated poets of this group, such a writer as would probably appear in no time but our own. His most appreciative admirers seem to be the older people who have had a long habit of poetry reading.

John Drinkwater (1882–) is primarily a dramatist. His play 'Abraham Lincoln' (1918), made him known to the English-speaking world, and his later work for the theater has tended still further to obscure his reputation as a verse writer, yet before his success in the drama he had won an important place as a lyric poet. His lyrics are philosophical, wise observations on experience with a leaning to the intellectual rather than the emotional aspects of it. In subject matter he associates himself with Bridges more than with any of these others we have noticed. Technically his manner is extremely simple and sincere, in some ways more what we might expect from the modern poet than what we find in Noyes or De la Mare. Perhaps it is the dramatist's instinct which makes him avoid words and phrases which are too far from our conversational habit. He keeps remarkably clear of all poetic diction. He also avoids any apparent experimenting in metrics. It is usual to say of his verse that it has a quiet but unemotional dignity — with the implication that the poetic quality of it is low. This verdict is in the opinion of many readers unjust, but since Drinkwater is primarily preoccupied with ideas, it is not likely that his work will receive any large welcome outside of the limited group of readers who have the intellectual training to follow all his implications. His 'Poems and Plays,' in two volumes, appeared in 1923.

Lascelles Abercrombie (1884–) enjoys a very high reputation among the poets themselves and is one of the most striking figures of this period. In 1909 he published 'Interludes and Poems,' in 1912 'Emblems of Love.' Abercrombie writes narrative poems and dialogues on ancient themes, often on Scriptural stories. He is using the old material, however, as a truly creative artist would, to express with it his own time. He has an interest in character after the Browning fashion, which leads him to reinterpret the old stories not from the point of view of the doctrine they were originally intended to illustrate, but from the point of view of the people who appear in them, assuming that those characters were in ancient times exactly what they would be now.

To appreciate poetry of this sort it is necessary for the reader to have some familiarity with the material used. In dealing so frequently with Biblical themes, Abercrombie had some right to suppose that his audience would be at home in his material. Since an acquaintance with the Bible stories, however, seems to decrease rapidly in the English-speaking world, Abercrombie has missed the large audience that his work deserves. He is a poet of subtle and strong imagination, of unusual intellectual power, and of deep human sympathies. In his criticism he is the defender of the great tradition, but with the most intelligent understanding of the terms on which any art maintains its vitality as it is passed from generation to generation.

W. H. Davies (1870–) is in the opinion of many English critics the most picturesque and perhaps the most typical poet of this period. He gained a sudden and not altogether fortunate notoriety with the publication of his autobiography in 1906. It was Bernard Shaw who first recognized his very great gifts. From the autobiography it was learned that Davies had spent many years as a tramp, and it is still not unusual to see references to him as a tramp-poet. Those readers who turn to his verse with some preconception as to the kind of poetry a tramp should write, receive a distinct surprise. Davies is quite simply a nature poet, a singer of extraordinary beauty, and of unusually naïve emotions. In the simplest terms he writes about what he loves, and his instinct is for the purest kind of beauty. Needless to say, his work passes over most of the themes we have mentioned as characterizing the period. He is in no sense a propagandist or nationalist, nor is he in the narrow sense a psychologist. He appears to have no theories at all about technique or meter. On the other hand, there is nothing in his work to imply, as in Hodgson and De la Mare, a conscious search for simplicity. His work is really spontaneous. This indicates also the limitation of his poems, for even in past centuries, the Elizabethan period, for example, the gift for spontaneous song has never precluded concern also with the master ideas of the times. In his own sphere Davies seems secure. When he writes of human nature, it is often with that moralizing impulse we call Wordsworthian — which attempts to find a lesson for man in the phenomena about him. This part of his work is not the most successful poetically, but may in the end prove the most popular, since the desire for overt moralizing persists in readers of the English-speaking countries. Davies has published 'The Soul's Destroyer' (1907), 'Collected Poems' (1916, 1923, and 1928), 'Forty New Poems' (1918), and 'Song of Life' (1920).

One of the most remarkable groups of poets of this period, perhaps the most gifted, as a whole, were the Irish writers who in the first decade of the century revived the ancient Celtic tradition in verse and on the stage. The first of these, perhaps the most important, was William Butler Yeats (1865–). The son of a distinguished artist, himself steeped in English and other literatures, he devoted himself to recovering for modern poetry and drama the stories of ancient Irish culture. In a sense his purpose was quite

as nationalistic and quite as much in the nature of propaganda as Kipling's, but the result is often the purest art. His early poems used Irish legend for their themes, and were for ordinary readers rather cryptic. He then began to write with a simpler appeal to human experience, and the poems of this second kind, though they remained Celtic in feeling, were easily understood everywhere. On the stage his talent showed itself in the same double form — partly preoccupied with Irish themes or with emotions peculiar to the Irish political situation, and partly with universal subjects, very moving and noble. Yet even when he is dealing with Irish politics, as in the play 'Cathleen Ni Hoolihan,' he produces poetry of the finest quality. The music of his verse may owe much to ancient Irish tradition — of that the average reader cannot judge, but apparently his own great gift for style has molded whatever he derived from earlier sources. In his prose as well as his verse he introduced a rhythm of phrase quite distinct from the ordinary beat of English verse, and suggesting the cadence of Irish speech on its native soil. Like many other poets who wore the manner of spontaneity in this period, Yeats is a thoughtful and calculated artist, and his work is no doubt a conscious attempt to parallel such revivals of ancient literature and language as Mistral achieved for Provence. Yet whatever his purpose, his ability is of such high order that his work seems likely to last when the occasion of it, political or otherwise, has been forgotten. His dramas, like his poems, have a singular fairy quality, and create an extraordinary imaginative mood. On some audiences they produce a compelling effect, to others they seem dreamy and undramatic. The nearest parallel to them in contemporary literature elsewhere is in the early dramas of Maeterlinck, of which, of course, the same criticisms have been made. Besides the drama already mentioned, Yeats's best known plays are 'The Countess Kathleen' (1892), 'The Land of Heart's Desire' (1894), 'The Shadowy Waters' (1900), 'Deirdre' (1907). 'The Wind Among the Reeds' (1899) is perhaps his most characteristic volume of poems. His 'Collected Works,' in eight volumes, appeared in 1908.

With Yeats we associate John Millington Synge (1871–1909). He came at poetry, as Yeats did, somewhat indirectly through various phases of European culture. In fact, it is understood that he was in Europe studying music and languages when Yeats turned his attention to the possibilities of a new Irish literature. Following Yeats's advice, he paid a visit to the remote Aran Islands, studying the language of the natives, and building up a curious composite speech in which words and phrases were collected and brought together like jewels. His account of this episode he told in his prose volume, 'The Aran Islands,' a book which illustrates the new vocabulary he had composed. His poems were published shortly after his death in a volume called 'Poems and Translations,' but his fame had already been made by his magnificent plays, 'Riders to the Sea' (1903), 'The Well of the Saints' (1905), 'The Playboy of the Western World' (1907). Of these the finest is probably 'Riders to the

Sea,' one of the most powerful tragedies in the language. The success of this play was due somewhat to the skill of the Irish Players from the Abbey Theater in Dublin, who made it familiar to English-speaking audiences in Europe and America. For the enjoyment of any of this literature perhaps it is necessary to hear in the lines the cadence of Irish speech. Synge's plays, like Yeats's, lost much when performed by English or Americans. This fact may seem to prove that the plays are not intrinsically dramatic, but the Irish writers in general held to a theory which is gaining ground among contemporary critics, that the style of the dialogue, the cadence of the speech, is of far more importance to a play than criticism has usually believed, at least during the latter half of the nineteenth century. It is under the influence, indirectly, of this Irish movement that some attempt has been made during this period to recover on the stage the purely verbal felicities of Shakespeare, and the revival of Euripides in Professor Gilbert Murray's translations has given many audiences the opportunity to see that the ancient Greek drama, like this modern Irish, depended upon the speeches for a large part of the action.

Synge gives the impression of having been more exclusively interested in art than his colleagues. With them there was certainly some purpose of restoring Irish life as a whole. He remained somewhat exclusively a literary man. In his lifetime his preoccupation with art was perhaps slightly overlooked because of the discussions roused by his 'Playboy of the Western World.' That delightful fancy caused distress to some of his countrymen, and on one or two occasions the performance of it resulted in an actual riot. To the non-Irish reader it is difficult to understand what was objectionable in the play, but unfortunately many readers now approach Synge's work looking for some revolutionary tendency. It is reasonable to believe, however, that with time he will rank high among the truest artists in his country or England. His 'Poems and Plays,' four volumes, appeared in 1910.

Yeats and Synge were intimately associated in the work of the Irish revival with Lady Gregory and Douglas Hyde. Lady Gregory translated the ancient Irish epic, 'Cuchulain of Muirthemne.' This prose version is one of the most poetic books of British literature. She also has been a prime mover in the work of the Abbey Theater, and it was under her guidance that the Irish Players visited the United States. For the Irish Players she has written a number of delightful prose comedies, all of them poetic in mood.

Douglas Hyde (1860–) like Lady Gregory, has a scholarly knowledge of the Irish language and literature, and much of his most original work has been composed in Gaelic. Besides his translations, 'The Love Songs of Connaught' (1904), he has retold, in 'By the Fireside,' some of the best of the old folk-tales, and he has composed plays which for sentiment and humor perhaps outrank those of any other writer in the Irish school. His little drama of Raftery returning from the grave to assure the happiness of two young lovers, has all the qualities which endear the Irish genius to the rest of the world.

But it is as a scholar that he has probably exercised most influence, giving substance and accuracy to what might have been otherwise a merely sentimental cult. Not all of the poets in the Irish renascence have had a practical command of the old language, nor ready access to the early versions of the legends they wished to restate. The work of competent translators like Lady Gregory and Dr. Hyde was essential to the success of the movement.

The Irish writers themselves seem agreed that George William Russell (1867–), who signs his poems "A. E.," is in certain extraordinary ways their most gifted and inspiring colleague. He is a painter as well as a poet, and he has labored for his country as successfully in the economic field and the political as in the literary. To the reading world he is known by his exquisite lyrics, which though they show the visionary and imaginative traits which belong to the Celt, have also a general appeal which makes Russell seem one of the most international of the Irish poets. He has published 'Homeward Songs by the Way' (1894), and 'The Earth Breath and Other Poems' (1897). His 'Collected Poems' were published in 1913.

The mysticism and fancy which gives quality to most Irish poetry is strongly exaggerated in the work of Lord Dunsany (1878–), one of the more recent of this group. Though he stands apart from the half dozen poets and scholars who inaugurated and directed the Celtic revival, he is obviously influenced by the current of the movement, and for many readers he has become its representative. The restatement of old legend and the depicting of neglected aspects of Irish life would naturally wear itself out; Dunsany has applied the method to fresh material, and has invented his own fairy tales, and discovered fantastic subjects in normal experience. His themes are often fantastic rather than fanciful, some of them become in his treatment grotesque; what gives him importance is his gift of wonder, the glamour which he finds in all he observes and which he creates again in every line he writes. No one in our time has more of that noble and invincible madness which Plato thought should be the mark of the poet.

Most writers of the fanciful or fantastic sort tend to become pretty or trifling. Dunsany has a force and a power rare in any poetry, and unmatched in this Irish group. Though he seems to be dealing with old legends, with events which happened far away and long ago, there is in his work, naturally, no regret for a disappearing past, since it is not a historical past he has in mind, nor is there the note of despair which we find, for example, in Synge. However grim the story, Dunsany tells it with gusto, relishing the excitement of a good plot and the beauty he can make out of it.

For this reason he is sometimes called melodramatic. Certainly his plays, stripped of his splendid manner, reduce themselves to violent and sometimes incredible elements, but he might defend himself by reminding us that Shakespeare's plays do the same. It is well for Dunsany that his rich style is supported by so strong and obvious an interest as melodramatic plot supplies.

James Stephens (1882–) is better known as a novelist than as a poet. His 'Crock of Gold' (1912), has a high place in contemporary fiction. But his volumes of verse — 'Insurrections' (1909), 'Hill of Vision' (1912), 'Collected Poems' (1920 and 1926), 'Songs from the Clay' (1914), 'Reincarnations' (1917) — have given him a position somewhere between Synge and Dunsany, with both of whom he has affinities. He is less fantastic than Dunsany, more obviously biting and ironic, wilder and more impish — a sort of playboy in the world of modern books, and he is far more joyous and high-spirited than Synge. Like all these poets, he can reveal profound understandings of nature — accompanied in his case by the disposition to find the ironic implications in beauty, and to cover the irony again with a laugh.

His 'Irish Fairy Tales' are known to children and their elders everywhere. They make an excellent introduction to his poetry, since they accustom us to his irresponsible mingling of gay and serious moods, of wit and beauty, of sheer fun with mystic perceptions.

A number of other poets, all important for various reasons, are more or less associated with this Irish revival in the beginning of the twentieth century, which we refer to loosely as the Celtic renascence. Katherine Tynan Hinkson (1861–), one of the leaders of the movement, has published 'Irish Love Songs' (1892), 'Irish Poems' (1914), 'Flower of Youth' (1915), 'Herb o' Grace' (1918), 'New Poems' (1911). Her themes are usually religious, but she has written beautifully of nature and of domestic life, and the quiet wisdom in all her work has won her a loyal if somewhat special audience.

Padraic Colum (1881–), now living in America, was one of the early writers for the Abbey Theater, and in addition to his plays he has made admirable story books for children. It is on his poetry, however, that his wide reputation now rests. His published plays are 'Broken Soil' (1904), 'The Land' (1905), and 'Thomas Muskerry' (1910). His verse is collected in 'Wild Earth and Other Poems' (1907), and 'Dramatic Poems' (1922). In his verse the influence of his dramatic writing has been remarked, but he is primarily a singer, with a talent for turning the simple aspirations of the average heart into lovely music. No one of these writers is saner, and the clear beauty of his verse harmonizes with the serene wisdom which all his work implies.

Moira O'Neill, one of the first of the Irish group, owes her reputation to one volume, 'Songs from the Glen of Antrim' (1900), and an expanded edition, 'More Songs from the Glen of Antrim' (1922). She attracted attention by the spontaneity of her songs, the casual beauty of which suggested a folk origin, close to the soil. She still represents those Irish poets who seem, whether or not they really are, more influenced by the peasant life of their country than by any sophisticated culture.

Seumas O'Sullivan (James Starkey) (1879–) is a disciple of "A. E.," under whose guidance he began to publish. Like the better known poet, he is

a mystic and a nature lover. His volumes are 'The Twilight People' (1905), 'The Earth Lover' (1909), and 'Poems' (1912). Joseph Campbell (1881–), an artist and illustrator, has published several books of memorable verse, in which the imagination is perhaps affected by his training in art. His poems are visually clear, and he has a remarkable sense of form. His volumes are 'The Rushlight' (1906), 'The Mountainy Singer' (1909), and 'Irishry' (1913). James Joyce (1882–), the extraordinary prose writer who won recognition with 'Dubliners' (1914) and 'A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man' (1916), and who later perplexed the reading world with 'Ulysses' (1922), has published a volume of verse, 'Chamber Music' (1918), which is undeservedly overshadowed by his novels. In his poetry as in his prose he has remarkable gifts, an unusual force and an enviable power to stimulate the imagination of the reader. In subject matter, however, he has strayed far from the usual interests of the Irish group, and in his preoccupation with art problems as seen from the Continental point of view he illustrates a return to something like that disillusioned wandering from which Yeats rescued Synge.

The Irish poet Francis Ledwidge, born in 1891 and killed in the War, in 1917, is typical of a considerable group, from all parts of Britain, who seem to have been on the way to fame when the conflict cost them their lives. It is difficult even yet to evaluate their work, since the pathos of their death gives them still a special attention. Ledwidge was undoubtedly gifted. He wrote in the best tradition of the romantic poets of England, and would probably have found in time his own manner.

Rupert Brooke (1887–1915), to whose death Ledwidge refers in a fine poem, is the best known of the young English poets lost in the War. The friend of Lascelles Abercrombie, Gibson, Walter de la Mare, and many other writers in England and America, Brooke impressed all who met him with the splendor of his personality and the unusual promise of his talent. He published 'Poems' (1911), but it was the collected volume (1915), after his death, which justified his friends' faith in him. Several of the War poems, especially the well-known sonnet, 'The Soldier,' are much quoted, probably because they express the early generous mood of the War, the crusading ideal. But the more characteristic work of Brooke, on which one can base a guess as to what his development would have been, are poems like 'The Great Lover,' in which he has reminded us of our love of ordinary objects, or the poems in which he describes in absence familiar scenes, reminding us again of the memories we carry about with us. To say that Brooke was a genius is to indicate our faith in him; his accomplishment was not great. But his brilliant beginnings, and the fact that his loss fairly early in the War shocked the English-speaking world of letters, have made of him something of a legend.

Much the same remark might be made of Edward Thomas (1878–1917). Americans associate him with Robert Frost, whose friend he was, and to whom

his 'Poems' (1917) are dedicated. Like Frost, Thomas excelled in a kind of inward observation, a sincere grasp of his own reactions which is as far as possible from morbid introspection; and like Frost he had an indescribably clear lyric gift. His plain statements are haunting. How he would have developed, we are free to guess, but one or two of his poems, like the 'If I Should Ever By Chance Grow Rich,' are widely loved, and will probably long be remembered.

The poets who lived through the horrors of the War have usually not cared to write much about it, or if they have, their verse has recorded the disillusion of the later years, and of the years following the armistice. Robert Graves (1895–), in 'Fairies and Fusiliers' (1917), sings of battle and campaign scenes with realism but without bitterness, stripping away false romance but allowing the mind to find material for wonder even in the cold facts he describes. His second volume, 'Country Sentiment' (1919), deals with more traditional themes. Robert Nichols (1893–) wrote of the War with greater passion, and with a keener sense, perhaps, of its tragedies. He published 'Invocation' (1915), 'Ardours and Endurances' (1917), and 'The Flower of Flame' (1920). Siegfried Loraine Sassoon (1886–), in three remarkable volumes voiced the resentment of youth against war and all its works, even while the poet was taking his part in the conflict. Whatever Sassoon eventually accomplishes, these books of verse, 'The Old Huntsman' (1917), 'Counter-Attack' (1918), and 'Picture Show' (1920) will remain among the most powerful protests the War called forth.

A number of minor schools of poetry deserve separate mention, though English poetry does not usually range itself in group movements, as French poetry often does, and the poets composing the twentieth-century schools are more important as individuals than as illustrators of a theory. Toward the end of the first decade of the century the Imagists spread the doctrine that poetry should be specific, should convey an image, should avoid eloquence, swelling periods, the grand style. Since there could be no permanent objection to a theory so mild, the Imagists as such have declined from public attention. F. S. Flint (1885–) and Richard Aldington (1892–) have happily survived the movement. Flint has published 'In the Net of the Stars' (1909), 'Cadences' (1915), and 'Otherworld' (1920). Aldington's verse is collected in 'Images New and Old' (1915), 'War and Love' (1919), 'Images of War' (1919), and 'Images of Desire' (1920).

Among the radicals, so-called, Osbert Sitwell (1892–), his brilliant sister Edith (1887–), and his brother Sacheverell (1897–), brought cleverness to take the place of the beauty supposed to be the stuff of poetry. The tendency to smartness in verse-writing, however, was short-lived, and at present the danger is rather that the youngest poets will revert too slavishly to the old models.

Harold Monro (1879–) founded in 1912 the Poetry Bookshop, one of

the best known literary centers of London during this period. The friend and guide of poets, he is himself an artist of simplicity and power. His volumes are 'Children of Love' (1914), 'Strange Meetings' (1917), and 'Real Property' (1922). J. C. Squire (1884–), founder and editor of the London Mercury, is an excellent parodist and an original poet of unusual facility. His parodies are collected in 'Imaginary Speeches' (1912) and 'Tricks of the Trade' (1917). His serious work is in 'Poems' (1919). Owen Seaman (1861–), the editor of Punch, is a master of parody and light verse, collected in 'The Battle of the Bays' (1892), and 'In Cap and Bells' (1902). Except for the work of Squire, Seaman's verse stands somewhat alone in this period. The tradition of Praed and of Calverly has temporarily declined.

A number of poets should be mentioned who bridge the nineteenth and twentieth centuries — Arthur Symons (1865–), Laurence Binyon (1869–), Richard Le Gallienne (1866–), and Alice Meynell (1850–1922). Symons collected his verse in two volumes in 1902, and published 'The Fool of the World' in 1907. A prose-writer of great distinction, he resembles the Continental poets rather than the English in the fine intellectual quality of his verse. Binyon, a cousin of Stephen Phillips, collaborated with him in an early volume, 'Primavera' (1890), and published later 'Lyrical Poems' (1894), 'Odes' (1901), 'London Visions' (1906). Le Gallienne, long resident in the United States, has written delightfully in prose as well as in verse, preserving an English tradition of style in the western environment. He has published 'English Poems' (1892), 'The Lonely Dancer' (1913), and 'The Junkman and Other Poems' (1921). Mrs. Meynell's collected 'Poems' were published in 1925. She wrote verse throughout the War, but she is remembered for the gentle beauty of her early work, which retains a wide popularity on both sides of the Atlantic.

William Henry Drummond (1854–1907), born in Ireland, went to Canada in boyhood and became the poet of the French *habitants*. James Elroy Flecker (1884–1915), a poet of unusually colorful imagination, steeped in literary tradition, is remembered for his 'Ninety-Six Poems' (1910), 'Forty-Two Poems' (1911), 'The Golden Journey to Samarkand' (1913), and 'Collected Poems' (1916), and 'Hassan' (1921), a play in verse.

A large number of current novelists and critics are also verse-writers of high excellence, carrying on that double practice which Kipling and Hardy managed successfully. G. K. Chesterton (1874–), and D. H. Lawrence (1885–), to name two widely different temperaments, are perhaps the outstanding illustrations. Chesterton published in 1900 'The Wild Knight and Other Poems.' In 1911 appeared his remarkable 'Ballad of the White Horse,' one of the most striking poems of this period, and in 1915 his 'Poems,' containing verse of the highest excellence. Lawrence, well known for his novels and stories, is a poet of great sensitiveness. He has published 'Amores' (1916), 'Look, We Have Come Through!' (1918), and 'New Poems' (1920).

JOHN ERSKINE

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

FOR an author of reputation so extended, Henley's work is somewhat limited in amount, consisting only of a few small volumes of poetry and essays. These books, however, represent a wide range of study and thought. William Ernest Henley was born in Gloucester, England, in 1849, and was educated in his native city. In 1875 he began to write for the London magazines, and edited for two years a short-lived journal called London, in which many of his verses first appeared. In 1889 he became editor of the Scots Observer (now the National Observer), and afterwards of the New Review, published in London, where he lived. His critical essays contributed to the Saturday Review, the Athenæum, and other journals, were published in 1890 as 'Views and Reviews.' In 1873 appeared 'In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms,' and in 1888 a small 'Book of Verses,' followed by 'The Song of the Sword' (1892), 'Poems' (1898), 'For England's Sake' (1900), 'Hawthorn and Lavender' (1901), 'A Song of Speed' (1903). He also wrote with Robert Louis Stevenson a volume of plays, published in 1893, of which 'Beau Austin' was acted at the Haymarket Theater with great success.

The 'Hospital' verses are unconventional, bold to the verge of daring, and belong perhaps rather to the field of pathology than of poetry. Surgeon's lint and antiseptics cannot be made attractive lyrical themes. Yet often there is vivid, if somber, imagination in this series. Fine was the skill with which Henley, turning from these modern eccentricities, produced old French forms of verse, polished with the most delicate precision, and fancifully embellished. In the division called 'Life and Death' the poems are full of depth and beauty, and now and again one comes on a perfect song. In 'The Song of the Sword' his many-colored mind produced work of a various character. The first part is an unrhymed rhythmical piece of declamation, suggestive of the saga, in which the sword speaks out of its bold heart; the second group, entitled 'London Voluntaries,' has placed Henley's name among those poets who are preeminently associated with London streets and scenes. This poem-group, describing the city at various times of the year and day, has been compared to Whistler's studies of the world's greatest capital. Here is the same vivid drawing, the same impression of space and distance, and the same emphasis of the personality of the city. Henley's word-pictures show how accurate is the comparison: —

> See the batch of boats
> Here at the stairs, washed in the fresh-sprung beam!
> And those are barges that were goblin floats,
> Black, hag-steered, fraught with devilry and dream!

And in the piles the waters frolic clear,
The ripples into loose rings wander and flee,
And we — we can behold, that could but hear
The ancient River singing as he goes
New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea.

In the final division, called ' Rhymes and Rhythms,' are many pieces of striking originality and lovely musical quality.

Henley died at Woking, England, on July 12, 1903. A collected edition of his works in seven volumes appeared in 1908.

BALLADE OF MIDSUMMER DAYS AND NIGHTS

WITH a ripple of leaves and a tinkle of streams
The full world rolls in a rhythm of praise,
And the winds are one with the clouds and beams —
Midsummer days! midsummer days!
The dusk grows vast; in a purple haze,
While the west from a rapture of sunset rights,
Faint stars their exquisite lamps upraise —
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

The wood's green heart is a nest of dreams,
The lush grass thickens and springs and sways,
The rathe wheat rustles, the landscape gleams —
Midsummer days! midsummer days!
In the stilly fields, in the stilly ways,
All secret shadows and mystic lights,
Late lovers murmurous linger and gaze —
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

There's a music of bells from the tramping teams,
Wild skylarks hover, the gorses blaze,
The rich ripe rose as with incense steams —
Midsummer days! midsummer days!
A soul from the honeysuckle strays,
And the nightingale as from prophet heights
Sings to the earth of her million Mays —
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

ENVOY

And it's oh! for my dear, and the charm that stays —
Midsummer days! midsummer days!
It's oh! for my love, and the dark that plights —
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

"OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVERS ME"

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from Pole to Pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll:
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

"OH, TIME AND CHANGE"

From 'The Song of the Sword and Other Verses.' Copyright, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons

OH, Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!
They glance and go as the great winds blow,
And the best of our dreams drive under;
For Time and Change estrange, estrange —
And now they have looked and seen us,
Oh we that were dear, we are all too near
With the thick of the world between us.

Oh, Death and Time, they chime and chime
  Like bells at sunset falling!
They end the song, they right the wrong,
  They set the old echoes calling;
For Death and Time bring on the prime
  Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release
  As once in the grass together.

JOHN DAVIDSON

JOHN DAVIDSON'S life is a record of one disappointment after another, of a losing struggle against poverty and disease and a continual unsuccessful attempt to make himself heard, ending finally in suicide. He sincerely believed that he was to give voice to a message that would revolutionize the world, yet he never succeeded in getting more than a small and for the most part apathetic audience. His troubles began in his early youth. He was born at Barrhead, in Renfrewshire, April 11, 1857, and was sent to school at Greenock nearby. His schooling was interrupted at the age of thirteen, when he had to go to work in a chemical laboratory, an experience which first aroused the interest in science that was to manifest itself in so much of his later work. He was ambitious for an education, however, and two years later he managed to return to Greenock as student-teacher and even put in a year at Edinburgh University. Until 1890 he supported himself mainly by teaching in various Scotch schools and academies. These were not affluent years for him, nor was his brief attempt at a more commercial line of work — acting as clerk for a Glasgow thread firm — much more successful.

His first published work, 'Diabolus Amans,' appeared without his name on the title page in 1885, and 'Bruce,' a historical drama in blank verse, in 1886. By 1889 he managed to get four other plays published, two of which had been waiting to be brought out for more than ten years. They were modeled along the lines of Shakespeare's historical plays and early comedies, and attracted no particular attention. Emboldened by his success in getting them into print, however, he went to London to try out his luck as a journalist and writer. The second, and incidentally the best, of his five novels, 'Perfervid,' appeared the year he arrived in London (1890); it has been warmly praised since, but at the time it failed utterly to catch the popular taste.

The 'Fleet Street Eclogues,' which came out in 1893, established his position as a poet and seem to be his most enduring work, although the 'Ballads and Songs' of the next year proved to be more popular. In the eclogues he sets groups of contrasted individuals to discussing social and industrial con-

ditions and scientific theories with much fervor and often with savage irony. These discussions are interspersed with, and frequently find their only resolution in, passionate outbursts of nature-worship, vividly expressed, concise, and highly eloquent. In these, as in his other verse on social themes, he can speak with the feeling and authority of one who has seen much of the seamier side of life at first hand. His ballads and other poems of this period are similar in tone but of somewhat wider range; they are less abstract, and it is through them that he won the title of "poet of London poverty."

Such successes as he enjoyed, however, were slight, and between illness and actual want, and with a wife and two children dependent upon him, he was far from happy. For a time he tried offering stories and articles to newspapers and reviews and wrote and translated plays for the commercial theater, still without much success. His statement just before he died that nine-tenths of his life had been wasted in the endeavor to earn a livelihood, is hardly exaggerated; but in this remaining tenth part of his time he managed to formulate and develop his message. Soon after the beginning of the century his four 'Testaments' appeared, in some ways his most characteristic achievement and containing some of his most vivid and arresting writing. They purport to be the testaments of a Vivisector, a Man Forbid (for wanting to break loose from the errors of the past), an Empire Builder, and a Prime Minister, and they show the world as it appears in the eyes of each. They have been called "the four gospels of materialism," but Davidson himself complains bitterly that "the world glanced at them, and passed them by unrecognized."

In 1906 the government made a partial recognition of his talents by granting him a civil list pension of £100. It was not enough to free him from his financial cares, but it made it possible for him to continue in his attempt to "devour, digest, and assimilate the Universe and make for myself a new form and substance of imagination." The doctrine of evolution and the new scientific conception of the world which had been engendered in the nineteenth century had fired his imagination to white heat; and as Lucretius sought to interpret the universe in the light of the atomistic theory and Dante in that of medieval scholasticism, so Davidson sought to interpret it in the light of modern science. His ardor grew, and he became increasingly engrossed in this attempt to "certify the semi-certitudes of science by poetic power." He had said in one of his eclogues

> Sometimes my thought
> Absorbed the universe, which fell away
> And dwindled from my ken, as if my mind
> Had been the roomy continent of space,

and he continued to think in more and more cosmic terms. The last years of his life were devoted largely to the composition of what he considered to be his greatest work, a blank verse trilogy, 'God and Mammon,' and he even

finished the first two parts, 'The Triumph of Mammon' (1907) and 'Mammon and His Message' (1908). It is based on the theme of the world's ultimate conversion to science and materialism. Mammon, who is accomplishing this conversion, was in the last part to have "transcended the utmost evil that could be done to him." But, threatened by cancer, Davidson did not wait to finish his colossal world drama, which, in spite of its unfinished form and its occasional obscurity and lapses into what is perilously close to bombast, is nevertheless an arresting and profoundly stimulating work. On March 23, 1909, at the age of fifty-one, he gave up the struggle and drowned himself at Penzance; in accordance with his wishes, his body, when recovered, was buried at sea.

KENNETH SULTZER

THIRTY BOB A WEEK

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I COULDN'T touch a stop and turn a screw,
And set the blooming world a-work for me,
Like such as cut their teeth — I hope, like you —
On the handle of a skeleton gold key;
I cut mine on a leek, which I eat it every week;
I'm a clerk at thirty bob as you can see.

But I don't allow it's luck and all a toss;
There's no such thing as being starred and crossed;
It's just the power of some to be a boss,
And the bally power of others to be bossed:
I face the music, sir; you bet I ain't a cur;
Strike me lucky if I don't believe I'm lost!

For like a mole I journey in the dark,
A-traveling along the underground
From my Pillar'd Halls and broad Suburban Park,
To come the daily dull official round;
And home again at night with my pipe all alight,
A-scheming how to count ten bob a pound.

And it's often very cold and wet,
And my missis stitches towels for a hunks;
And the Pillar'd Halls is half of it to let —
Three rooms about the size of traveling trunks.
And we cough, my wife and I, to dislocate a sigh,
When the noisy little kids are in their bunks.

But you never hear her do a growl or whine,
  For she's made of flint and roses, very odd;
And I've got to cut my meaning rather fine,
  Or I'd blubber, for I'm made of greens and sod:
So p'r'aps we are in Hell for all that I can tell,
  And lost and damn'd and served up hot to God.

I ain't blaspheming, Mr. Silver-tongue;
  I'm saying things a bit beyond your art:
Of all the rummy starts you ever sprung,
  Thirty bob a week's the rummiest start!
With your science and your books and your the'ries about spooks,
  Did you ever hear of looking in your heart?

I didn't mean your pocket, Mr., no:
  I mean that having children and a wife,
With thirty bob on which to come and go,
  Isn't dancing to the tabor and the fife:
When it doesn't make you drink, by Heaven! it makes you think,
  And notice curious items about life.

I step into my heart and there I meet
  A god-almighty devil singing small,
Who would like to shout and whistle in the street,
  And squelch the passers flat against the wall;
If the whole world was a cake he had the power to take,
  He would take it, ask for more, and eat them all.

And I meet a sort of simpleton beside,
  The kind that life is always giving beans;
With thirty bob a week to keep a bride
  He fell in love and married in his teens:
At thirty bob he stuck; but he knows it isn't luck:
  He knows the seas are deeper than tureens.

And the god-almighty devil and the fool
  That meet me in the High Street on the strike,
When I walk about my heart a-gathering wool,
  Are my good and evil angels if you like.
And both of them together in every kind of weather
  Ride me like a double-seated bike.

That's rough a bit and needs its meaning curled.
  But I have a high old hot un in my mind —
A most engrugious notion of the world,
  That leaves your lightning 'rithmetic behind:
I give it at a glance when I say "There ain't no chance,
  Nor nothing of the lucky-lottery kind."

And it's this way that I make it out to be
  No fathers, mothers, countries, climates — none;
Not Adam was responsible for me,
  Nor society, nor systems, nary one:
A little sleeping seed, I woke — I did, indeed —
  A million years before the blooming sun.

I woke because I thought the time had come;
  Beyond my will there was no other cause;
And everywhere I found myself at home,
  Because I chose to be the thing I was;
And in whatever shape of mollusc or of ape
  I always went according to the laws.

I was the love that chose my mother out;
  I joined two lives and from the union burst;
My weakness and my strength without a doubt
  Are mine alone forever from the first:
It's just the very same with a difference in the name
  As "Thy will be done." You say it if you durst!

They say it daily up and down the land
  As easy as you take a drink, it's true;
But the difficultest go to understand,
  And the difficultest job a man can do,
Is to come it brave and meek with thirty bob a week,
  And feel that that's the proper thing for you.

It's a naked child against a hungry wolf;
  It's playing bowls upon a splitting wreck;
It's walking on a string across a gulf
  With millstones fore-and-aft about your neck;
But the thing is daily done by many and many a one;
  And we fall, face downward, fighting, on the deck.

LONDON

ATHWART the sky a lowly sigh
From west to east the sweet wind carried:
The sun stood still on Primrose Hill;
His light in all the city tarried:
The clouds on viewless columns bloomed
Like smoldering lilies unconsumed.

"O sweetheart, see! how shadowy,
Of some occult magician's rearing,
Or swung in space of heaven's grace
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,
Afloat upon ethereal tides
St. Paul's above the city rides!"

A rumor broke through the thin smoke
Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,
The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,
The million-peopled lanes and alleys,
An ever-muttering prisoned storm —
The heart of London beating warm.

A LOAFER

I HANG about the streets all day,
At night I hang about;
I sleep a little when I may,
But rise betimes the morning's scout;
For through the year I always hear
Afar, aloft, a ghostly shout.

My clothes are worn to threads and loops;
My skin shows here and there;
About my face like seaweed droops
My tangled beard, my tangled hair;
From cavernous and shaggy brows
My stony eyes untroubled stare.

I move from Eastern wretchedness
Through Fleet Street and the Strand;
And as the pleasant people press,
I touch them softly with my hand,
Perhaps to know that still I go
Alive about a living land.

For, far in front the clouds are riven:
I hear the ghostly cry,
As if a still voice fell from heaven
To where sea-whelmed the drowned folk lie
In sepulchers no tempest stirs,
And only eyeless things pass by.

In Piccadilly spirits pass:
Oh, eyes and cheeks that glow!
Oh, strength and comeliness! Alas,
The lustrous health is earth, I know
From shrinking eyes that recognize
No brother in my rags and woe.

I know no handicraft, no art,
But I have conquered fate;
For I have chosen the better part,
And neither hope, nor fear, nor hate.
With placid breath, on pain and death —
My certain alms — alone I wait.

And daily, nightly comes the call,
The pale unechoing note,
The faint "Aha!" sent from the wall
Of heaven, but from no ruddy throat
Of human breed or seraph's seed —
A phantom voice that cries by rote.

A CINQUE PORT

BELOW the down, the stranded town
What may betide forlornly waits;
With memories of smoky skies,
When Gallic navies crossed the straits,
When waves with fire and blood grew bright,
And cannon thundered through the night.

With swinging stride the rhythmic tide
  Bore to the harbor barque and sloop;
Across the bar the ship of war,
  In castled stern and lanterned poop,
Came up with conquests on her lee,
The stately mistress of the sea.

Where argosies have wooed the breeze,
  The simple sheep are feeding now;
And near and far across the bar
  The plowman whistles at the plow;
Where once the long waves washed the shore,
Larks from their lowly lodgings soar.

Below the down the stranded town
  Hears far away the rollers beat;
About the wall the sea-birds call;
  The salt wind murmurs through the street:
Forlorn, the sea's forsaken bride
Awaits the end that shall betide.

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FRANCIS THOMPSON

FRANCIS THOMPSON was born on December 16, 1859, at Preston, Lancashire, England. In his boyhood he was taught at the school of the Nuns of the Cross and Passion, and in 1870 he entered Ushaw College. After seven years at Ushaw — years marked by one great tragedy, the decision by those in authority that his "nervous timidity" unfitted him for the priesthood — he went to Owens College as a student of medicine. His years in Manchester taught him little medicine, but they taught him other things destined to affect his life. Francis Thompson read books, but they were not surgical treatises. They were books of poetry, of essay, of theology, of scholastic philosophy. His love for music increased, and he attended more concerts than lectures. Also in Manchester he acquired his besetting sin — the opium habit. He took the drug first in the form of laudanum, during a painful illness. He continued to take it throughout many years of his life. It staved off the assaults of tuberculosis, it prevented his success in medicine or any other methodical and exact career, and thus removed what might have

been rivals to the art of poetry. But, as his biographer says, opium "dealt with him remorselessly as it dealt with Coleridge and all its consumers. It put him in such constant strife with his own conscience that he had ever to hide himself from himself, and for concealment he fled to that which made him ashamed, until it was as if a fig-leaf were of necessity plucked from the Tree of the Fall. It killed in him the capacity for acknowledging those duties to his family and friends, which, had his heart not been in shackles, he would have owned with no ordinary ardor."

Francis Thompson's years immediately following after his failure in his medical examinations were spent in London, in poverty and ill health. But no man of genius can long remain hidden. In a strange and romantic manner, some of his magnificent poetry and prose came to the attention of Wilfred and Alice Meynell. They gave to the world the blessing of acquaintance with Francis Thompson's work, and to the poet they gave, in addition to more material benefits, the wise and affectionate friendship his lonely spirit most needed. He resisted the opium habit, increased in physical and mental health, gained congenial employment as a reviewer for the best of the London weeklies. The publication of his books established him, in the opinion of those whose opinion was most worth-while, as a figure of great literary importance. He died "a very good death" at the age of forty-eight. Had his mind been (as fortunately it was not) concerned with literature in his last hours he would have known that he had attained a fame of the kind that does not tarnish with the years, that he had realized the poet's ambition of adding substantially to the world's heritage of beauty.

If Francis Thompson is to be related by critics and historians of literature to writers of a more recent date than that of Crashaw and Southwell, it must be to the poets of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. What they promised, Thompson fulfilled. In a materialistic and sophisticated age, Rossetti and his friends sought to reproduce the romantic splendors of the Middle Ages. They took delight in the lovely externalities of the Catholic Church. Rossetti's friend, Coventry Patmore, went further than the Pre-Raphaelites; he became a Catholic and thus carried the theories of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood to their logical and tremendous conclusion. Patmore's greater disciple, Francis Thompson, brought back to English poetry the knowledge, largely forgotten since the Reformation, that the proper study of mankind is God; he refused to limit his mind, as his contemporaries did theirs, by temporal and astronomical boundaries. A universal poet must sing the universe. And the center of the universe is God. So Francis Thompson sang of God, and in 'The Hound of Heaven' he made of man's relation to God and God's relation to man a poem that is unsurpassed in the literature of spiritual experience. And all great poetry deals with spiritual experience.

JOYCE KILMER

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I FLED Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes, I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat — and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet —
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside.)
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silver chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn: Be sudden; to eve: Be soon —
With thy young skyey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged His chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet: —
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.

Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat —
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
"Come then, ye other children, Nature's — share
With me" (said I) your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine you with caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured daïs,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one —
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds arise,

Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with; made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine —
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound *I* speak —
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness:
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.

Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
And past those noisèd Feet
A Voice comes yet more fleet —
"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;
I am defenseless utterly.
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years —

My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth, with heavy griefs so overplussed.
Ah! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
Ah! must —
Designer infinite! —
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity:
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again;
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
"And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?

Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),
"And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited —
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come."
Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

ALICE MEYNELL

ALICE MEYNELL was born in 1850 in Barnes, west of London. Her father, Thomas James Thompson, was a connoisseur, her mother a musician; her sister, Lady Elizabeth Butler, was a painter; the man she married was editor of Merry England and of the Weekly Register. She herself was a Catholic, a socialist, a feminist in moderate measure, and the mother of eight children. None of these strains and choices and circumstances but was a condition of her long life of work.

She began her literary career in 1875 with 'Preludes,' a book of mature and beautiful verse, and when she died in 1922 beautiful poetry of hers was fresh upon the press. 'Preludes' won for her an immediate fame among the writers of her time; her gifts were acceptable to her generation, and for fifty years Mrs. Meynell enjoyed the pleasures of recognition. Ruskin, no mean champion in those days, thought her poems "the finest things I have yet read or felt in modern verse." Rossetti used to recite her sonnet 'Renouncement' to his chosen friends; Coventry Patmore acclaimed her; George Meredith addressed her as an equal. These and many others of her day provided for her a climate favorable to the happy exercise of her profession.

For Alice Meynell was essentially a professional writer, industrious and singularly even in the quality and finish of her production. It is strange to know from Anne Kimball Tuell, whose book on Alice Meynell is authoritative, that her essays in the collected editions are for the most part salvage from years of punctual journalism. That "curious fastidiousness," that awareness of the word, that vigilance of which she herself speaks, and that ceremony of method of which her critics have spoken, were not occasional with her — these were her daily exercise. Throughout the eighties and the nineties and the early part of this century her essays were current in the best of the British weeklies and monthlies and in the American magazines. Her critical studies, that were to cover so large a field in her lifetime, began in 1878 with a series on 'Daniel Deronda' in The Tablet; thereafter she contributed largely to the Catholic press. But much of the best of her prose appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette, where for years she dealt with books, with men and women, and with the arts. Here too she displayed with a noble and studied simplicity her chosen treasures — those things that are common to man and elemental. "The waters of this planet, shallow and profound, all charged with shining suns," the rain "outstripping our unready eyes," the reeds and rushes that are "the appropriate lyre of the cold" — these were remembered by her. She was remembrancer, says one, of fine things that hurry forgets. On the literary thoroughfares of her day she celebrated the winds and seasons of the world, and many rejoiced to look with her at the summer grasses, and to see "in a pool of the country Thames at night — the startling image of a whole large constellation burning in the flood." This was of the nature of what were called her "minor revelations"; the perfection of these revelations must justify the studious care with which she made them, and must compensate the readers of her prose for the lack of a sustained and ordered work.

Of children she wrote with a near and happy understanding — thus doing a needed service for the child of the nineties. Children live in her essays with all their "frolic comedy," their "great passions within the small frame," their "innocent indifference to the more harassing kinds of distress," their "pale repentance," their loiterings and unreadiness. Here is the "virtuous indignation that is the least charming of the ways of some little girls" and here is the "punctual wildness of the child at dusk," when ".something is done for freedom under the early stars." Something was done for the freedom of children in her writings about them.

'The Second Person Singular' and 'Hearts of Controversy' — books of collected critical essays — and her critical introductions to anthologies of poetry, including her own 'Flower of the Mind,' and to the Red Letter Series of the English Poets, are among the best of her prose writings. At her best, her prose style is flawless, as she aspired to make it. The shock of the success of any one of her selected essays is a surprise that is not dissipated; the reader must

still wonder at her indestructible and delicate effects. But the true lover of Alice Meynell turns ever to her poetry.

Her early poetry was prophetic in its precision, its reticence and dignity. Her spiritual choices were here defined and her pledges made.

> Who knows what days I answer for today?
> Giving the bud I give the flower.
>
> Thoughts yet unripe in me I bend one way . . .
> I dedicate my fields when Spring is gray.

These pledges " to the future of my own young art " made with such beautiful assurance, and in a poetry of so grave a beauty, were kept by her. There is nothing thin in her rare poetry and nothing worn. Her known debt to the poets of the seventeenth century was not paid in imitation but in quality, reality, and fire. That she was not owing her contemporaries is evident on any remembrance of their poetry. Hers is an individual poetry. It is honest and free for the most part from that conscious excellence which is not always absent from her prose. It is fresh and very moving to the senses — and these are the spiritual senses. It runs sparkling with the surprises of an unhackneyed and sublimated realism, like those rivers of one of her last poems — that are young in their ancient beds.

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

SAN LORENZO GIUSTINIANI'S MOTHER

I HAD not seen my son's dear face
(He chose the cloister by God's grace)
Since it had come to full flower-time.
I hardly guessed, at its perfect prime,
That folded flower of his dear face.

Mine eyes were veiled by mists of tears,
When on a day in many years
One of his Order came. I thrilled,
Facing, I thought, that face fulfilled.
I doubted, for my mists of tears.

His blessing be with me forever!
My hope and doubt were hard to sever; —
That altered face, those holy weeds.
I filled his wallet and kissed his beads,
And lost his echoing feet forever.

If to my son my alms were given
I know not, and I wait for Heaven.
He did not plead for child of mine,
But for another Child divine,
And unto Him it was surely given.

There is One alone who cannot change;
Dreams are we, shadows, visions strange:
And all I give is given to One.
I might mistake my dearest son,
But never the Son who cannot change.

RENOUNCEMENT

I MUST not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight —
The thought of thee — and in the blue heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight:
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away —
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

AN UNMARKED FESTIVAL

THERE'S a feast undated yet:
Both our true lives hold it fast —
The first day we ever met.
What a great day came and passed! —
Unknown then, but known at last.

And we met: You knew not me,
Mistress of your joys and fears;
Held my hand that held the key
Of the treasure of your years,
Of the fountain of your tears.

For you knew not it was I,
And I knew not it was you.
We have learnt, as days went by:
But a flower struck root and grew
Underground, and no one knew.

Day of days! Unmarked it rose,
In whose hours we were to meet;
And forgotten passed. Who knows,
Was earth cold or sunny, Sweet,
At the coming of your feet?

One mere day, we thought; the measure
Of such days the year fulfils.
Now, how dearly would we treasure
Something from its fields, its rills
And its memorable hills; —

But one leaf of oak or lime,
Or one blossom from its bowers,
No one gathered at the time.
Oh, to keep that day of ours
By one relic of its flowers!

ROBERT BRIDGES

ROBERT BRIDGES, poet laureate since 1913, is by circumstance and the quality of his work an almost lonely representative in letters of an English life and taste that already were passing before the European war, and that will not return. It was a life that cared for old gardens and quiet houses, for gentility of thought and carefulness of phrase, and for beauty, within bounds of decorum. He was born on October 23, 1844, son of L. T. Bridges of Walmer and St. Nicholas Court, Isle of Thanet, went up from Eton to Corpus Christi, Oxford, took an honorary fellowship, traveled, as good form required, studied medicine and gave the first half of his life to

hospital practice. Subsequently making his home at Boar's Head near Oxford, he wrote much, but always, it would appear, leisurely. His prose includes a study of Milton's prosody and a critical estimate of Keats; his poetry consists of eight plays, namely, 'Nero' (in two parts), 'Palicio,' 'Ulysses,' 'Christian Captives,' 'Achilles in Scyros,' 'Humors of the Court,' and 'Feast of Bacchus'; two masques, 'Demeter' and 'Prometheus the Firegiver'; a sonnet series, 'The Growth of Love'; 'Eros and Psyche,' "done into English from the Latin of Apuleius"; and numerous shorter poems. The dramas are dramatic; the action is true to fate as Greek action is, and the masque 'Prometheus' also claims to be "in the Greek manner"; but it is Oxford Greek, not Attic; the interest is not compelling, and there is no splendid swing of the lines. In the longer love poems, passion, whether well or ill behaved, is never turbulent. There is music in the lyrics, but it is not unforgettable. Of the descriptive and reflective verse, however, it is possible to speak with less qualification. If Bridges' talent is ever touched with genius it is when he surrenders himself to the contemplative mood. Then he creates intellectual beauty that meets his own high requirement: —

> The making mind, that must untimely perish
> Amidst its work which time may not destroy,
> The beauteous forms which man shall love to cherish,
> The glorious songs that combat earth's annoy,
> Thou dost dwell here, I know, divinest Joy:
> But they who build thy towers fair and strong,
> Of all that toil, feel most of care and wrong.
>
> (Shorter Poems, Book III, 13)

His purely descriptive lines, always clean and "in drawing" are not often stark or rugged, but now and then, in 'Prometheus,' they are: —

> Thy way along the coast
> Lies till it southward turn, when thou shalt seek
> Where wide on Strymon's plain the hindered flood
> Spreads like a lake; thy course to his oppose
> And face him to the mountain whence he comes:
> Which doubled, Thrace receives thee: barbarous names
> Of mountain, town, and river, and a people
> Strange to thine eyes and ears, the Agathyrsi,
> Of pictured skins, who owe no marriage law,
> And o'er whose gay-spun garments sprent with gold
> Their hanging hair is blue. Their torrent swim
> That measures Europe in two parts, and go

Eastward along the sea, to mount the lands
Beyond man's dwelling, and the rising steeps
That face the sun untrodden and unnamed.
  Know to earth's verge remote thou then art come,
The Scythian tract and wilderness forlorn,
Through whose rude rocks and frosty silences
No path shall guide thee then, nor my words now.
There as thou toilest o'er the treacherous snows,
A sound then thou shalt hear to stop thy breath,
And prick thy trembling ears; a far-off cry,
Whose throat seems the white mountain and its passion
The woe of earth. Flee not, nor turn not back:
Let thine ears drink and guide thine eyes to see
That sight whose terrors shall assuage thy terror,
Whose pain shall kill thy pain. Stretched on the rock,
Naked to scorching sun, to pinching frost,
To wind and storm and beaks of wingèd fiends
From year to year he lies. Refrain to ask
His name and crime — nay, haply when thou see him
Thou wilt remember — 'tis thy tyrant's foe,
Man's friend, who pays his chosen penalty.
Draw near, my child, for he will know thy need,
And point from land to land thy further path.

(Prometheus, lines 1137–1171)

Now and then he proves that he can break into free, musical song: —

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lusters slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee;
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her — if this could be —
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake:
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake!

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree:
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake;
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee:
She looketh and saith, 'O sun, now bring him to me.
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake my heart to be loved: awake, awake!'

(Shorter Poems, Book III, 15)

The following selections represent fairly well such variety of poetic quality as Bridges offers.

FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS

FROM 'THE GROWTH OF LOVE'

THE world comes not to an end: her city-hives
Swarm with the tokens of a changeless trade,
With rolling wheel, driver, and flagging jade,
Rich men and beggars, children, priests and wives.
New homes on old are set, as lives on lives;
Invention with invention overlaid:
But still or tool or toy or book or blade
Shaped for the hand, that holds and toils and strives.

The men today toil as their fathers taught,
With little better'd means; for works depend
On works and overlap, and thought on thought:
And thro' all change the smiles of hope amend
The weariest face, the same love changed in nought:
In this thing too the world comes not to an end.

ASIAN BIRDS

IN this May-month, by grace
of Heaven, things shoot apace.
The waiting multitude
of fair boughs in the wood —
How few days have arrayed
their beauty in green shade!

What have I seen or heard?
  It was the yellow-bird
Sang in the tree: he flew
  a flame against the blue;
Upward he flashed. Again,
  hark! 'tis his heavenly strain.

Another! Hush! Behold,
  many, like boats of gold,
From waving branch to branch
  their airy bodies launch.
What music is like this,
  where each note is a kiss?

The golden willows lift
  their boughs the sun to sift:
Their silken streamers screen
  the sky with veils of green,
To make a cage of song,
  where feathered lovers throng.

How the delicious notes
  come bubbling from their throats!
Full and sweet, how they are shed
  like round pearls from a thread!
The motions of their flight
  are wishes of delight.

Hearing their song, I trace
  the secret of their grace.
Ah, could I this fair time
  so fashion into rhyme,
The poem that I sing
  would be the voice of spring.

THOU DIDST DELIGHT MY EYES

THOU didst delight my eyes:
  Yet who am I? Nor first
  Nor last nor best, that durst
Once dream of thee for prize:
Nor this the holy time
Thou shalt set love to rhyme.

Thou didst delight my ear:
Ah! little praise; thy voice
Makes other hearts rejoice,
Makes all ears glad that hear;
And short my joy: but yet,
O song, do not forget.

For what wert thou to me?
How shall I say? The moon,
That poured her midnight noon
Upon his wrecking sea; —
A sail, that for a day
Has cheered the castaway.

GAY MARIGOLD

GAY Marigold is frolic,
She laughs till summer is done;
She hears the Grillie chirping
All day i' the blazing sun.

But when the pale moon rises,
She fain her face would hide;
For the high Queen of sorrows
Disdains her empty pride.

Fair Primrose haunts the shadow
With children of the Spring,
Till in the bloomy woodland
The nightingale will sing.

And when he lauds the May-night
And spirits throng the grove,
The moon shines thro' the branches
And floods her heart with love.

WILLIAM WATSON

SIR WILLIAM WATSON (he was knighted in 1917) has now been before the public as poet for close upon fifty years. His first work, 'The Prince's Quest,' was published in 1880. Throughout this period, and especially since 1892, when his distinguished collection 'Wordsworth's

Grave and Other Poems' appeared, he has manifested himself as a literary artist of consummate skill and lofty moral purpose. Not always at the flood tide of his inspiration, almost nothing has come from his pen which has not shown the molding power of his Roman hand, in an excellent blending of power of thought with the most scrupulous regard for esthetic values: control, stateliness, sonorousness, and an, as it were, sculptured beauty. Hardly a page of his volumes which does not reveal as many lines memorable for their sheer artistry as can be shown in the entire output of poets better known to popular fame than he. Of such lines as " Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute "; " Extort her crimson secret from the rose "; " Whose very being is thy going hence, And passage and departure all thy theme "; " The everlasting taciturnity," it may well be said (to borrow Swinburne's double praise of Pindar and Landor, in whose fraternity Watson well may stand) that indeed they

Hang in the air
Like pearls in the ears of mourners,

and to the same plaudits must also answer both his sonnets and his epigrams — save as they are more sharply luminous, and four or fourteen fold more radiant as from crystal facets.

Of first importance among Watson's themes is that of literature itself:

I have full oft
In singers' selves found me a theme of song
Holding these also to be a very part
Of Nature's greatness.

By such poems as the famous 'Lacrimæ Musarum' (on Tennyson), 'Wordsworth's Grave,' and 'In Laleham Churchyard' (on Arnold), he brings a language, opulent but not prolific in great elegies, willingly into his debt. In the first of these only, it is true, is there the fullest measure of personal feeling. But in them all is present, for compensation, a fine critical estimation of literary and of moral values, constantly expressing itself in praise perfect in fervor and felicity. Of this, the lines on Wordsworth are perhaps the best example:

Rest! 'twas the gift *he* gave; and peace! the shade
He spread for spirits fevered with the sun,

while " Collins's lonely vesper-chime," and " the frugal note of Gray," are but incidental illustrations of it.

Equally significant is his concern with the problem of man's destiny, considered generally. Of this, as of the former phase, his own 'Apologia' is the aptest description. " Rapt from all relation with his kind " and " isled from

the fretful hour " he stands alone to hear " the eternal movement " and behold everywhere around him

> In million billowed consentaneousness
> The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world.

The oppression of this position is no light one. Witness ' Autumn,' ' The Lost Eden,' ' The Hope of the World,' ' The Dream of Man.' A refuge may be found in acceptance of universal law — but only by the costly exercise of rigorous self-control and stoic resignation. The refuge too has at times the semblance of a last resort. Less austere consolations have failed and vanished. The poet (like his early contemporary, Francis Thompson, but without his mystical insight) is one of those who have " slipped the world's great leaping time and come upon her pinched and dozing days."

Two corollary forces operating upon him seem to be responsible for this sadness; first, the strong reaction from that continuation of the French revolutionary philosophy which as late as 1872 had produced its song of Glory to Man in the highest; and this took the form of a belittlement of human achievement and an insistence upon man's inability to really know; second, the advance of science in the particular of which he writes in the preface to ' The Muse in Exile.' " It so happens that I was almost cradled in ideas of evolution, and grew up in an atmosphere where ' natural selection ' and the ' survival of the fittest ' were household words." His vision of man is of one entangled with the " cosmic fortunes and starry vicissitudes," " chained to the wheel of the world "; as one at large in the prison of the senses — a prisoner, none the less, before whom, should he attempt to escape from it,

> Rise the unscalable walls, built with a word at the prime;
> Lo! in unslumbering watch and with pitiless faces of iron,
> Armed at each obstinate gate, stand the impassable guards.

So construing man's position, and burdened in addition by a sense of unrelenting fate, the onward " chariot of the Untarrying," " the thunder of irrevocable wheels," he yet contrives to rest content if only some whispers from the stars come blown through our prison bars. And there are these. Not natural beauty: for though he can rejoice in " the wild feet of the elfin wind," or the " rumor of the rose," and accepts the tradition that beauty is lent " a divine and transient dower," he has no intimate communication with nature. But chiefly the sublime mystery of poetical inspiration. This is the whisper of the stars that conveys to his innermost being knowledge immediate and undebatable. This

> savors not of death,
> This hath a relish of eternity.

Elevated by such truth revealed to him as he considers poetry, he comes to a recognition of the "secluded Spirit unknowable"; and at times even to the point where, if his agnosticism does not actually leave him, its impenetrable cloud grows somewhat thin, and the starry whispers swell into music of the spheres. Such a moment concludes the 'Hymn to the Sea' and radiates again in his plea for song to England, where the conception of the poet leads to a conception of God, eldest of poets, with the whole moving to his measures.

It would be overbold to say that this mood gains absolute assurance, as Watson's work has progressed. But it certainly gains stability. Deriving his inspiration at the start chiefly from a contemplation of the laws of life in the abstract, of poetry, and of the death of poets, he had little personal sense of the active urge and progression of life with which to combat the agnosticism he derived from his environment. Of later years, however, he has been moved by particular and more personal facts of life itself: the fact of patriotism, stirred by what he conceived to be English indifference to the fate of Armenia; and the fact of personal love. The former gave breath to some of the most impassioned sonnets of appeal since Milton; the latter to others memorable among our poetry of love. Both of these experiences have reacted upon his theology. The poet who chides an errant Empire becomes conscious of a Purpose climbing with "the ever climbing footsteps of the world." The lover of newly revealed beauty comes to acknowledge the "eternal Artist" creating anew "that which is fairer than all song." It is by such development that Watson has even more fully realized the ideal of the poet as he himself conceives it. "The true function of the poet today is to keep fresh within us our often flagging sense of life's greatness and grandeur."

BROOKS HENDERSON

THE TURK IN ARMENIA

From 'The Purple East'

WHAT profits it, O England, to prevail
In camp and mart and council, and bestrew
With argosies thy oceans, and renew
With tribute levied on each golden gale
Thy treasuries, if thou canst hear the wail
Of women martyred by the turbaned crew,
Whose tenderest mercy was the sword that slew,
And lift no hand to wield the purging flail?
We deemed of old thou held'st a charge from Him
Who watches girdled by his seraphim,

To smite the wronger with thy destined rod.
Wait'st thou his sign? Enough, the unanswered cry
Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high
The gathering blackness of the frown of God!

REPUDIATED RESPONSIBILITY

From 'The Purple East'

I HAD not thought to hear it voiced so plain,
Uttered so forthright, on their lips who steer
This nation's course: I had not thought to hear
That word re-echoed by an English thane,
Guilt's maiden speech when first a man lay slain —
"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yet full near
It sounded, and the syllables rang clear
As the immortal rhetoric of Cain.
"Wherefore should *we*, sirs, more than they — or they —
Unto these helpless reach a hand to save?"
An English thane, in this our English air,
Speaking for England? Then indeed her day
Slopes to its twilight, and for Honor there
Is needed but a requiem and a grave.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA

From 'The Purple East'

O TOWERING Daughter, Titan of the West,
Behind a thousand leagues of foam secure;
Thou toward whom our inmost heart is pure
Of ill intent: although thou threatenest
With most unfilial hand thy mother's breast,
Not for one breathing-space may Earth endure
The thought of War's intolerable cure
For such vague pains as vex today thy rest!
But if thou hast more strength than thou canst spend
In tasks of Peace, and find'st her yoke too tame,

Help us to smite the cruel, to befriend
The succorless, and put the false to shame.
So shall the ages laud thee, and thy name
Be lovely among nations to the end.

A BIRTHDAY

From 'The Purple East'

IT is the birthday of the Prince of Peace:
Full long ago He lay with steeds in stall,
And universal Nature heard through all
Her borders that the reign of Pan must cease.
The fatness of the land, the earth's increase,
Cumbers the board; the holly hangs in hall;
Somewhat of her abundance Wealth lets fall —
It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace.
The dead rot by the wayside; the unblest
Who live, in caves and desert mountains lurk
Trembling — his holdless flock, shorn of their fleece.
Women in travail, babes that suck the breast,
Are spared not. Famine hurries to her work:
It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

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FROM 'THE TOMB OF BURNS'

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NOT ours to gage the more or less,
The will's defect, the blood's excess,
The earthy humors that oppress
The radiant mind.
His greatness, not his littleness,
Concerns mankind.

A dreamer of the common dreams,
A fisher in familiar streams,
He chased the transitory gleams
That all pursue;
But on his lips the eternal themes
Again were new.

With shattering ire or withering mirth
He smote each worthless claim to worth;
The barren fig-tree cumbering earth
He would not spare;
Through ancient lies of proudest birth
He drove his share.

To him the Powers that formed him brave,
Yet weak to breast the fatal wave,
A mighty gift of Hatred gave —
A gift above
All other gifts benefic, save
The gift of Love.

He saw 'tis meet that Man possess
The will to curse as well as bless,
To pity — and be pitiless,
To make, and mar;
The fierceness that from tenderness
Is never far.

And so his fierce and tender strain
Lives, and his idlest words remain
To flout oblivion, that in vain
Strives to destroy
One lightest record of his pain
Or of his joy.

FROM 'WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE'

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POET who sleepest by this wandering wave!
When thou wast born, what birth-gift hadst thou then?
To thee what wealth was that the Immortals gave,
The wealth thou gavest in thy turn to men?

Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;
Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

What hadst thou that could make so large amends
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends? —
Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,
Men turned to thee and found — not blast and blaze,
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,
There in white languors to decline and cease;
But peace whose names are also rapture, power,
Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace.

AUTUMN

THOU burden of all songs the earth hath sung,
Thou retrospect in Time's reverted eyes,
Thou metaphor of everything that dies,
That dies ill-starred, or dies beloved and young
And therefore blest and wise —
O be less beautiful, or be less brief,
Thou tragic splendor, strange, and full of fear!
In vain her pageant shall the Summer rear?
At thy mute signal, leaf by golden leaf,
Crumbles the gorgeous year.

Ah, ghostly as remembered mirth, the tale
Of Summer's bloom, the legend of the Spring!
And thou, too, flutterest an impatient wing,
Thou presence yet more fugitive and frail,
Thou most unbodied thing,
Whose very being is thy going hence,
And passage and departure all thy theme;
Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem
And thou at height of thy magnificence
A figment and a dream.

Stilled is the virgin rapture that was June,
And cold is August's panting heart of fire;
And in the storm-dismantled forest-choir
For thine own elegy the winds attune
Their wild and wizard lyre;
And poignant grows the charm of thy decay,
The pathos of thy beauty, and the sting,
Thou parable of greatness vanishing!
For me, the woods of gold and skies of gray
With speech fantastic ring.

For me, to dreams resigned, there come and go,
'Twixt mountains draped and hooded night and morn,
Elusive notes in wandering wafture borne,
From undiscoverable lips that blow
An immaterial horn;
And spectral seem thy winter-boding trees,
Thy ruinous bowers and drifted foliage wet —
O Past and Future in sad bridal met,
O voice of everything that perishes,
And soul of all regret!

VITA NUOVA

LONG hath she slept, forgetful of delight:
At last, at last, the enchanted princess, Earth,
Claimed with a kiss by Spring the adventurer,
In slumber knows the destined lips, and thrilled
Through all the deeps of her unaging heart
With passionate necessity of joy,
Wakens, and yields her loveliness to love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The earth's divine renewal: lo, I too
With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song.

I too have come through wintry terrors — yea,
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power beneficent,
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain — nay, a string, how jarred
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN'S life has been outwardly uneventful. He was born March 26, 1859, and received his education at Bromsgrove School in Worcestershire and St. John's College, Oxford. For ten years after leaving Oxford he held the post of Higher Division Clerk in His Majesty's Patent Office. In 1892 he became Professor of Latin at University College, London, where he remained for nearly twenty years. Since 1911 he has been Professor of Latin at Cambridge.

In 1896, while he was still at University College, 'A Shropshire Lad' appeared to startle the literary world. It was a slender volume of poems, but he had struck a highly individual and well sustained note which proclaimed him a mature and finished craftsman. There had been no juvenilia, no evidence of any literary apprenticeship to prepare the way for a masterpiece. His admirers looked for a further manifestation of his powers; but except for various editions of Latin classics — Manilius, Juvenal, and Lucan — and a number of papers on classical themes, nothing came from his pen for over a quarter of a century. Then, when it seemed quite evident that he had said all he had to say in 'A Shropshire Lad,' his 'Last Poems' appeared in 1922.

The 'Last Poems' (which he assures us in the foreword are really the last) are in the same vein and deal with the same themes as 'A Shropshire Lad.' There may be a slight falling-off in freshness and spontaneity, but there is a

corresponding gain in flexibility and vigor. The poems are unmistakably by the same hand, and the two volumes might well be grouped together as 'A Shropshire Lad' and 'Last Poems of a Shropshire Lad.' In all, Housman has somewhat more than a hundred poems to his credit. This is a small body of work to judge a poet by, and it is cast in a somber mood which is not adapted to win popular favor. Yet his influence upon other poets has been great, and as time goes on there are fewer and fewer dissenting voices to the high rank accorded him in the world of letters. Shropshire was in a literary sense virgin soil, as contrasted, say, with Warwick or Devon; and just as Hardy made Wessex his own, so Housman proceeded to appropriate Shropshire to himself. In their note of brooding melancholy, their lack of a "comfortable" inspiring message, and their tang of the soil, these writers are curiously alike. Yet Housman's style is quite unique; it is marked by a classical reserve, the use of simple rhythms admirably cadenced and varied and a vocabulary free from unusual and "literary" words, amazing terseness and directness, a preference for the concrete always as against the abstract, and a distrust of images and figures, even of adjectives, so that when they do appear they are used with telling effect.

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A SHROPSHIRE LAD

IV. — REVEILLE

WAKE: the silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake: the vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the door it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

Up, lad, up, 'tis late for lying:
Hear the drums of morning play;
Hark, the empty highways crying
"Who'll beyond the hills away?"

Towns and countries woo together,
Forelands beacon, belfries call;
Never lad that trod on leather
Lived to feast his heart on all.

Up, lad: thews that lie and cumber
  Sunlit pallets never thrive;
Morns abed and daylight slumber
  Were not meant for man alive.

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;
  Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad: when the journey's over
  There'll be time enough to sleep.

V

Oh, see how thick the goldcup flowers
  Are lying in field and lane,
With dandelions to tell the hours
  That never are told again.
Oh, may I squire you round the meads
  And pick you posies gay?
— 'Twill do no harm to take my arm.
  "You may, young man, you may."

Ah, spring was sent for lass and lad,
  'Tis now the blood runs gold,
And man and maid had best be glad
  Before the world is old.
What flowers today may flower tomorrow,
  But never as good as new.
— Suppose I wound my right arm round —
  "'Tis true, young man, 'tis true."

Some lads there are, 'tis shame to say,
  That only court to thieve,
And once they bear the bloom away
  'Tis little enough they leave.
Then keep your heart for men like me
  And safe from trustless chaps.
My love is true for all and you.
  "Perhaps, young man, perhaps."

Oh, look in my eyes then, can you doubt?
  — Why, 'tis a mile from town.
How green the grass is all about!
  We might as well sit down.

— Ah, life, what is it but a flower?
Why must true lovers sigh?
Be kind, have pity, my own, my pretty —
"Good-by, young man, good-by."

XXXIV. — THE NEW MISTRESS

"*Oh, sick I am to see you, will you never let me be?*
You may be good for something but you are not good for me.
Oh, go where you are wanted, for you are not wanted here."
And that was all the farewell when I parted from my dear.

"I will go where I am wanted, to a lady born and bred,
Who will dress me free for nothing in a uniform of red;
She will not be sick to see me if I only keep it clean:
I will go where I am wanted for a soldier of the Queen.

"I will go where I am wanted, for the sergeant does not mind;
He may be sick to see me but he treats me very kind:
He gives me beer and breakfast and a ribbon for my cap,
And I never knew a sweetheart spend her money on a chap.

"I will go where I am wanted, where there's room for one or two,
And the men are none too many for the work there is to do;
Where the standing line wears thinner and the dropping dead lie thick;
And the enemies of England they shall see me and be sick."

XLI

In my own shire, if I was sad,
Homely comforters I had:
The earth, because my heart was sore,
Sorrowed for the son she bore;
And standing hills, long to remain,
Shared their short-lived comrade's pain.
And bound for the same bourn as I,
On every road I wandered by,
Trod beside me, close and dear,
The beautiful and death-struck year:
Whether in the woodland brown
I heard the beechnut rustle down,
And saw the purple crocus pale
Flower about the autumn dale;

Or littering far the fields of May
Lady-smocks a-bleaching lay,
And like a skylit water stood
The bluebells in the azured wood.
Yonder, lightening other loads,
The seasons range the country roads,
But here in London streets I ken
No such helpmates, only men;
And these are not in plight to bear,
If they would, another's care.
They have enough as 'tis: I see
In many an eye that measures me
The mortal sickness of a mind
Too unhappy to be kind.
Undone with misery, all they can
Is to hate their fellow man;
And till they drop they needs must still
Look at you and wish you ill.

XLIX

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
  Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
  Bears the falling sky.
Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
  Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young forever:
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
  Lays lads underground.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT is pre-eminently a product of the English public school system, which reserves its opportunities for a chosen few and strives to train for leadership. He was born June 6, 1862, at Bilston, in Staffordshire, where his father was vicar. He was educated at Clifton College, one of the most famous of England's public schools; and the more one

studies his work the more one realizes that he is an outstanding exemplar of the ideals and virtues England's public school system seeks to inculcate.

From Clifton he went to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Upon finishing there he qualified at Lincoln's Inn as a barrister and practised law for some ten or twelve years. He devoted another ten years to the study and teaching of poetry, producing anthologies, a study of English poetry, and several volumes of original verse, among them 'The Island Race,' 'Admirals All,' and 'Songs of Memory and Hope.' His early poetic tragedy 'Mordred,' an attempt to retell the Arthurian legend in terms of Hegel's definition of tragedy, is not altogether successful. He has written on many other subjects also — war, exploration, adventure, and heroism — and much of his work is addressed to the young; but he has not limited himself to a literary life. He served as Controller of Wires and Cables during the War, and was Vice-President of the Navy Records Society, as well as Vice-President of the Royal Society of Literature. He was knighted in 1915, and in 1923 he was made Official Naval Historian.

The War proved a source of inspiration to him, as might have been expected. War, he tells us in the preface to one of his later works, "shows the finest qualities of men — it shows them leaving everything they love best in the world, facing dangers and enduring hardships, matching their courage and skill against those of the other side, overcoming difficulties by land and sea, and all this for an idea, the love of their country and that for which their country is fighting, the honor and welfare of mankind." Much of his work is a variation on this same theme, and one "plays the game" (a favorite expression of his) not in war alone but in all life. And if he thinks in the aristocratic terms of the public school, he stresses all the more the doctrine of personal responsibility, and his is a positive and compelling message of service.

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DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas;
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
And dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low:
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand miles away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin' —
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake lies in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago.

VITAÏ LAMPADA

THERE'S a breathless hush in the Close tonight —
Ten to make and the match to win —
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But Captain's hand on his shoulder smote —
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red —
Red with the wreck of a square that broke; —
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honor a name.
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
  While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
  And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
  Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind —
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

CLIFTON CHAPEL

THIS is the Chapel: here, my son,
  Your father thought the thoughts of youth,
And heard the words that one by one
  The touch of Life has turned to truth.
Here in a day that is not far,
  You too may speak with noble ghosts
Of manhood and the vows of war
  You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the cause above renown,
  To love the game beyond the prize,
To honor, while you strike him down,
  The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
  And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
  That binds the brave of all the earth —

My son, the oath is yours: the end
  Is His, Who built the world of strife,
Who gave His children Pain for friend,
  And Death for surest hope of life.
Today and here the fight's begun,
  Of the great fellowship you're free;
Henceforth the School and you are one,
  And what You are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune: yet be sure,
  Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure
  Than that which glows on yonder brass.

"*Qui procul hinc,*" the legend's writ —
The frontier-grave is far away —
"*Qui ante diem periit:*
Sed miles, sed pro patria."

ALFRED NOYES

IN his 'Tales of the Mermaid Tavern,' Noyes pictures himself as pot-boy to those worthies of the spacious days who frequented the famous hostelry of his title. He is overmodest in his picture: but not otherwise untrue. For he has consorted with the Elizabethans joyously, and his youth, exuberance, simplicity of emotion and faith have made one with whatever in them was youthful, buoyant, adventurous, and full of wonder at a world deliriously young. He has developed in their company a rich sense of situation, if not of constructive drama; a sense of melody which, vigorously tutored also by most modern masters, Swinburne and Kipling first among them, retains at best something of the springtime clearness of the earlier time. Further, being only in imagination an Elizabethan, he is untroubled by most of their troubles (though not unmindful of them) and remains with their joys permanently content.

Most obvious of these last in him, perhaps, is the joy of England. One might almost say that Drayton's mantle has fallen upon him (for scarcely since 'Polyolbion' was written has England been for a poet so full a theme); and in its fall something of Marlowe's glowing thread has caught in it, some spirited design of Nashe or Greene — to speak no higher names. Noyes's songs never fail of some beauty: he is too skilful a metrist for that to happen. But there is a special fervor and appeal to them when this is their theme — either the England of legend and romance, of political and social history, or of natural loveliness. He has indeed made vocal that unsung song that only her lovers know. 'A Song of England,' 'The Song of Sherwood,' 'The World's May Queen,' 'Earth-Bound,' 'The Home Born,' are but a few among many memorable examples of his doing it. In addition there are also the Mermaid tales and the epic 'Drake,' which are only completer realizations of the same ideal. Ideal is precisely the word: for intense as is his patriotism, and his delight in all her intimate beauty, he loves England not as a circumscribed geographical point but as an outlook on the stars: a port of departure. And in the two last named poems he has most strongly realized this in that same perennial dawn of his Elizabethan world where horizons grow constantly into the infinite and every voyage is a spiritual adventure.

He had aimed at the same effect in the earliest of his poems — at giving to all things a spiritual setting: at making manifest the relationship between

every honest human activity, child's play or artist's dream, and God. In 'Drake' he has done it for a man's voyage, losing sight meanwhile of none of the virilities and values of his actual story. In 'The Forest of Wild Thyme' and 'The Flower of Old Japan' he did it for children who voyage in fanciful fairy countries where Mother Goose and the psalmist are at peace together, fairies and the Christ Child, and return to find the mystic flower in a common daisy at home. Here perhaps, attuned as the poems are to the child mind, the serious, the Christian purpose, is a little too pressing (as it occasionally is elsewhere in his early work), the combinations a little hazardous. But if it is so, accidents of manner, not essentials of aim, are to blame. Elsewhere the poet shows himself capable of construing his religious function more broadly — and of showing the spiritual relationships in ways more subtle and more potent.

To pay attention to this religious determination of his work, is to discover its unifying principle. It is not seldom obvious whether the work be philosophical and deliberately concerned to sense the oneness of things, or to defend their spiritual source against agnosticism and science, or to deliver his creed of art and his creed of peace and love; or whether it be purely literary, given to celebrate a wayside tramp, or the poet's masters, or his university, or to tell a tale. If one understands this (either in its orthodox or its romantic form) the work itself becomes the thing. But this speaks for itself, and its qualities — opulence of rhythm and color, sturdy humanness and blitheness of emotion, narrative skill and ballad vividness — are for open observance in every example.

BROOKS HENDERSON

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FROM 'FLOS MERCATORUM' ('TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN')

BOW BELLS AND OTHERS

"The peal,"
Quoth Clopton, "is not ended, but the pause
In ringing, chimes to a deep inward ear
And tells its own deep tale. Silence and sound,
Darkness and light, mourning and mirth — no tale,
No painting, and no music, nay, no world,
If God should cut their fruitful marriage-knot.
A shallow sort today would fain deny
A hell, sirs, to this boundless universe.

To such I say 'no hell, no Paradise!'
Others would fain deny the topless towers
Of heaven, and make this earth a hell indeed.
To such I say, 'the unplumbed gulfs of grief
Are only theirs for whom the blissful chimes
Ring from those unseen heights.' This earth, midway,
Hangs like a belfry where the ringers grasp
Their ropes in darkness, each in his own place,
Each knowing, by the tune in his own heart,
Never by sight, when he must toss through heaven
The tone of his own bell. Those bounded souls
Have never heard our chimes! Why, sirs, myself
Simply by running up and down the scale
Descend to hell or soar to heaven. My bells
Height above height, deep below deep, respond!
Their scale is infinite. Dare I, for one breath,
Dream that one note hath crowned and ended all,
Sudden I hear, far, far above those clouds,
Like laughing angels, peal on golden peal,
Innumerable as drops of April rain,
Yet every note distinct, round as a pearl,
And perfect in its place, a chime of law,
Whose pure and boundless mere arithmetic
Climbs with my soul to God."
Ben looked at him,
Gently. "Resume, old moralist," he said.
"On to thy marriage-bells!"
"The fairy-tales
Are wiser than they know, sirs. All our woes
Lead on to those celestial marriage-bells.
The world's a-wooing; and the pure City of God
Peals for the wedding of our joy and pain!"

SONG — "MARCHAUNT ADVENTURERS"

Marchaunt Adventurers, O, what shall it profit you
Thus to seek your kingdom in the dream-destroying sun?
Ask us why the hawthorn brightens on the sky-line:
Even so our sails break out when Spring is well begun!
Flos Mercatorum! Blossom wide, ye sail of Englande,
Hasten ye the kingdom, now the bitter days are done!
Ay, for we be members, one of another,
"Each for all and all for each," quoth Richard Whittington!

Chorus: Marchaunt Adventurers,
Marchaunt Adventurers,
Marchaunt Adventurers, the Spring is well begun!
Break, break out on every sea, O, fair white sails of Englande!
"Each for all, and all for each," quoth Richard Whittington.

Marchaunt Adventurers, O what 'ull ye bring home again?
Woonders and works and the thunder of the sea!
Whom will ye traffic with? The King of the sunset! —
What shall be your pilot, then? — A wind from Galilee!
— Nay, but ye be marchaunts, will ye come back empty-handed? —
Ay, we be marchaunts, though our gain we ne'er shall see!
Cast we now our bread upon the waste wild waters;
After many days it shall return with usury.

Chorus: Marchaunt Adventurers,
Marchaunt Adventurers,
What shall be your profit in the mighty days to be?
Englande! Englande! Englande! Englande!
Glory everlasting and the lordship of the sea.

SONG FROM 'DRAKE' ("N'OSEREZ VOUS")

I

QUEEN VENUS wandered away with a cry —
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
For the purple wound in Adon's thigh;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
With a bitter farewell from sky to sky,
And a moan, a moan, from sea to sea;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

II

The soft Ægean heard her sigh —
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
Heard the Spartan hills reply,
Je vous en prie, pity me;
Spain was aware of her drawing nigh
Foot-gilt from the blossoms of Italy;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

III

In France they heard her voice go by —
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
And on the May-wind droop and die,
Je vous en prie, pity me;
Your maidens choose their loves, but I —
White as I came from the foam-white sea,
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —

IV

The warm red-meal-winged butterfly —
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
Beat on her breast in the golden rye —
Je vous en prie, pity me;
Stained her breast with a dusty dye
Red as the print of a kiss might be!
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

V

Is there no land, afar or nigh —
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —
But dreads the kiss o' the sea? Ah, why —
Je vous en prie, pity me;
Why will ye cling to the loves that die?
Is earth all Adon to my plea?
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

VI

Under the warm blue summer sky —
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?
With outstretched arms and a low long sigh —
Je vous en prie, pity me;
Over the Channel they saw her fly
To the white-cliffed island that crowns the sea,
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

VII

England laughed as her queen drew nigh —
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?
To the white-walled cottages gleaming high,
Je vous en prie, pity me;
They drew her in with a joyful cry
To the hearth where she sits with a babe on her knee,
She has turned her moan to a lullaby,
She is nursing a son to the kings of the sea,
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

CREATION

IN the beginning, there was nought
But heaven, one Majesty of Light,
Beyond all speech, beyond all thought,
Beyond all depth, beyond all height,
Consummate heaven, the first and last,
Enfolding in its perfect prime
No future rushing to the past,
But one rapt Now, that knew not Space or Time.

Formless it was, being gold on gold,
And void — but with that complete Life
Where music could no wings unfold
Till lo, God smote the strings of strife!
"Myself unto Myself am Throne,
Myself unto Myself am Thrall
I that am All am all alone,"
He said, "Yea, I have nothing, having all."

And, gathering round His mount of bliss
The angel-squadrons of His will,
He said, "One battle yet there is
To win, one vision to fulfil!
Since heaven where'er I gaze expands,
And power that knows no strife or cry,
Weakness shall bind and pierce My hands
And make a world for Me wherein to die.

" All might, all vastness, and all glory
Being Mine, I must descend and make
Out of My heart a song, a story
Of little hearts that burn and break;
Out of My passion without end
I will make little azure seas,
And into small sad fields descend
And make green grass, white daisies, rustling trees."

Then shrank His angels, knowing He thrust
His arms out East and West and gave
For every little dream of dust
Part of His life as to a grave!
" *Enough, O Father, for Thy words*
Have pierced Thy hands! " But, low and sweet,
He said, " Sunsets and streams and birds,
And drifting clouds! " — The purple stained His feet. —

" *Enough!* " His angels moaned in fear,
" *Father, Thy words have pierced Thy side!*
He whispered, " Roses shall grow there,
And there must be a hawthorn-tide,
And ferns, dewy at dawn," and still
They moaned — " *Enough, the red drops bleed!* "
" And," sweet and low, " on every hill,"
He said, " I will have flocks and lambs to lead."

His angels bowed their heads beneath
Their wings till that great pang was gone:
" *Pour not Thy soul out unto Death!* "
They moaned, and still His Love flowed on,
" There shall be small white wings to stray
From bliss to bliss, from bloom to bloom,
And blue flowers in the wheat; and — " " *Stay!*
Speak not," they cried, " *the word that seals Thy tomb!* "

He spake — " I have thought of a little child
That I will have there to embark
On small adventures in the wild,
And front slight perils in the dark;
And I will hide from him and lure
His laughing eyes with suns and moons,
And rainbows that shall not endure;
And — when he is weary, sing him drowsy tunes.

His angels fell before him weeping
" *Enough! Tempt not the Gates of Hell!*
He said, " His soul is in his keeping
That we may love each other well,
And lest the dark too much affright him,
I will strow countless little stars
Across his childish skies to light him
That he may wage in peace his mimic wars;

" And oft forget Me as he plays
With swords and childish merchandise,
Or with his elfin balance weighs,
Or with his foot-rule metes, the skies;
Or builds his castles by the deep,
Or tunnels through the rocks, and then —
Turn to Me as he falls asleep,
And, in his dreams, feel for My hand again.

" And when he is older he shall be
My friend and walk here at My side;
Or — when he wills — grow young with Me,
And, to that happy world where once we died
Descending through the calm blue weather,
Buy life once more with our immortal breath,
And wander through the little fields together,
And taste of Love and Death."

EARTH-BOUND

GHOSTS? Love would fain believe,
Earth being so fair, the dead might wish to return!
Is it so strange if, even in heaven, they yearn
For the May-time and the dreams it used to give?

Through dark abysms of Space,
From strange new spheres where Death has called them now
May they not, with a crown on every brow,
Still cry to the loved earth's lost familiar face?

We two, love, we should come
Seeking a little refuge from the light
Of the blinding terrible star-sown Infinite,
Seeking some sheltering roof, some four-walled home,

From that too high, too wide
  Communion with the universe and God,
  How glad to creep back to some lane we trod
Hemmed in with a hawthorn hedge on either side.

How strange would be the sight
  Of the little towns and twisted streets again,
  Where all the hurrying works and ways of men
Would seem a children's game for our delight.

No more with fevered brain
  Plunging across the gulfs of Space and Time
  Would we revisit this our earthly clime
We two, if we could ever come again;

So we should wander nigh
  Our mortal home, and see its little roof
  Keeping the deep eternal night aloof
And yielding us a refuge from the sky.

We should steal in, once more,
  Under the cloudy lilac at the gate,
  Up the walled garden, then with hearts elate
Forget the stars and close our cottage door.

Oh then, as children use
  To make themselves a little hiding-place,
  We should rejoice in narrowness of space
And God should give us nothing more to lose.

JOHN MASEFIELD

VERY early in the present century the name of John Masefield began to appear in publishers' lists, first as a writer of verse, then of tales, then of plays. With almost unfailing regularity it has been appearing ever since; so that from 'Salt Water Ballads' in 1902 to 'The Coming of Christ' (a mystery play) in 1928, we have a long succession of volumes in verse and prose. Few first-rank English writers of the twentieth century have been more prolific, none more versatile.

John Masefield was born in 1874 at Ledbury in Herefordshire, on the Welsh border. To many readers who have never seen the Malvern Hills, the green fields of Shropshire, or the great tides of Severn, he has made these scenes familiar; so often and so faithfully has he depicted that "fine land, the West land, the land where I belong." Poet of the English countryside as he is, Masefield is also, and more distinctively, poet of the sea. Here also he writes with intimate and living knowledge. At fourteen years of age he was indentured in the merchant marine and served his time as a sailor before the mast. From this experience flowed not only magnificent lines dedicated to the beauty of sailing ships and the waters under them, but also much realism, harsh, grotesque, or tragic, in the portraiture of sailors, their humors, their miseries, and their cruelties. Further knowledge of humble life was gained when the poet traveled, obscurely, on both sides of the Atlantic, working at times as a casual laborer on New England farms and in the city of New York, and later as a clerk in London.

It would be a mistake, however, to think of Masefield as belonging to that strange tribe which breaks into the field of letters from the wilderness of illiteracy. Joyce Kilmer disposes of this legend when he says: "There has been much said and written about Masefield's romantic youth — about his experiences before the mast and behind the bar. There was a tendency during his tour of the United States in the early spring of 1916 to regard him as very much a self-made man, to marvel at the miracle of genius which turned a bartender-sailor into a great poet. But the fact of the matter is that Masefield is essentially of the literary type, a man who might readily have supported himself by school-teaching, journalism, or some other unromantic trade, but deliberately selected colorful and exciting occupations. No one can talk to him and retain the idea that Masefield is a 'sailor-poet' or a 'bartender-poet.' He is an educated English gentleman, very thoroughly a man of letters, who has had the good fortune to add to his treasury of experience by travels in strange places and among strange people."

It is unnecessary to labor the point. Masefield has long been numbered, not among the rovers and adventurers, but among those studious men of letters whose background is London and the English country. He was married in 1908. In 1922 Oxford conferred upon him the honorary D.Litt. degree. To him, as to other idealists, the War came as a shattering interruption, but from that dreadful experience sprang two of his most memorable writings, the exquisite verses 'August 1914' and the prose epic 'Gallipoli.'

Experiences of his pre-War days have been summed up very beautifully by Masefield himself in a poem called 'Biography,' which appears in the 1913 volume, 'The Story of a Round-House and Other Poems.' Fragments extracted from 'Biography' give little idea of its beauty as a carefully built up unit, but they do give us some light upon the poet's mind in showing those episodes in his life which have remained memorable to him: —

I have known golden instants and bright days;
The day on which, beneath an arching sail,
I saw the Cordilleras and gave hail;
The summer day on which in heart's delight
I saw the Swansea Mumbles bursting white,

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

The night alone near water when I heard
All the sea's spirit broken by a bird;

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

All of those gleams were golden; but life's hands
Have given more constant gifts in changing lands,
And when I count those gifts, I think them such
As no man's bounty could have bettered much:
The gift of country life, near hills and woods
Where happy waters sing in solitudes,
The gift of being near ships, of seeing each day
A city of ships with great ships under weigh,
The great street paved with water, filled with shipping,
And all the world's flags flying and seagulls dipping.

There follow lines in which the poet describes his exile: —

Away in towns, where eyes have nought to see
But dead museums and miles of misery —

. . . . . .

And miles of shopping women served by men.

But even in those London days, in "dull Bloomsbury streets of dull brick mansions old," there were elements of delight, greatest of all the delight of friendship: —

O Time, bring back those midnights and those friends,
Those glittering moments that a spirit lends,

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Those friends who heard St. Pancras' bells strike two
Yet stayed until the barber's cockerel crew.
Talking of noble styles, the Frenchman's best,
The thought beyond great poets not expressed,
The glory of mood where human frailty failed,
The forts of human light not yet assailed.

Again he celebrates the delights of action: —

> Days of endeavor have been good. . . .
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Other bright days of action have seemed great:
> Wild days in a Pampero off the Plate;

The poem concludes on a note which it is well to emphasize. Masefield has been called a pessimist. Those who apply the name should weigh the evidence of lines like these: —

> Best trust the happy moments. What they gave
> Makes man less fearful of the certain grave,
> And gives his work compassion and new eyes.
> The days that make us happy make us wise.

The volume containing 'Biography' also contained 'Dauber,' the third of the four long narrative poems which were the work of the years 1911–1913. These narratives, 'The Everlasting Mercy,' 'The Widow in the Bye Street,' 'Dauber,' and 'The Daffodil Fields' brought to their author a much greater measure of fame than had any of his earlier work, though this included half a dozen novels and tales, an excellent little book on Shakespeare (for the Home University Library), the very characteristic 'Salt-Water Ballads,' and 'The Tragedy of Nan.'

Narrative poetry, provided that the poet does not, like Shelley, obscure the narrative by his own visions and reflections, is likely to be popular. The likelihood is greater if the verses are cleverly rhymed. Scott and Byron are famous witnesses to this fact, and so, in lesser measure, is Masefield. Moreover, the sordid realism of the stories startled and interested their readers. The backgrounds were done as Masefield had shown already that he could do them, utterly beautiful backgrounds of fields and the sea, against which grim human dramas showed like dark stains. All four poems made their first appearance in The English Review, a young periodical which prided itself upon its breadth of view and its flair for discovering geniuses. Wide discussion followed this first appearance, and successive editions in book form were soon called for. Probably most critics would agree that 'Dauber' represents the climax of merit in this group. In 'The Everlasting Mercy,' while the story moves swiftly, and the facile rhyming excites admiration (with occasional censure for its over-facility), the hero, a rustic prize-fighter, suddenly converted, fails to rouse much interest. One episode, revealing an unexpected element in his character, is particularly interesting to students of Masefield, as its spirit appears again in one of his latest books. This is the episode of the fighter, observed by horrified neighbors, consoling with charming tales a forlorn little boy: —

Wherever has his mother gone?
Nip round to Mrs. Jaggard's, John,
And say her Jimmy's out again
In market place, with boozer Kane.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

I told a tale, to Jim's delight,
Of where the tom-cats go by night,
And how, when moonlight came, they went
Among the chimneys black and bent,
From roof to roof, from house to house,
With little baskets full of mouse
All red and white, both joint and chop,
Like meat out of a butcher's shop;

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Then each tom-cat lights little candles
And O, the stories and the scandals
And O, the song and Christmas carols,
And O, the milk from little barrels.
They light a fire fit for roasting
(And how good mouse-meat smells when toasting),
Then down they sit to merry feast
While moon goes west and sun comes east.

This is exactly the vein which we find again in 'The Midnight Folk,' one of Masefield's latest books, and one which, as it seems to me, has been far too harshly dealt with by the critics. Its demerit seems to be that it is difficult to classify. Is it a novel or a tale for children? Whatever it may be, this prose tale is the revelation, as is the passage cited above, of an extraordinary understanding of the child's point of view, and complete sympathy with it. Not children only, but humble characters generally are those whom he chooses to celebrate in the narrative poems; the bewildered, ignorant, enamoured lad, easy victim of a predatory woman, the poor old broken, destitute mother, the sailor-artist with his passionate dreams and paralyzing fears; these are the figures on whose portraiture he lavishes his skill. Of them all, the "Dauber" is the one who lives most completely for the reader. This dreamer, who goes to sea because he has an irresistible urge to paint the glories of wave and sky, who endures unspeakable torture from the cruel buffoonery of his mates, and the terrible rigors of storm and cold; and who, having at last conquered fear, dies before he has had a gleam of success, attains to the dignity of real martyrdom. His story, with its glorious and terrible background, has the beauty of high tragedy.

High tragedy, not of an individual character, but of an army, is the theme of 'Gallipoli.' Nothing quite like it is to be found in all the flood of books inspired by the War. Masefield says that he felt obliged to write it because of the various criticisms of the Gallipoli campaign which he heard, especially in America, from persons who failed to understand the facts and conditions. Strict accuracy, therefore, in history and topography, informs the whole work. There is no exaggeration, no empty rhetoric. Nothing is allowed to obscure the grandeur of the facts, the magnificence of human effort and endurance; but the facts are splendidly massed, so that the historical pamphlet is also an enduring piece of literature. As chapter follows chapter, each appropriately prefaced by a selection from the Song of Roland, the reader feels that here, if anywhere (though its subject is one episode only) is the epic of the War, the epic particularly of the Anzac troops. Whatever the years to come may do with Masefield's fame at home, this one book should keep his name alive in Australia and New Zealand.

Not the heroism of Colonial soldiers, but the dumb, unquestioning patriotism of the English rustic is the theme of the war poem 'August 1914.' Nowhere else can one find so adequately expressed the sense of the unity of the countryman with his native earth, and the tragedy of his being torn from it to go to war, uncomprehendingly, in foreign lands: —

> Then sadly rose and left the well-loved Downs,
> And so by ship to sea, and knew no more
> The fields of home, the byres, the market towns,
> Nor the dear outline of the English shore,
>
> But knew the misery of the soaking trench,
> The freezing in the rigging, the despair
> In the revolving second of the wrench
> When the blind soul is flung upon the air,
>
> And died (uncouthly most) in foreign lands
> For some idea but dimly understood
> Of an English city never built by hands
> Which love of England prompted and made good.

In 'Lollingdon Downs,' and other poems of the later War years, the poet forsakes narrative and lyric, to write speculative musings, frequently in the Shakespearian sonnet form, which is one of his favorite measures. Unanswerable questions which have vexed the poets and philosophers of all ages are put into words once more, and beautifully: —

What is this life which uses living cells
It knows not how nor why, for no known end,
This soul of man upon whose fragile shells
Of blood and brain his very powers depend?
Pour out its little blood or touch its brain,
The thing is helpless, gone, no longer known,
The carrion cells are never man again,
No hand relights the little candle blown.

. . . . . .

Is it a sea on which the souls embark
Out of the body, as men put out to sea?
Or do we come like candles in the dark
In the rooms in cities in eternity?

Since the War Masefield has continued to write variously; prose tales, plays and poetry. He has returned to the writing of narrative verse, choosing subjects which lend themselves to swift and vivid treatment; a fox hunt, a steeplechase, a circus. Of these, much the most interesting and stirring is 'Reynard the Fox.' In this the reader's admiration is aroused twice over, by two excellent and distinct achievements; first the description of the meet, in which each character sketch is complete and vivid in a few strokes. All the countryside types are there, the squire, the parson, the veteran colonel, girls pretty and plain, sporting youths, old hard-bitten riders, here a dowdy figure, there a dandy, a little girl, a rustic. Inevitably one glances back to the prototype of this kind of writing, and the modern poet is not shamed by the comparison. " Our Master Chaucer " one feels, would have smiled upon this latter-day pupil. The second excellence of the poem is the run itself, where one is with the fox throughout, amazingly and completely his ally in that terrific and perilous race. The end is a little disappointing. Reynard escapes, as he deserves, but another fox is killed unexpectedly. One feels that an artistic principle is sacrificed here in an attempt to please everyone.

If in this review Masefield's poems have been dwelt upon rather than his novels and plays, it is because it seems likely that it is his poetry which will be longest cherished, and of his poetry, not the narrative, but the lyric and descriptive part. 'The Tragedy of Nan' had a brief success on the stage, but its revival seems unlikely. Neither in it nor in the later plays do the characters live and breathe. His latest drama, 'The Coming of Christ,' has had the *succès d'estime* of a performance in Canterbury Cathedral.

Perhaps enough has been shown in this brief survey to place Masefield as a true inheritor of the English tradition. In technique and in subject, he is intensely English; and, original as he is, he is not to be classed in any of the new coteries. He uses the Chaucerian stanza, and he varies it, as Milton varied it, in the prelude to the Nativity Ode. He writes Shakespearian sonnets. He is

at the same time realist and mystic. He finds beauty where English poets have always found it: in green fields and the creatures of the fields, in the waves of the sea and the ships that sail thereon, in the innocence of children, and the tragedies of men and women, in the hidden mysteries which encircle mortal life. He is of the family of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Blake and Hardy.

SUSAN E. VAUGHAN

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FROM 'THE EVERLASTING MERCY'

FROM '41 to '51
I was my folks' contrary son;
I bit my father's hand right through
And broke my mother's heart in two.
I sometimes go without my dinner
Now that I know the times I've gi'n her.

From '51 to '61
I cut my teeth and took to fun.
I learned what not to be afraid of
And what stuff women's lips are made of;
I learned with what a rosy feeling
Good ale makes floors seem like the ceiling,
And how the moon gives shiny light
To lads as roll home singing by't.
My blood did leap, my flesh did revel,
Saul Kane was tokened to the devil.

From '61 to '67
I lived in disbelief of Heaven.
I drunk, I fought, I poached, I whored,
I did despite unto the Lord.
I cursed, 'twould make a man look pale,
And nineteen times I went to gaol.

Now friends, observe and look upon me,
Mark how the Lord took pity on me.
By Dead Man's Thorn, while setting wires,
Who should come up but Billy Myers,

A friend of mine, who used to be
As black a sprig of hell as me,
With whom I'd planned, to save encroachin',
Which fields and coverts each should poach in.
Now when he saw me set my snare,
He tells me "Get to hell from there.
This field is mine," he says, "by right;
If you poach here, there'll be a fight.
Out now," he says, "and leave your wire;
It's mine."
"It ain't."
"You put."
"You liar."
"You closhy put."
"You bloody liar."
"This is my field."
"This is my wire."
"I'm ruler here."
"You ain't."
"I am."
"I'll fight you for it."
"Right, by damn.
Not now, though, I've a-sprained my thumb,
We'll fight after the harvest hum.
And Silas Jones, that bookie wide,
Will make a purse five pounds a side."
Those were the words, that was the place
By which God brought me into grace.

On Wood Top Field the peewits go
Mewing and wheeling ever so;
And like the shaking of a timbrel
Cackles the laughter of the whimbrel.
In the old quarry-pit they say
Head-keeper Pike was made away.
He walks, head-keeper Pike, for harm,
He taps the windows of the farm;
The blood drips from his broken chin,
He taps and begs to be let in.
On Wood Top, nights, I've shaked to hark
The peewits wambling in the dark
Lest in the dark the old man might
Creep up to me to beg a light.

But Wood Top grass is short and sweet
And springy to a boxer's feet;
At harvest hum the moon so bright
Did shine on Wood Top for the fight.

When Bill was stripped down to his bends
I thought how long we two'd been friends,
And in my mind, about that wire,
I thought, " He's right, I am a liar.
As sure as skilly's made in prison
The right to poach that copse is his'n.
I'll have no luck tonight," thinks I.
" I'm fighting to defend a lie.
And this moonshiny evening's fun
Is worse than aught I've ever done."
And thinking that way my heart bled so
I almost stept to Bill and said so.
And now Bill's dead I would be glad
If I could only think I had.
But no. I put the thought away
For fear of what my friends would say.
They'd backed me, see? O Lord, the sin
Done for the things there's money in.

The stakes were drove, the ropes were hitched,
Into the ring my hat I pitched.
My corner faced the Squire's park
Just where the fir trees made it dark;
The place where I begun poor Nell
Upon the woman's road to hell.

I thought of't, sitting in my corner
After the time-keep struck his warner
(Two brandy flasks, for fear of noise,
Clinked out the time to us two boys).
And while my seconds chafed and gloved me
I thought of Nell's eyes when she loved me,
And wondered how my tot would end,
First Nell cast off and now my friend;
And in the moonlight dim and wan
I knew quite well my luck was gone;
And looking round I felt a spite
At all who'd come to see me fight;

The five and forty human faces
Inflamed by drink and going to races,
Faces of men who'd never been
Merry or true or live or clean;
Who'd never felt the boxer's trim
Of brain divinely knit to limb,
Nor felt the whole live body go
One tingling health from toe to toe;
Nor took a punch nor given a swing,
But just soaked deady round the ring
Until their brains and bloods were foul
Enough to make their throttles howl,
While we whom Jesus died to teach
Fought round on round, three minutes each.

And thinking that, you'll understand
I thought, " I'll go and take Bill's hand.
I'll up and say the fault was mine,
He sha'n't make play for these here swine."
And then I thought that that was silly,
They'd think I was afraid of Billy;
They'd think (I thought it, God forgive me)
I funked the hiding Bill could give me.
And that would make me mad and hot.
" Think that, will they? Well, they shall not.
They sha'n't think that. I will not. I'm
Damned if I will. I will not."
Time!

. . . . . .

Out into darkness, out to night
My flaring heart gave plenty light,
So wild it was there was no knowing
Whether the clouds or stars were blowing;
Blown chimney pots and folk blown blind,
And puddles glimmering like my mind,
And clinking glass from windows banging,
And inn signs swung like people hanging,
And in my heart the drink unpriced,
The burning cataracts of Christ.

I did not think, I did not strive,
The deep peace burnt my me alive;
The bolted door had broken in,
I knew that I had done with sin.

I knew that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the souls on earth,
And every bird and every beast
Should share the crumbs broke at the feast.

O glory of the lighted mind.
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind.
The station brook, to my new eyes,
Was babbling out of Paradise,
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again.
I thought all earthly creatures knelt
From rapture of the joy I felt.
The narrow station-wall's brick ledge,
The wild hop withering in the hedge,
The lights in huntsman's upper storey
Were parts of an eternal glory,
Were God's eternal garden flowers.
I stood in bliss at this for hours.

O glory of the lighted soul.
The dawn came up on Bradlow Knoll,
The dawn with glittering on the grasses,
The dawn which pass and never passes.
"It's dawn," I said, "And chimney's smoking,
And all the blessed fields are soaking.
It's dawn, and there's an engine shunting;
And hounds, and I must wander north
Along the road Christ led me forth."

THE YARN OF THE "LOCH ACHRAY"

From 'Salt Water Ballads'

THE "Loch Achray" was a clipper tall
With seven-and-twenty hands in all.
Twenty to hand and reef and haul,
A skipper to sail and mates to brawl
"Tally on the tackle-fall,
Heave now'n' start her, heave'n' pawl!"
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

Her crew were shipped and they said " Farewell,
So-long, my Tottie, my lovely gell;
We sail today if we fetch to hell,
It's time we tackled the wheel a spell."
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

The dockside loafers talked on the quay
The day that she towed down to sea:
" Lord, what a handsome ship she be!
Cheer her, sonny boys, three times three! "
And the dockside loafers gave her a shout
As the red-funneled tug-boat towed her out;
They gave her a cheer as the custom is,
And the crew yelled " Take our loves to Liz —
Three cheers, bullies, for old Pier Head
'N' the bloody stay-at-homes! " they said.
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

In the gray of the coming on of night
She dropped the tug at the Tuskar Light,
'N' the topsails went to the topmast head
To a chorus that fairly awoke the dead.
She trimmed her yards and slanted South
With her royals set and a bone in her mouth.
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

She crossed the Line and all went well,
They ate, they slept, and they struck the bell
And I give you a gospel truth when I state
The crowd didn't find any fault with the Mate,
But one night off the River Plate —
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

It freshened up till it blew like thunder
And burrowed her deep, lee-scuppers under.
The old man said, " I mean to hang on
Till her canvas busts or her sticks are gone " —
Which the blushing looney did, till at last
Overboard went her mizzenmast.
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

Then a fierce squall struck the " Loch Achray,"
And bowed her down to her water-way;
Her main-shrouds gave and her forestay,
And a green sea carried her wheel away;
Ere the watch below had time to dress
She was cluttered up in a blushing mess.
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

She couldn't lay-to nor yet pay-off,
And she got swept clean in the bloody trough,
Her masts were gone, and afore you knowed
She filled by the head and down she goed.
Her crew made seven-and-twenty dishes
For the big jack-sharks and the little fishes,
And over their bones the water swishes.
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

The wives and girls they watch in the rain
For a ship as won't come home again.
" I reckon it's them head-winds," they say,
" She'll be home tomorrow, if not today.
I'll just nip home 'n' I'll air the sheets
'N' buy the fixin's 'n' cook the meats
As my man likes 'n' as my man eats."
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

So home they goes by the windy streets,
Thinking their men are homeward bound
With anchors hungry for English ground,
And the bloody fun of it is, they're drowned!
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

SEA–FEVER

From ' Salt Water Ballads '

I MUST down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

D'AVALOS' PRAYER

From 'Salt Water Ballads'

WHEN the last sea is sailed and the last shallow charted,
When the last field is reaped and the last harvest stored,
When the last fire is out and the last guest departed,
Grant the last prayer that I shall pray, Be good to me, O Lord!

And let me pass in a night at sea, a night of storm and thunder,
In the loud crying of the wind through sail and rope and spar;
Send me a ninth great peaceful wave to drown and roll me under
To the cold tunny-fishes' home where the drowned galleons are.

And in the dim green quiet place far out of sight and hearing,
Grant I may hear at whiles the wash and thresh of the sea-foam
About the fine keen bows of the stately clippers steering
Towards the lone northern star and the fair ports of home.

SONNETS

From 'Good Friday and Other Poems'

LONG ago when all the glittering earth
Was heaven itself, when drunkards in the street
Were like mazed kings shaking at giving birth
To acts of war that sickle men like wheat,
When the white clover opened Paradise
And God lived in a cottage up the brook,
Beauty, you lifted up my sleeping eyes
And filled my heart with longing with a look;

And all the day I searched and could not find
The beautiful dark-eyed who touched me there,
Delight in her made trouble in my mind,
She was within all Nature, everywhere,
The breath I breathed, the brook, the flower, the grass,
Were her, her word, her beauty, all she was.

Night came again, but now I could not sleep.
The owls were watching in the yew, the mice
Gnawed at the wainscot; the mid dark was deep,
The death-watch knocked the dead man's summons thrice.
The cats upon the pointed housetops peered
About the chimneys, with lit eyes which saw
Things in the darkness, moving, which they feared.
The midnight filled the quiet house with awe.
So, creeping down the stair, I drew the bolt
And passed into the darkness, and I knew
That Beauty was brought near by my revolt.
Beauty was in the moonlight, in the dew,
But more within myself whose venturous tread
Walked the dark house where death ticks called the dead.

Even after all these years there comes the dream
Of lovelier life than this in some new earth,
In the full summer of that unearthly gleam
Which lights the spirit when the brain gives birth,
Of a perfected I, in happy hours,
Treading above the sea that trembles there,
A path through thickets of immortal flowers
That only grow where sorrows never were.
And, at a turn, of coming face to face
With Beauty's self, that Beauty I have sought
In women's hearts, in friends, in many a place,
In barren hours passed at grips with thought,
Beauty of woman, comrade, earth and sea,
Incarnate thought come face to face with me.

If I could come again to that dear place
Where once I came, where Beauty lived and moved,
Where, by the sea, I saw her face to face,
That soul alive by which the world has loved;
If, as I stood at gaze among the leaves,
She would appear again, as once before,

While the red herdsman gathered up his sheaves
And brimming waters trembled up the shore;
If, as I gazed, her Beauty that was dumb,
In that old time, before I learned to speak,
Would lean to me and revelation come,
Words to the lips and color to the cheek,
Joy with its searing-iron would burn me wise,
I should know all; all powers, all mysteries.

Let that which is to come be as it may,
Darkness, extinction, justice, life intense,
The flies are happy in the summer day,
Flies will be happy many summers hence.
Time with his antique breeds that built the Sphinx,
Time with her men to come whose wings will tower,
Poured and will pour, not as the wise man thinks,
But with blind force, to each his little hour.
And when the hour has struck, comes death or change,
Which, whether good or ill, we cannot tell,
But the blind planet will wander through her range
Bearing men like us who will serve as well.
The sun will rise, the winds that ever move
Will blow our dust that once were men in love.

Flesh, I have knocked at many a dusty door,
Gone down full many a midnight lane,
Probed in old walls and felt along the floor,
Pressed in blind hope the window-pane.
But useless all, though sometimes, when the moon
Was full in heaven and the sea was full,
Along my body's alleys came a tune
Played in the tavern by the Beautiful.
Then for an instant I have felt at point
To find and seize her, whosoe'er she be,
Whether some saint whose glory does anoint
Those whom she loves, or but a part of me,
Or something that the things not understood
Make for their uses out of flesh and blood.

THE HOUNDS AT THE MEET

From 'Reynard the Fox'

THERE was a general turn of faces,
The men and horses shifted places,
And round the corner came the hunt,
Those feathery things, the hounds, in front,
Intent, wise, dipping, trotting, straying,
Smiling at people, shoving, playing,
Nosing to children's faces, waving
Their feathery sterns, and all behaving,
One eye to Dansey on Maroon.
Their padding cat-feet beat a tune,
And though they trotted up so quiet
Their noses brought them news of riot,
Wild smells of things with living blood,
Hot smells, against the grippers good,
Of weasel, rabbit, cat, and hare,
Whose feet had been before them there,
Whose taint still tingled every breath;
But Dansey on Maroon was death,
So, though their noses roved, their feet
Larked and trit-trotted to the meet.

Bill Tall and Ell and Mirtie Key
(Aged fourteen years between the three)
Were flooded by them at the bend,
They thought their little lives would end,
For grave sweet eyes looked into theirs,
Cold noses came, and clean short hairs
And tails all crumpled up like ferns,
A sea of moving heads and sterns,
All round them, brushing coat and dress;
One paused, expecting a caress.
The children shrank into each other,
Shut eyes, clutched tight, and shouted "Mother"
With mouths wide open, catching tears.

Sharp Mrs. Tall allayed their fears,
"Err out the road, the dogs won't hurt 'ee.
There now, you've cried your faces dirty.

More cleaning up for me to do.
What? Cry at dogs, great lumps like you? "
She licked her handkerchief and smeared
Their faces where the dirt appeared.

The hunt trit-trotted to the meeting,
Tom Dansey touching cap to greeting,
Slow-lifting crop-thong to the rim,
No hunter there got more from him
Except some brightening of the eye.
He halted at the Cock and Pye,
The hounds drew round him on the green,
Arrogant, Daffodil, and Queen,
Closest, but all in little space,
Some lolled their tongues, some made grimace,
Yawning, or tilting nose in quest,
All stood and looked about with zest,
They were uneasy as they waited.
Their sires and dams had been well-mated,
They were a lovely pack for looks;
Their forelegs drumsticked without crooks,
Straight, without overtread or bend,
Muscled to gallop to the end,
With neat feet round as any cat's.
Great chested, muscled in the slats,
Bright, clean, short-coated, broad in shoulder
With stag-like eyes that seemed to smolder.
The heads well-cocked, the clean necks strong;
Brows broad, ears close, the muzzles long;
And all like racers in the thighs;
Their noses exquisitely wise,
Their minds being memories of smells;
Their voices like a ring of bells;
Their sterns all spirit, cock, and feather;
Their colors like the English weather,
Magpie and hare, and badger-pye,
Like minglings in a double dye,
Some smutty-nosed, some tan, none bald;
Their manners were to come when called,
Their flesh was sinew knit to bone,
Their courage like a banner blown.
Their joy, to push him out of cover,
And hunt him till they rolled him over.
They were as game as Robert Dover.

HILAIRE BELLOC

HILAIRE BELLOC was born in 1870, in La Celle, St. Cloud, near Paris. His father was a French lawyer and his mother, an Englishwoman, was the daughter of that Joseph Parkes whose history of the Chancery Bar is still current. Among his forebears, both French and English, there were politicians, soldiers, men of letters, and at least one painter. The family was Catholic.

As a child Belloc lived in Sussex. He spent six years at the Oratory School at Edgbaston and from there in 1889 he went to France, where he entered military service with the 8th Regiment of French Field Artillery. From 1892 to 1895 he was at Balliol College, Oxford, where he had won a scholarship and where, in his final History Schools, he took first class honors. And it should be added to this list of international episodes in the life of Belloc that he visited California at the age of twenty-six, and married a Californian.

His public career has been varied; he was at one time Liberal member for South Salford and distinguished himself by demanding an audit of the secret service funds. He was two years head of the English Department of the College of East London; and always he has been a journalist. These activities, and the list of his books, including poetry, essays, novels, and very considerable historical studies, create an impression of great versatility. The versatilities of Hilaire Belloc are nourished from the roots, his qualities are native. His political bent, his scholar's taste, his propagandist habit, his gift for military science — these are in his blood. And the qualities of his admirable style, so lucid, so precise and so easy, are his by inheritance. Throughout his various activities, and the varied use of his gifts, there is the common factor of a dominating spiritual preoccupation — he is a Roman Catholic and a believer. This is more than a fact about him, it is the climate in which he breathes, in which his tangible adventures go forward and in which his work is conceived.

His first book, 'Verse and Sonnets,' appeared in 1895; each year since then has seen one or more books from him. In 1899 he published 'Danton,' the first of those biographies of the time of the French Revolution which were to include 'Robespierre,' 'Marie Antoinette,' 'The Girondins.' To this work Belloc brought an erudition, an assurance, a brilliance of performance, and a confident interpretation of the visible aspects of the world he studied to display. In 1900, with 'Paris,' he published the first of those books about places, towns, rivers, and roads which are in themselves a way of travel. 'The Path to Rome,' 'The Old Road,' 'Hills and the Sea,' 'Historic Thames,' 'The Pyrenees,' 'The River of London,' 'The Stane Street' — these are the pleasurable works of an historian, a Catholic, a lover of the works of man and a lover of the earth and its airs.

'A General Sketch of the European War — First Phase,' published in 1915, and a book which dealt with the Second Phase a year later, were studies unique at the time in their knowledge of military science. Since the War Belloc has written more verse, more essays, a controversial book on 'The Jews,' a book on 'Europe and the Faith,' another on 'The House of Commons and Monarchy,' and in 1927 'Towns of Destiny.' The latter is much in his best vein, a book of towns, their streets and rivers, the past that haunts them and the Church that has embellished them. Speaking of Narbonne at the close of this book he says: "If I could have got into that nave of Narbonne all the starved unbelieving men cut off from the past in the dissolution of the modern world, there would have come out some reasonable proportion restored to the traditions of Europe." And in these words is to be read the fundamental conviction of Hilaire Belloc.

To many there comes to mind with his name, the name of Chesterton, his long-time friend. And to many, with his name, comes to mind the Sussex Weald, for he loved and celebrated the Sussex country all his life. In many a book he has said of it, as he says in 'The South Country,' that it is his home.

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

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THE SOUTH COUNTRY

WHEN I am living in the midlands,
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening:
My work is left behind;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The Great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea,
And it's there, walking in the high woods,
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
I saw them for a day:
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
Their skies are fast and gray;
From their castle-walls a man may see
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England
They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
Light aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the rocks,
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country
Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend:
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will be there to comfort me
Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plow the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood,
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

IN the poetry that was "new" just before the War, Gibson occupied a distinct place. Amid much that cried aloud its novelty, urging its revolutionary importance with a seriousness that time would a little smile at if it had not perhaps very largely forgotten, Gibson spoke soberly, with a touch of Northern burr, in a manner that Chaucer would understand and Dryden not disown. His poetry was, and remains, essentially narrative, its searching and sympathetic eye directed to scenes of humble life, its expression clear, direct, free of traditional ornament, and though rhythmic and frequently rhymed, measurably close to the structure and idiom of normal human speech. Gibson was one of the first to establish himself in this manner. He did not, however, write prefaces about it. He does not encourage the publication of autobiographic notices. Concerning him it may be authoritatively stated that he was born at Hexham, Northumberland, October 2, 1878. Beyond this the documents are his volumes of verse. Gibson began to publish in 1902. His first book to win an audience in this country was the series of dramatic sketches called 'Daily Bread' (1910). This was followed by 'Fires' (3 vols., 1912); 'Borderlands and Thoroughfares' (1914); then 'Battle and Other Poems' (1915), in which are reprinted two earlier publications, 'Stonefolds' and 'On the Threshold' (1907); 'Livelihood' (1916); 'Neighbors' (1920); and 'Kindlesyke' (1922).

In all of the books named the poet is marvelously like himself. It is not wrong to call the bulk of this work narrative, although a considerable part of it, especially in the earlier volumes, is cast in dramatic form, and to it he has returned in 'Kindlesyke,' a blank verse drama full of north country flavor, and in 'Kestrel Edge and Other Plays' (1924). Always the story is the thing; plot is the soul of his little tragedies. But the plot does not generally, or more significantly, develop itself in physical action; its operation is inwards, it unfolds in the emotions and the thoughts, spoken or unspoken, of the characters. Yet the effect on the reader is crisp and clear, there is no hinting at awful and remote significances, no incoherencies; it is neither Orphic nor Sibylline; there are no illusions to perplex the wayfaring man, except for a touch of Northumbrian idiom. It is a technique in which the wayfaring man, indeed, has been well schooled. The vogue of the short story has accustomed him to this intense concentration on the moment, this hurling against the

chosen point all the reserves of memory — the marvelously detailed memory that one encounters in the movie "cut-back" — till the position gives way, and with a rush and a cheer the story is achieved. Gibson by using the methods of today has broken out a road into the realms of gold, where many who have found more frequented paths uninviting will gladly follow him.

In his materials, too, Gibson is conscientiously modern. The Foreword to 'Fires' states a program: musing before the fire on all the fancies that have charmed the poets, he beholds

> Crouched in the dripping dark,
> With steaming shoulders stark,
> The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

Labor is his theme; toil at sea, childbirth, starvation in the city, fumbling old age, the inexorable and soul-wearying machine, the devouring furnace, the engulfing pit; the shop, the circus, the turnip-field; tramps, shepherds, plowboys; a doctor, a fiddler, a servant-girl on a holiday. The total effect is a little unrelieved. Undertaking with Crabbe to

> paint the cot
> As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not,

he presents, only with more specific detail than Crabbe, a no less depressing picture. In 'Stonefolds,' in the person of the old shepherd sitting helpless by, while lambs and children are born and die, we feel that we have gazed upon a desolation like that of a forgotten city: —

> We too have seen so many young things born,
> So many perish: yet death takes us not.

But the ravings of the stoker in 'The Furnace' (in 'Daily Bread'), crisped in his own furnace, accompanied by the chorus of wife and solicitous friends, has the hard brilliance of an experiment resolutely gone through in a workmanlike manner. If the ghost of Dan Chaucer could appear to him, and Gibson has entertained at least the artistic possibility of ghosts, the elder poet might offer a hint or two about the dangers of warbling on one string.

Not that Gibson is always doleful. The little snatches from a soldier's meditations, which make up 'Battle,' afford sudden bits of incongruity which force the reader to seek relief in laughter: "I wonder if the old cow died or not." Occasionally the poet seeks to elevate his material by resorting to the supernatural: in 'The Flute,' which accomplishes precisely what Wordsworth said he was trying to do, 'The Vixen,' only one of many poems which display the author's delight in color, and 'The Queen's Crags,' one of the most delicately imagined of them all.

Gibson has deliberately chosen the field in which he works. He is not himself of the soil; he is no Stephen Duck, the poetical thresher, or, to take a modern instance, no Francis Ledwidge. He is the professional poet contemplating sympathetically humble life in country and town. This places him squarely in the pastoral tradition, but pastoral as Theocritus practised it; not merely mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song. 'The Piper' (in 'Livelihood') is true to type, even to details. The tradition which the poet adorns shields him in turn from the charge that hinds and pitmen do not habitually talk as he makes them, do not usually think the thoughts he attributes to them. It is the poet's business to make hind and pitman articulate: thus shepherds would talk if they could. What one misses most in setting his work beside that of Theocritus, with which his is in so many ways comparable, is song. The nearest approach to it is in the short poems that make up the volume 'I Heard a Sailor' (1925). It may be the modern life of labor does not greatly admit song. The poet who has heard the curlew calling at Hallypike and seen across the night the lights of 'Home,' is not unfitted for song; he chooses, however, to let folk speak for themselves.

HARRY MORGAN AYRES

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FIRES

SNUG in my easy chair,
I stirred the fire to flame.
Fantastically fair,
The flickering fancies came,
Born of heart's desire:
Amber woodland streaming;
Topaz islands dreaming;
Sunset-cities gleaming,
Spire on burning spire;
Ruddy-windowed taverns;
Sunshine-spilling wines;
Crystal-lighted caverns
Of Golconda's mines;
Summers, unreturning;
Passion's crater yearning;
Troy, the ever-burning;
Shelley's lustral pyre;

Dragon-eyes, unsleeping;
Witches' cauldrons leaping;
Golden galleys sweeping
Out from sea-walled Tyre:
Fancies, fugitive and fair,
Flashed with singing through the air;
Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
I shut my eyes to heat and light;
And saw, in sudden night,
Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark,
The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

THE QUESTION

I WONDER if the old cow died or not.
Gey bad she was the night I left, and sick.
Dick reckoned she would mend. He knows a lot —
At least he fancies so himself, does Dick.

Dick knows a lot. But maybe I did wrong
To leave the cow to him, and come away.
Over and over like a silly song
These words keep bumming in my head all day.

And all I think of, as I face the foe
And take my lucky chance of being shot,
Is this — that if I'm hit, I'll never know
Till Doomsday if the old cow died or not.

RAINING

THE night I left my father said:
"You'll go and do some stupid thing.
You've no more sense in that fat head
Than Silly Billy Witterling.

"Not sense to come in when it rains —
Not sense enough for that, you've got.
You'll get a bullet through your brains,
Before you know, as like as not."

And now I'm lying in the trench
  And shells and bullets through the night
Are raining in a steady drench,
  I'm thinking the old man was right.*

THE FATHER

THAT was his sort.
  It didn't matter
  What we were at
But he must chatter
Of this and that
His little son
Had said or done;
Till, as he told
The fiftieth time
Without a change
How three-year-old
Prattled a rhyme
They got the range
And cut him short.

MARRIAGE

GOING my way of old
  Contented more or less
  I dreamt not life could hold
Such happiness.

I dreamt not that love's way
Could keep the golden height
Day after happy day,
Night after night.

HOME

I

RETURN

UNDER the brown bird-haunted eaves of thatch
The hollyhocks in crimson glory burned
Against black timbers and old rosy brick,
And over the green door in clusters thick
Hung tangled passion-flowers, when we returned
To our own threshold: and with hand on latch
We stood a moment in the sunset gleam
And looked upon our home as in a dream.

Rapt in a golden glow of still delight
Together on the threshold in the sun
We stood rejoicing that we two had won
To this deep golden peace ere day was done,
That over gloomy plain and storm-swept height
We two, O love, had won to home ere night.

II

CANDLELIGHT

Where through the open window I could see
The supper-table in the golden light
Of tall white candles — brasses glinting bright
On the black gleaming board, and crockery
Colored like gardens of old Araby —
In your blue gown against the walls of white
You stood adream, and in the starry night
I felt strange loneliness steal over me.
You stood with eyes upon the candle flame
That kindled your thick hair to burnished gold,
As in a golden spell that seemed to hold
My heart's love rapt from me for evermore . . .
And then you stirred, and opening the door,
Into the starry night you breathed my name.

III

FIRELIGHT

Against the curtained casement wind and sleet
Rattle and thresh, while snug by our own fire
In dear companionship that naught may tire
We sit — you listening, sewing in your seat,
Half-dreaming in the glow of light and heat,
I reading some old tale of love's desire
That swept on gold wings to disaster dire
Then sprang re-orient from black defeat.

I close the book, and louder yet the storm
Threshes without. Your busy hands are still;
And on your face and hair the light is warm,
As we sit gazing on the coals' red gleam
In a gold glow of happiness, and dream
Diviner dreams the years shall yet fulfil.

IV

MIDNIGHT

Between the midnight pillars of black elms
The old moon hangs, a thin, cold, amber flame
Over low ghostly mist: a lone snipe wheels
Through shadowy moonshine, droning: and there steals
Into my heart a fear without a name
Out of primeval night's resurgent realms,
Unearthly terror, chilling me with dread
As I lie waking wide-eyed on the bed.

And then you turn towards me in your sleep
Murmuring, and with a sigh of deep content
You nestle to my breast; and over me
Steals the warm peace of you; and, all fear spent,
I hold you to me sleeping quietly,
Till I, too, sink in slumber sound and deep.

RUPERT BROOKE

ON Easter Day, 1915, Dean Inge in St. Paul's Cathedral read Rupert Brooke's sonnet, 'The Soldier.' He commented, says Walter Bagshaw, on its materialism. Many then heard for the first time the name of that young man, and the strain of that music which is common to his five War Sonnets and which was so soon to be acclaimed throughout the English-speaking world. On the twenty-third of April in the same year Rupert Brooke died in the Ægean, where he was serving with the British Expeditionary Force. He was twenty-seven years old.

How little he was obscure may be inferred from the immediate comment in the public press. His personal beauty, his wit, his great kindness and courtesy, his happiness and the happiness he conferred, the peculiar distinction of his personality and his brilliant intellectual gifts, were suddenly celebrated. He was compared by many people and by people of many kinds to Shelley, to Keats, to Donne, to Marvell, to Philip Sidney, to Byron, and most he was compared to Apollo. There was that about him that recalled the Greeks; the comparison to Apollo recurs; Walter de la Mare says of him: "We do not often meet people in this world who instantly recall the Golden Age and remind us that the Greek sculptors went to life for their models." When he was still an undergraduate at Cambridge, his friend Mrs. Cornford wrote of him: —

A young Apollo, golden-haired,
  Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared
  For the long littleness of life.

He had achieved before his twenty-fourth year the kind of personal reputation that is rare and that enhances the pleasure of life. In 1911 his book of poems widened his reputation; there were men like Edward Thomas to say of him that he was a poet and a great one; he left his 'Sonnets (1914)' — and more than these — to prove it.

Rupert Brooke was born in 1887 at Rugby, where his father, who was a son of Canon Brooke of Bath, was a master of the famous school. From Rugby Rupert went to Cambridge; in 1913 he became a Fellow of King's College. In 1911 he traveled in Germany and Italy and in 1913 visited the United States and Canada on his way to the South Seas. He returned to England in June of 1914.

In the British edition of Brooke's collected poems there is a Memoir by his friend Edward Marsh, who tells of his Cambridge days that he was President of the Fabians (the Socialist Society) there, and a promoter of dramatics,

a great swimmer, a great talker, a maker of friends. Among these friends were many of the young intellectuals of his day, some of whom were to be his companions on his last adventures. Immediately on the outbreak of the War, in September of 1914, he obtained a commission with the Royal Navy Division; in October he was in Antwerp, in time for the retreat. In February of 1915 he sailed with the British Expeditionary Force to the Dardanelles. He did not reach there; he died of acute blood poisoning aboard a French hospital ship, lying off the Island of Scyros. He was buried by his friends on that island where Theseus was buried. A Frenchman writing of him in the Mercure de France calls him "The first dead of the Dardanelles, the chosen victim, the Libation."

The five War Sonnets, so apposite to the high mood of the early years of the War, so much in the great tradition, so prophetic of the pouring out of "the red sweet wine of youth," made a profound and enduring impression. There was at once an edition of collected poems and a reappraisal of them. His book on John Webster, the fruit of his preoccupation with the Elizabethans, was freshly commended. His travel letters and those letters which appear in Edward Marsh's Memoir were treasured and read for their brilliant qualities; for all Brooke's sophistication his letters are ingenuous: they admit the reader to the mind of a young man of extraordinary gifts — physical, social, and intellectual; they illuminate his creative proccesses and supplement his poems. To have read in a letter of the garden of Old Vicarage, Grantchester — where he walked "feeling like a fly crawling on the score of the Fifth Symphony" — is to feel more at home in 'Grantchester,' with its record of English folk and ways and places. The beauty of that poem, its comedy and laughter, its nostalgic note, the genius in detail of observation, the freshness and surprise of it, distill a particular magic most potent in exile. It is pre-eminently the exile's treasure.

Henry James said of Rupert Brooke that he was the finest saturation of the English intelligence by its immediate surroundings; 'The Great Lover' overflows with such pleasures of recognition as would seem to bear this out. That rehearsal of the solaces of our daily life — of things so common and so dear to man — is a poem compact of daily bread and of enchantment. Many men have blessed him that he wrote of

> Wet roofs beneath the lamplight; the strong crust
> Of friendly bread; the many-tasting food;
> Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
> And radiant raindrops;

and of "the cool kindliness of sheets," of "the unpassioned beauty of a great machine," of the "graveness of iron" as well as of "washen stones, gay for an hour" and of "foot-prints in the dew." There is a kind of gratitude fol-

lows the reading of this poem where the things men commonly love are so imperishably preserved and displayed and enhanced.

Because Rupert Brooke died young his preoccupation with death has come to seem prophetic. Because much of his work is so burnished, other of his work — with its insistence on the stains of mortality, senility, and the betrayals of the body — has been displeasing to some of his readers, who have been content to see it as bravado, and as juvenile. But the modern reader coming upon the "long connubial years" of Menelaus and Helen, or even the 'Channel Crossing,' revolting as it is, must discern in this tendency to what Brooke called "my resolute ugliness" his affinity with a modern mood. He urges in his letters that such poems are serious work and that they stand "as representative of abortive poetry as against literary verse."

He had a sure hand with a sonnet and a startling control of its dramatic possibilities. There is climax and the shock of the inevitable last line in many of his sonnets, and the pressure of experience so vital and immediate that we seem to see with him his "immortal moments." He knew how to lift his immortal moments

clear and still and strange
From the dark woven flow of change

and how to hang them on the air, arrested forever. His genius was in the highest degree, an amber; and it was prescient. He knew before he saw it, that

Death and Sleep
Bear many a young Sarpedon home.

He said farewell many times before he said it in the five Sonnets of 1914.

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

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THE OLD VICARAGE, GRANTCHESTER

(Café des Westens, Berlin, May 1912)

JUST now the lilac is in bloom,
All before my little room;
And in my flower-beds, I think,
Smile the carnation and the pink;
And down the borders, well I know,
The poppy and the pansy blow . . .

Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above; and green and deep
The stream mysterious glides beneath,
Green as a dream and deep as death.
— Oh, damn! I know it! and I know
How the May fields all golden show,
And when the day is young and sweet,
Gild gloriously the bare feet
That run to bathe. . . .
Du lieber Gott!

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,
And there the shadowed waters fresh
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.
Temperamentvoll German Jews
Drink beer around; — and *there* the dews
Are soft beneath a morn of gold.
Here tulips bloom as they are told;
Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose;
And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,
A slippered Hesper; and there are
Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton
Where *das Betreten's* not *verboten.*

εἴθε, γενοίμην . . . would I were
In Grantchester, in Grantchester! —
Some, it may be, can get in touch
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.
And clever modern men have seen
A Faun a-peeping through the green,
And felt the Classics were not dead,
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low: . . .
But these are things I do not know.
I only know that you may lie
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,

Until the centuries blend and blur
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . .
Still in the dawnlit waters cool
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.
Dan Chaucer hears his river still
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,
How Cambridge waters hurry by . . .
And in that garden, black and white,
Creep whispers through the grass all night;
And spectral dance, before the dawn,
A hundred vicars down the lawn;
Curates, long dust, will come and go
On lissom, clerical, printless toe;
And oft between the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .
Till, at a shiver in the skies,
Vanishing with Satanic cries,
The prim ecclesiastic rout
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,
Gray heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,
The falling house that never falls.

God! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again!
For England's the one land, I know,
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go;
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire for Men who Understand;
And of *that* district I prefer
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.
For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile;
And Royston men in the far South
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth;
At Over they fling oaths at one,
And worse than oaths at Trumpington,
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,
And there's none in Harston under thirty,
And folks in Shelford and those parts
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,

And Barton men make Cockney rhymes,
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,
And things are done you'd not believe
At Madingley on Christmas Eve.
Strong men have run for miles and miles
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles;
Strong men have blanched, and shot their wives,
Rather than send them to St. Ives;
Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,
To hear what happened at Babraham.
But Grantchester! ah, Grantchester!
There's peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies,
And men and women with straight eyes,
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
And little kindly winds that creep
Round twilight corners, half asleep.
In Grantchester their skins are white;
They bathe by day, they bathe by night;
The women there do all they ought;
The men observe the rules of Thought.
They love the Good; they worship Truth;
They laugh uproariously in youth;
(And when they get to feeling old,
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told) . . .

Ah God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester!
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River-smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees.
Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand
Still guardians of the holy land?
The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,
The yet unacademic stream?
Is dawn a secret shy and cold
Anadyomene, silver-gold?
And sunset still a golden sea
From Haslingfield to Madingley?
And after, ere the night is born,
Do hares come out about the corn?

Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
And Certainty? and Quiet kind?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?

THE SOLDIER

IF I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY, the son of a well-known Professor of Philosophy at Cambridge University, was one of "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown" celebrated by Shelley in 'Adonais'; swept away by the War before he had arrived at his twenty-first birthday, he was one among many promising young poets who left only an indication of what they might have been able to achieve if they had reached maturity. The following short biographical sketch is taken from the small volume of his

work published by the Cambridge University Press, to which we are also indebted for the poem printed below.

He was born at Old Aberdeen on May 19, 1895. From 1900 onwards his home was in Cambridge. He was at Marlborough from September 1908 till December 1913, when he was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford. After leaving school he spent a little more than six months in Germany, returning home on the outbreak of war. He was gazetted Second Lieutenant in the Seventh (Service) Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment in August 1914, Lieutenant in November, and Captain in the following August. He was sent to France on May 30, and was killed in action on October 13, 1915.

ALL THE HILLS AND VALES ALONG

ALL the hills and vales along
Earth is bursting into song,
And the singers are the chaps
Who are going to die perhaps.
O sing, marching men,
Till the valleys ring again.
Give your gladness to earth's keeping,
So be glad, when you are sleeping.

Cast away regret and rue,
Think what you are marching to.
Little live, great pass.
Jesus Christ and Barabbas
Were found the same day.
This died, that went his way.
So sing with joyful breath.
For why, you are going to death.
Teeming earth will surely store
All the gladness that you pour.

Earth that never doubts nor fears,
Earth that knows of death, not tears,
Earth that bore with joyful ease
Hemlock for Socrates,
Earth that blossomed and was glad
'Neath the cross that Christ had,
Shall rejoice and blossom too
When the bullet reaches you.

Wherefore, men marching
On the road to death, sing!
Pour your gladness on earth's head,
So be merry, so be dead.

From the hills and valleys earth
Shouts back the sound of mirth,
Tramp of feet and lilt of song
Ringing all the road along.
All the music of their going,
Ringing, swinging, glad song-throwing,
Earth will echo still, when foot
Lies numb and voice mute.
On, marching men, on
To the gates of death with song.
Sow your gladness for earth's reaping,
So you may be glad, though sleeping.
Strew your gladness on earth's bed,
So be merry, so be dead.

RALPH HODGSON

RALPH HODGSON is a native of Northumberland, where he was born in the late seventies. He was quite unknown when 'The Last Blackbird,' his first collection of poems, appeared in 1907. Although his poems continued to appear singly in broadsides illustrated by Lovat Fraser (these broadsides are already prized by collectors), and although his second collection, 'Poems,' which came out in 1917, aroused great enthusiasm, little more is known about him today. He prefers to work in obscurity, a recluse among his books and flowers and beloved animals, polishing and repolishing his poems until they are surpassingly concise and perfect. He is a journalist by profession, writing chiefly for sporting papers, and is said to be a leading authority on the subject of bull terriers. In one of his earlier poems he called himself a "lean-pursed poetaster" and avowed a passion for Shelley; but on second thought he seems to have considered this too personal an admission, for when he weeded out his work to let only the most perfect appear in the 'Poems,' this was dropped from the collection along with a number of others that were found wanting. As a matter of fact there are only twenty-five poems by which he wished to be known; he is so dissatisfied with the earlier ones that he does not like 'The Last Blackbird' to be listed in bibliographies and anthologies. As a result of this passion for perfection his poetry is strikingly

simple, direct, and forcible; all that is unessential is pruned away; and there is not a word that is inept or unnecessary. He avoids unusual words and phrases as he avoids unusual or complicated rhythms. He is quite completely objective, eliminating the personal equation almost altogether. As a result he is more akin to Blake than to Shelley, and the resemblance is increased by his extraordinary sympathy and fellow-feeling for animals, even greater than that which he has for human beings, and by the vigor, the color and aptness, of his images. If in some of his work " Blake seems to sing anew," as one critic has said, it is also easy to understand why another has called ' Eve ' " the most fascinating poem of our time," and a third has predicted that his verse will live as long as any of the period.

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EVE

EVE, with her basket, was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees,
Picking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Down in the bells and grass
Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a
Corner the cobra lay,
Curled round a bough of the
Cinnamon tall. . . .
Now to get even and
Humble proud heaven and
Now was the moment or
Never at all.

" Eva! " Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,
" Eva! " he whispered the
Wondering maid,
Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung,
Soft and most silverly
" Eva! " he said.

Picture that orchard sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips.

Oh had our simple Eve
Seen through the make-believe!
Had she but known the
Pretender he was!
Out of the boughs he came,
Whispering still her name,
Tumbling in twenty rings
Into the grass.

Here was the strangest pair
In the world anywhere,
Eve in the bells and grass
Kneeling, and he
Telling his story low . . .
Singing birds saw them go
Down the dark path to
The Blasphemous Tree.

Oh what a clatter when
Titmouse and Jenny Wren
Saw him successful and
Taking his leave!
How the birds rated him,
How they all hated him!
How they all pitied
Poor Motherless Eve!

Picture her crying
Outside in the lane,
Eve, with no dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Haunting the gate of the
Orchard in vain. . . .
Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill tonight —
"Eva!" the toast goes round,
"Eva!" again.

THE BULL

SEE an old unhappy bull,
Sick in soul and body both,
Slouching in the undergrowth
Of the forest beautiful,
Banished from the herd he led,
Bulls and cows a thousand head.

Cranes and gaudy parrots go
Up and down the burning sky;
Tree-top cats purr drowsily
In the dim-day green below;
And troops of monkeys, nutting, some,
All disputing, go and come;

And things abominable sit
Picking offal buck or swine,
On the mess and over it
Burnished flies and beetles shine,
And spiders big as bladders lie
Under hemlocks ten foot high;

And a dotted serpent curled
Round and round and round a tree,
Yellowing its greenery,
Keeps a watch on all the world,
All the world and this old bull
In the forest beautiful.

Bravely by his fall he came:
One he led, a bull of blood
Newly come to lustihood,
Fought and put his prince to shame,
Snuffed and pawed the prostrate head
Tameless even while it bled.

There they left him, every one,
Left him there without a lick,
Left him there for the birds to pick,
Left him there for carrion,
Vilely from their bosom cast
Wisdom, worth, and love at last.

When the lion left his lair
And roared his beauty through the hills,
And the vultures pecked their quills
And flew into the middle air,
Then this prince no more to reign
Came to life and lived again.

He snuffed the herd in far retreat,
He saw the blood upon the ground,
And snuffed the burning airs around
Still with beevish odors sweet,
While the blood ran down his head
And his mouth ran slaver red.

Pity him, this fallen chief,
All his splendor, all his strength,
All his body's breadth and length
Dwindled down with shame and grief,
Half the bull he was before,
Bones and leather, nothing more.

See him standing dewlap-deep
In the rushes at the lake,
Surly, stupid, half asleep,
Waiting for his heart to break
And the birds to join the flies
Feasting at the bloodshot eyes;

Standing with his head hung down
In a stupor, dreaming things:
Green savannas, jungles brown,
Battlefields and bellowings,
Bulls undone and lions dead
And vultures flapping overhead.

Dreaming things: of days he spent
With his mother gaunt and lean
In the valley warm and green,
Full of baby wonderment,
Blinking out of silly eyes
At a hundred mysteries;

Dreaming over once again
How he wandered with a throng
Of bulls and cows a thousand strong,
Wandered on from plain to plain,
Up the hill and down the dale,
Always at his mother's tail;

How he lagged behind the herd,
Lagged and tottered, weak of limb,
And she turned and ran to him
Blaring at the loathly bird
Stationed always in the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming maybe of a day
When her drained and drying paps
Turned him to the sweets and saps,
Richer fountains by the way,
And she left the bull she bore
And he looked to her no more;

And his little frame grew stout,
And his little legs grew strong,
And the way was not so long;
And his little horns came out,
And he played at butting trees
And boulder-stones and tortoises,

Joined a game of knobby skulls
With the youngsters of his year,
All the other little bulls,
Learning both to bruise and bear,
Learning how to stand a shock
Like a little bull of rock.

Dreaming of a day less dim,
Dreaming of a time less far,
When the faint but certain star
Of destiny burned clear for him,
And a fierce and wild unrest
Broke the quiet of his breast,

And the gristles of his youth
Hardened in his comely pow,
And he came to fighting growth,
Beat his bull and won his cow,
And flew his tail and trampled off
Past the tallest, vain enough,

And curved about in splendor full
And curved again and snuffed the airs
As who should say Come out who dares!
And all beheld a bull, a Bull,
And knew that here was surely one
That backed for no bull, fearing none.

And the leader of the herd
Looked and saw, and beat the ground,
And shook the forest with his sound,
Bellowed at the loathly bird
Stationed always in the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming, this old bull forlorn,
Surely dreaming of the hour
When he came to sultan power,
And they owned his master-horn,
Chiefest bull of all among
Bulls and cows a thousand strong;

And in all the tramping herd
Not a bull that barred his way,
Not a cow that said him nay,
Not a bull or cow that erred
In the furnace of his look
Dared a second, worse rebuke;

Not in all the forest wide,
Jungle, thicket, pasture, fen,
Not another dared him then,
Dared him and again defied;
Not a sovereign buck or boar
Came a second time for more;

Not a serpent that survived
Once the terrors of his hoof
Risked a second time reproof,
Came a second time and lived,
Not a serpent in its skin
Came again for discipline;

Not a leopard bright as flame,
Flashing fingerhooks of steel,
That a wooden tree might feel,
Met his fury once and came
For a second reprimand,
Not a leopard in the land;

Not a lion of them all,
Not a lion of the hills,
Hero of a thousand kills,
Dared a second fight and fall,
Dared that ram terrific twice,
Paid a second time the price.

Pity him, this dupe of dream,
Leader of the herd again
Only in his daft old brain,
Once again the bull supreme
And bull enough to bear the part
Only in his tameless heart.

Pity him that he must wake;
Even now the swarm of flies
Blackening his bloodshot eyes
Bursts and blusters round the lake,
Scattered from the feast half-fed,
By great shadows overhead;

And the dreamer turns away
From his visionary herds
And his splendid yesterday,
Turns to meet the loathly birds
Flocking round him from the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

BRITISH ESSAYISTS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

DURING the Romantic Revival the field of the essay was richly diversified by the work of Lamb, Hazlitt, and De Quincey. As the nineteenth century wore on, the novel became more and more the prevailing form of literary expression, the drama woke to new life, and journalism assumed a significance it had never had before. Thus writers like Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy, and Bennett, who were capable of writing excellent essays, became known as writers of drama or fiction or both. Chesterton, who came a little later, also wrote both novels and plays, but is perhaps better known as a writer of essays and biography.

After the War there were signs of change. Aldous Huxley combined the novel with the essay in a kind of fiction which depends less upon skill of narrative or characterization than upon the keenness of the criticism of the society portrayed. In this use of the essay to reinforce the deficient technique of the English novel, Huxley was following the example of Fielding, but with greater subtlety and diversity of application. He is also, when he chooses to discard the cloak of fiction, an admirable essayist, endowed with humor as well as wit, insight as well as pungency of expression.

A somewhat similar combination of qualities distinguishes the new school of biographical essayists, instituted by Lytton Strachey and continued by Philip Guedalla, as well as (in French) by André Maurois, who had long been a keen student of English character as well as of English literature. As the new school had evidently disregarded the established biographical practice of throwing the subject's failings into the background and centering the limelight on his virtues, this reversal of procedure naturally led to accusations of frivolity and cynicism. But the new school knows its documents and digs vigorously and long into historical sources before it endeavors to present the man as he was, with his human shortcomings and individual idiosyncrasies. Perhaps the previous biographical inclination to indiscriminate eulogy has led the younger men to treat certain Victorian idols with some spice of malice, but in the main the three authors named above have discussed their chosen heroes with disrespectful sympathy. If there is an occasional yielding to the temptation to epigram at the expense of some honored name, we are at least saved from the plague of dullness, and it must be acknowledged that the standard biography of the older school was often dull. There is also a commendable break with the older tradition of distressing length. The elaborate

biographies in numerous volumes which adorned library shelves in the nineteenth century are perhaps useful for later historians; they are not useful to the general reader, who has neither the time nor the endurance to go through them. The change to a more concise and brisker style is a very welcome improvement.

A very good example of Lytton Strachey's power to call back the ghosts of history and endow them with new life is the concluding passage of his last book. As we turn over the pages of 'Elizabeth and Essex,' we see before our eyes the figures, not only of the two great actors in the drama, the Queen and the handsome, impetuous youth who was her favorite in the latter part of her reign, but of the other leading courtiers of that great time — the turbulent but gifted Raleigh; Bacon, with his magnificent intellect and constant eye to the main chance; and above all the younger son of the great Lord Burghley, Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards first Earl of Salisbury and the founder of the line — not yet ended — which has given so many statesmen and orators to English public life. Then comes the final scene:

"The great personages about her implored her to obey the physicians and let herself be moved — in vain. At last Cecil said boldly, 'Your Majesty, to content the people, you must go to bed.' 'Little man, little man,' came the answer, 'the word *must* is not used to princes.' She indicated that she wished for music, and the instruments were brought into the room; with delicate melancholy they discoursed to her, and for a little she found relief. The consolations of religion remained; but they were dim formalities to that irretrievably terrestrial nature; a tune on the virginals had always been more to her mind than a prayer. Eventually she was carried to her bed. Cecil and the other Councillors gathered round her; had she any instructions, the Secretary asked, in the matter of her successor? There was no answer. 'The King of Scotland?' he hinted; and she made a sign — so it seemed to him — which showed agreement. The Archbishop of Canterbury came — the aged Whitgift, whom she had called in merrier days her 'little black husband' — and knelt beside her. He prayed fervently and long; and now, unexpectedly, she seemed to take a pleasure in his ministrations; on and on he prayed, until his old knees were in an agony, and he made a move as if to rise. But she would not allow it, and for another intolerable period he raised his petitions to heaven. It was late at night before he was released, when he saw that she had fallen asleep. She continued asleep, until — in the cold dark hours of the early morning of March 24th — there was a change; and the anxious courtiers, as they bent over the bed, perceived, yet once again, that the inexplicable spirit had eluded them. But it was for the last time: a haggard husk was all that was left of Queen Elizabeth.

"But meanwhile, in an inner chamber, at his table, alone, the Secretary sat writing. All eventualities had been foreseen, everything was arranged, only the last soft touches remained to be given. The momentous transition would

come now with exquisite facility. As the hand moved, the mind moved too, ranging sadly over the vicissitudes of mortal beings, reflecting upon the revolutions of kingdoms, and dreaming, with quiet clarity, of what the hours, even then, were bringing — the union of two nations — the triumph of the new rulers — success, power, and riches — a name in after-ages — a noble lineage — a great House."

Another type of essay which has had exponents of unusual brilliance during the present century is the exposition of a philosophical or scientific subject in a way that can be understood by ordinary readers. Thomas Huxley was a notable example of this power in the nineteenth century, and in the twentieth he has many successors. The most conspicuous is perhaps Bertrand Russell, who seems to deal with philosophical or scientific subjects with equal facility. The Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge University, Dr. A. S. Eddington, is equally successful in his recent Gifford Lectures, delivered at Edinburgh, on 'The Nature of the Physical World' (1928). Another admirable exposition of the same difficult subject is that of Dr. A. N. Whitehead, Professor of Philosophy at Cambridge, and at the time of writing a member of the staff at Harvard University, whose Lowell Lectures, delivered at Boston, Massachusetts, were published in 1927, under the title of 'Science and the Modern World.' William MacDougall, formerly Professor of Philosophy at Oxford, more recently at Harvard, and now at Duke University in North Carolina, has also written much on psychological and philosophical subjects in books of more than academic scope and appeal. A remarkable interpreter of economic issues is Professor J. M. Keynes, whose articles on questions of international finance after the War attracted the attention of a wide circle of readers. Bernard Shaw's skill as a controversialist, most recently exhibited in 'The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism' (1928), is extraordinary, and was familiar to those who read his socialistic pamphlets written for the Fabian Society in the early eighties, though it has since that time been rather overshadowed by his success on the stage. H. G. Wells has also written admirably on economics and general science, but has attracted most attention by incorporating his discussions of those subjects in his novels. In the field of anthropology, perhaps the most successful writer for the general reader is Sir Arthur Keith, but there are many others. The skill of many British scientists in popular exposition of all forms, from newspaper articles to books of real importance, is quite remarkable.

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

[The passage from Lytton Strachey's 'Elizabeth and Essex' is reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Harcourt, Brace and Company.]

EDMUND GOSSE

From The Observer (London, Eng.), Sunday, May 20, 1928. Copyright. Reprinted by permission of the Editor

AT this moment it is impossible to write adequately on Edmund Gosse; and very difficult to write at all. But it is part of one's trade to describe and dissect one's friends whilst they await burial; and Gosse himself, a master of his trade, never shrank from the duty.

He was in his seventy-ninth year. For sixty years he had been at work in London, and right up to the end the weekly critical essay in the Sunday Times, which was the epilogue to his multifarious labors, exhibited qualities of memory, judgment, energy, and grace which were the envy of his juniors. But three months ago, erect as ever, he was a pall-bearer at Hardy's funeral, and drew on fifty years of memories for his obituary notice. His career arches from the mid-Victorian period to our own. Sixty years ago, working in the British Museum, he had his first sight of Swinburne, then in the sunrise of his young fame:

"It was on the 9th of July, 1868, rather late in the afternoon, Swinburne had fallen in a fit while working in the reading room of the British Museum, and had cut his forehead superficially against the iron staple of the desk. I was walking along a corridor when I was passed by a couple of silent attendants rapidly carrying along in a chair what seemed to be a dead man. I recognized him instantly from his photographs, which now filled the shop windows. His hanging hands, closed eyelids, corpse-white face, and red hair dabbled with blood, presented an appearance of the utmost horror, but I learned, a few days later, that his recovery was rapid and complete."

Within a year or two he was Swinburne's friend, and Rossetti's. From that time to this there was scarcely an eminent figure in literature (though he has said, "I am sorry I never made my bow to George Eliot") with whom he was not on terms of personal friendship. He was the first man in this country to mention Ibsen, and one of the first to praise Sacheverell Sitwell. Generation after generation moved by. Huxley, the grandfather, passed, Huxley, the grandson, came. Rossetti died, and Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne. Edmund Gosse was the confidant and helper of many, the vigilant observer of all. He, who in the eighteen-seventies was a young civil servant conspiring with Lang and Dobson to revive the old strict French forms of verse, was, in the nineteen-twenties, giving generous praise to Mr. Sassoon and Mr. Blunden (who are very remote from villanelles), and relating them to their predecessors in the English succession.

In his early years he had a difficult time. He was the son of Philip Henry Gosse, F. R. S., the grim naturalist who believed that God had scattered prehistoric remains in the rocks as a temptation to sceptics. The mother died young: the father loved the little pathetic son, but was relentless with him: Edmund Gosse never knew boyhood. He says of his parents:

"Neither knew nor cared about any manifestation of current literature. For each there had been no poet later than Byron, and neither had read a romance since, in childhood, they had dipped into the Waverley Novels, as they appeared in succession. For each the various forms of imaginative and scientific literature were merely means of improvement and profit, which kept the student 'out of the world'; gave him full employment, and enabled him to maintain himself. But pleasure was to be found nowhere but in the Word of God, and to the endless discussion of the Scriptures each hurried when the day's work was over. In this strange household the advent of a child was not welcomed, but was borne with resignation. The event was thus recorded in my Father's diary: 'E. delivered of a son. Received green swallow from Jamaica.'"

It is impossible not to admire that father, the self-torturing rock-like man, with the trap-like mouth and the burning eyes under eyebrows which looked like bushes on a cliff. But conflict was inevitable. Gosse recalled an incident that happened in his tenth year. His father read Vergil to him, and came upon the most enchanting of all lines. The child asked for them to be explained; explained they were, but without feeling:

"But a miracle had been revealed to me, the incalculable, the amazing beauty which could exist in the sound of verses. My prosodical instinct was awakened, quite suddenly that dim evening, as my Father and I sat alone in the breakfast-room after tea, serenely accepting the hour, for once, with no idea of exhortation or profit. Verse, 'a breeze mid blossoms playing,' as Coleridge says, descended from the roses as a moth might have done, and the magic of it took hold of my heart forever. I persuaded my Father, who was a little astonished at my insistence to repeat the lines over and over again. At last my brain caught them, and as I walked in Benny's garden, or as I hung over the tidal pools at the edge of the sea, all my inner being used to ring out with the sound of '*Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.*'"

There was affection on both sides, but war was inevitable. That dreadful and touching strife is described with utter realism yet great sensitiveness in 'Father and Son,' Edmund Gosse's masterpiece. The early fight against an ugly and cruel religion and a strong bigoted father left permanent marks on him. All alone, young and ignorant, he had to wage war to preserve his independence, his right to lead his own life and seek those worlds of beauty and amenity, glimpses of which can be concealed from no child fit to receive them.

The conflict steeled his will. When he was young he looked middle-aged; when he was old he still looked middle-aged; it was as though the mere will were preserving the agility of his limbs, the glitter of his eyes, the set of his

features, the very color of his pale hair. Stevenson, returning to the Savile Club in 1927, would have found no great alteration in the appearance of the friend of forty years ago, no baldness, no white beard, no retrospective mumbling: but the same man, looking much the same, still vivacious, critical, satirical, keenly interested in the day's creation and the day's intrigue, still given to sudden bursts of unbounded kindness. He would also find him there at lunch on the same day of the week: for the early discipline and the early conflict left Gosse with habits of intense regularity. Nobody ever answered letters more punctually or more neatly than he. What he gave he expected: there was a severe frown and a caustic remark (*experto crede*) for anyone who turned up five minutes late at a committee of which he was Chairman.

He had himself completely in hand: the repression which that involved led, at times, to a certain irritability: and, as the child had had to fight for its life with its father, in a lonely cottage or drab London lodgings, so Gosse was always ready at a moment's notice to take up any gauntlet and reply to any real or apparent insult or invasion. He did not suffer fools gladly: and, fools or no, he had no use for his enemies. In middle life he had some bitter controversies: he made enemies sometimes because of his understandable dislike of the extremer forms of religious dogmatism, sometimes because he replied to affronts with affronts, sometimes because of that difference between the artist who trusts to his memory for his facts and the plodding scholar who verifies his facts but is no artist. The most notorious instance was the fight with the pedant, Churton Collins, who pulled Gosse's Clark Lectures to pieces because of trifling errors of fact. Always during controversy he gave rather better than he received: having a very pungent manner of expressing contempt.

His contempt was not restricted to print; he said things that got about, and he was not averse from saying things in the hearing of his antagonists. I have heard a gentleman defined (it is one of the thousand inadequate definitions of an impalpable poetic thing) as a man who is never rude except deliberately. Gosse, whose ordinary manners had an eighteenth-century polish, was never rude except deliberately, but he was often rude. I have seen men flush and shrivel at remarks about themselves which were meant to reach their ears; some old score wiped out, and very adequately, at last. And it didn't matter who they were. When Gosse was made Librarian of the House of Lords, those whom he had annoyed, or who were jealous of him, murmured that at last he would be happy. The implied suggestions were grossly and ludicrously unwarrantable. He liked to be behind the scenes, to be cognizant of affairs (though, at bottom, indifferent to politics); he had a Johnsonian regard for the usefulness of "rank" and "subordination"; and a belief (fortified by his knowledge of the great periods in human history) that in a healthy society the best elements of all kinds should mingle at the apex. Prime Ministers and Field Marshals were encountered at his table; but they were met in a world where distinctions disappeared, and experiences were unaffectedly exchanged.

He liked the idea of dukes, and he was prepared to like a duke; but woe betide the duke who annoyed him. Gosse's claws were impartially ready, and the boor or the booby would feel them. Less often, perhaps, of recent years. The fight was o'er, the battle won; and a new mellowness and tolerance came over Gosse. He was the doyen of men-of-letters; a wanderer from a past age who had sailed into a serene harbor and (miraculously) was interested in the harbor when he got there. He had no longer any foes; he was friends with his juniors and with the sons of his juniors; a perennially young patriarch basking in the sunshine after many storms; jocularly calling his youngest friends "Bolsheviks," but not meaning it; talking sympathetically even about dead antagonists, though always admirable in suggesting their limitations.

Yet the change involved no diminution of freshness. In his last year or two he was physically frailer and wore a shade over one eye; probably he had skipped up stairs and library ladders longer than any human being, with impunity, can. But to the last, if I gave him my arm across the street, or carried out any similar office of the comparatively young to the eminent septuagenarian, I could not help feeling that he was merely pretending to be old, and that this was all a game between us. What a tribute is that to his humanity and courage!

It is difficult for the present generation to realize that Gosse's first vogue was as a poet. His 'Collected Poems' (published, originally, by his old friend, William Heinemann) are well worth study. A great deal of charming light verse will be found there, and certain premonitory works of a more serious kind. When he wrote his preface, in 1911, he said:

"If I am a poet at all, I belong to the age of the Franco-German War, of the introduction of Japanese Art into Europe, of the discoveries of Huxley and Haeckel, and of the Oxford lectures of Matthew Arnold. I smile at this list of names, as a buttercup might smile to find itself rooted in a battlefield; but such is the intellectual topography of these rhymes."

This was too modest. In many of the poems — such as 'A Year,' 'Lying in the Grass,' and that beautiful poem about the moths, the lantern, and the lady, in the 'Oxford Book' — Gosse was a link between Matthew Arnold (who was a link with Wordsworth) and those modern "Georgians" who combine rhythmical fluidity and variety with exact observation of natural fact and the illumination of a momentary emotion — Wordsworth's general philosophy having gone. In later years he wrote little verse, though there was a fine poem during the War: he looked back on his career as poet as though it had been another man's. For so much had happened since.

His industry, throughout his long life, was immense; yet his standards were never relaxed. There was the big edition of the 'Life and Letters' of Donne — in whose first editions and MSS. his choice library (mostly bought with his spare shillings when he was young) was rich. There were "lives" — Gray, Congreve, Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Swinburne, and others. There

were a score of collections of critical essays and portraits, whose subjects ranged from the Greek ancients to the English moderns. There were semi-text-books on Jacobean, eighteenth-century, and modern English Literature. There were interpretations of the authors of France and Scandinavia, many of whom he had known. In middle life he was one of the official translators to the Board of Trade. With one hand, as it were, he was writing Blue-books about industrial conditions in Germany, and with the other he was introducing English readers to the unknown authors of Denmark and Norway. A swarm of introductions and pamphlets will also embarrass his bibliographers. The production was enormous, yet it was (until recent years) all done in the spare time of a busy official, and none of it was slipshod. First to last Gosse hardly ever wrote an inelegant sentence, and never wrote even a newspaper article which was vamped and second-hand. He was himself, with all his resources and taste, whenever he took pen in hand.

As a critic there is nobody exactly like him in our literature. He was universally curious, always detached, yet always watchful for the new: erudite without solemnity, enthusiastic without fanaticism. There was no book on which he could not throw light: even when he was impercipient (as with Francis Thompson, whose Catholicism and archaic affectations obscured for Gosse his genius) he had always something shrewd and telling to say. It must be agreed, however (and he himself was aware of it), that where he most excelled was in discovering the man behind the work and (where he had seen his subjects) in physical and spiritual portraiture. Sketches such as he has left of Christina Rossetti and Lord de Tabley (there are scores of others, of all types of person) are unparalleled in our literature: only in French can their likenesses be found.

Gosse was an extraordinary observer, and could record what he saw in language of the utmost exactitude and economy: he had, also, a heart for goodness and an amused eye for oddness. His self-possession was complete: the openings of his essays always gave one the feeling that he had just sharpened a quill and had carefully considered all he was going to say before beginning to write. Here is a recent example, taken at random from an essay written in Byron's Centenary year:

"While everybody is discussing the merits and demerits of the too-famous 'Pilgrim of Eternity,' it is probable that little attention will be diverted to an interesting figure which had its day of notoriety. When Byron died at Missolonghi, the child of an eccentric hide-merchant and Primitive Christian at Cranbrook was a fortnight old. This child was Sydney Dobell, afterwards the author of 'The Roman' and 'Balder.' From early infancy this unfortunate babe was dedicated to an 'apostolic mission.' His parents were sternly religious, and they were extreme Radicals in politics. It was a moment in England when everybody who was at all serious was beginning to think about the evidences of Christianity and the doom of tyrants. The elder Dobells

were united in the hope that their eldest son would distinguish himself in both fields of action, and that infant, who was dreadfully precocious, nervous, and overstrained, ardently responded."

There you have an example of Gosse's ordinary movement and his ordinary temper. There was always melody in his sentences and order in his paragraphs. These same qualities gave an extraordinary charm to his talk. With Gosse present, and in form, no other man need wish to talk — not that he ever desired to dominate conversation or was anything but an attentive listener. Conversation was creation with him: there was no midnight oil, but care and choice operated in front of one, and very rapidly. He hesitated sometimes for the right word, but never so long as we should have hesitated ourselves. The terse, illuminating, sometimes malicious, sometimes tenderly whimsical, comments poured out in deliciously uninterrupted succession. The retorts came pat and perfectly shaped. The anecdotes were told with wonderful vividness and perfect emphasis: a scene unrolling, a character exhibited, a point perfectly made. Did he keep a diary? He was dark about it, and evaded questions. But if he did, Horace Walpole's 'Letters' will have a rival: and Gosse's already eminent place will be more eminent still.

This farewell is a note, and inadequate. Especially so from one who for many years received nothing but kindness and affection from him, and returned this last in full measure. I have said nothing of the home, crowded with memories, which was always so hospitable; though I may say that it was not only for the immense pleasure of seeing Gosse that the least and the greatest of his friends went, on Sundays, to the house overlooking the lake in Regent's Park. I have mentioned very few of his many "contacts," and have not even glanced at the great variety of his activities outside writing — for he was a literary statesman, and presided over very many learned and philanthropic institutions. Nor have I said anything about the perfect polish of his public speech. This is but what the aged Horace Walpole, in his last letter, requested: a handful of rue for the grave. And let the last words be Gosse's own, from a poem he wrote as a young man: —

> And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death
> Should come behind and take away my breath,
> I should not rise as one who sorroweth;
>
> For I should pass, but all the world would be
> Full of desire and young delight and glee,
> And why should men be sad through loss of me?
>
> The light is dying; in the silver blue,
> The young moon shines from her bright window through:
> The mowers all are gone, and I go too.

J. C. Squire

A SPIRITUAL PRODIGY

From 'Father and Son; Biographical Recollections.' Copyright, 1907, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers

IN dealing with the peasants around him, among whom he was engaged in an active propaganda, my Father always insisted on the necessity of conversion. There must be a new birth and being, a fresh creation in God. This crisis he was accustomed to regard as manifesting itself in a sudden and definite upheaval. There might have been prolonged practical piety, deep and true contrition for sin, but these, although the natural and suitable prologue to conversion, were not conversion itself. People hung on at the confines of regeneration, often for a very long time; my Father dealt earnestly with them, the elders ministered to them, with explanation, exhortation and prayer. Such persons were in a gracious state, but they were not in a state of grace. If they should suddenly die, they would pass away in an unconverted condition, and all that could be said in their favor was a vague expression of hope that they would benefit from God's uncovenanted mercies.

But on some day, at some hour and minute, if life was spared to them, the way of salvation would be revealed to these persons in such an aspect that they would be enabled instantaneously to accept it. They would take it consciously, as one takes a gift from the hand that offers it. This act of taking was the process of conversion, and the person who so accepted was a child of God now, although a single minute ago he had been a child of wrath. The very root of human nature had to be changed, and, in the majority of cases, this change was sudden, patent, palpable.

I have just said, "in the majority of cases," because my Father admitted the possibility of exceptions. The formula was, "If any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." As a rule, no one could possess the Spirit of Christ, without a conscious and full abandonment of the soul, and this, however carefully led up to, and prepared for with tears and renunciations, was not, could not be, made, except at a set moment of time. Faith, in an esoteric and almost symbolic sense, was necessary, and could not be a result of argument, but was a state of heart. In these opinions my Father departed no wise from the strict evangelical doctrine of the Protestant churches, but he held it in a mode and with a severity peculiar to himself. Now, it is plain that this state of heart, this voluntary deed of acceptance, presupposed a full and rational consciousness of the relations of things. It might be clearly achieved by a person of humble cultivation, but only by one who was fully capable of independent thought, in other words by a more or less adult person. The man or woman claiming the privileges of conversion must be able to understand and to grasp what his religious education was aiming at.

It is extraordinary what trouble it often gave my Father to know whether he was justified in admitting to the communion people of very limited powers of expression. A harmless, humble laboring man would come with a request to be allowed to "break bread." It was only by the use of strong leading questions that he could be induced to mention Christ as the ground of his trust at all. I recollect an elderly agricultural laborer being closeted for a long time with my Father, who came out at last, in a sort of dazed condition, and replied to our inquiries — with a shrug of his shoulders as he said it — "I was obliged to put the Name and Blood and Work of Jesus into his very mouth. It is true that he assented cordially at last, but I confess I was grievously daunted by the poor intelligence!"

But there was, or there might be, another class of persons, whom early training, separation from the world, and the care of godly parents had so early familiarized with the acceptable calling of Christ that their conversion had occurred, unperceived and therefore unrecorded, at an extraordinarily early age. It would be in vain to look for a repetition of the phenomenon in those cases. The heavenly fire must not be expected to descend a second time; the lips are touched with the burning coal once, and once only. If, accordingly, these precociously selected spirits are to be excluded because no new birth is observed in them at a mature age, they must continue outside in the cold, since the phenomenon cannot be repeated. When, therefore, there is not possible any further doubt of their being in possession of salvation, longer delay is useless, and worse than useless. The fact of conversion, though not recorded nor even recollected, must be accepted on the evidence of confession of faith, and as soon as the intelligence is evidently developed, the person not merely may, but should be accepted into communion, although still immature in body, although in years still even a child. This my Father believed to be my case, and in this rare class did he fondly persuade himself to station me.

As I have said, the congregation — although docile and timid, and little able, as units, to hold their own against their minister — behind his back were faintly hostile to this plan. None of their own children had ever been so much as suggested for membership, and each of themselves, in ripe years, had been subjected to severe cross-examination. I think it was rather a bitter pill for some of them to swallow that a pert little boy of ten should be admitted, as a grown-up person, to all the hard-won privileges of their order. Mary Grace Burmington came back from her visits to the cottagers, reporting disaffection here and there, grumblings in the rank and file. But quite as many, especially the women, enthusiastically supported my Father's wish, gloried aloud in the manifestation of my early piety, and professed to see in it something of miraculous promise. The expression "another Infant Samuel" was widely used. I became quite a subject of contention. A war of the sexes threatened to break out over me; I was a disturbing element at cottage breakfasts. I was mentioned at public prayer-meetings, not indeed by name, but, in the

extraordinary illusive way customary in the devotions, as "one amongst us of tender years" or as "a sapling in the Lord's vineyard."

To all this my Father put a stop in his own high-handed fashion. After the morning meeting, one Sunday in the autumn of 1859, he desired the attention of the saints to a personal matter which was, perhaps, not unfamiliar to them by rumor. That was, he explained, the question of the admission of his beloved little son to the communion of saints in the breaking of bread. He allowed — and I sat there in evidence palely smiling at the audience, my feet scarcely touching the ground — that I was not what is styled adult; I was not, he frankly admitted, a grown-up person. But I was adult in a knowledge of the Lord; I possessed an insight into the plan of salvation which many a hoary head might envy for its fullness, its clearness, its conformity with Scripture doctrine. This was a palpable hit at more than one stumbler and fumbler after the truth, and several hoary heads were bowed.

My Father then went on to explain very fully the position which I have already attempted to define. He admitted the absence in my case of a sudden, apparent act of conversion resulting upon conviction of sin. But he stated the grounds of his belief that I had, in still earlier infancy, been converted, and he declared that if so, I ought no longer to be excluded from the privileges of communion. He said, moreover, that he was willing on this occasion to waive his own privilege as a minister, and that he would rather call on Brother Fawkes and Brother Bere, the leading elders, to examine the candidate in his stead. This was a master-stroke, for Brothers Fawkes and Bere had been suspected of leading the disaffection, and this threw all the burden of responsibility on them. The meeting broke up in great amiability, and my Father and I went home together in the very highest of spirits. I, indeed, in my pride, touched the verge of indiscretion by saying: "When I have been admitted to fellowship, Papa, shall I be allowed to call you 'beloved Brother'?" My Father was too well pleased with the morning's work to be critical. He laughed, and answered; "That, my love, though strictly correct, would hardly, I fear, be thought judicious!"

It was suggested that my tenth birthday, which followed this public announcement by a few days, would be a capital occasion for me to go through the ordeal. Accordingly, after dark (for our new lamp was lighted for the first time in honor of the event), I withdrew alone into our drawing-room, which had just, at length, been furnished, and which looked, I thought, very smart. Hither came to me, first Brother Fawkes, by himself; then Brother Bere, by himself; and then both together, so that you may say, if you are pedantically inclined, that I underwent three successive interviews. My Father, out of sight somewhere, was, of course, playing the part of stage manager.

I felt not at all shy, but so highly strung that my whole nature seemed to throb with excitement. My first examiner, on the other hand, was extremely confused. Fawkes, who was a builder in a small business of his own, was

short and fat; his complexion, which wore a deeper and more uniform rose-color than usual, I observed to be starred with dewdrops of nervous emotion, which he wiped away at intervals with a large bandana handkerchief. He was so long in coming to the point, that I was obliged to lead him to it myself, and I sat up on the sofa in the full lamplight, and testified my faith in the atonement with a fluency that surprised myself. Before I had done, Fawkes, a middle-aged man with the reputation of being a very stiff employer of labor, was weeping like a child.

Bere, the carpenter, a long, thin, and dry man, with a curiously immobile eye, did not fall so easily a prey to my fascinations. He put me through my paces very sharply, for he had something of the temper of an attorney mingled with his religiousness. However, I was equal to him, and he, too, though he held his own head higher, was not less impressed than Fawkes had been, by the surroundings of the occasion. Neither of them had ever been in our drawing-room since it was furnished, and I thought that each of them noticed how smart the wall-paper was. Indeed, I believe I drew their attention to it. After the two solitary examinations were over, the elders came in again as I have said, and they prayed for a long time. We all three knelt at the sofa, I between them. But by this time, to my great exaltation of spirits there had succeeded an equally dismal depression. It was my turn now to weep, and I dimly remember my Father coming into the room, and my being carried up to bed, in a state of collapse and fatigue, by the silent and kindly Miss Marks.

On the following Sunday morning, I was the principal subject which occupied an unusually crowded meeting. My Father, looking whiter and yet darker than usual, called upon Brother Fawkes and Brother Bere, to state to the assembled saints what their experiences had been in connection with their visits to "one" who desired to be admitted to the breaking of bread. It was tremendously exciting to me to hear myself spoken of with this impersonal publicity, and I had no fear of the result.

Events showed that I had no need of fear. Fawkes and Bere were sometimes accused of a rivalry, which indeed broke out a few years later, and gave my Father much anxiety and pain. But on this occasion their unanimity was wonderful. Each strove to exceed the other in the tributes which they paid to my piety. My answers had been so full and clear, my humility (save the mark!) had been so sweet, my acquaintance with Scripture so amazing, my testimony to all the leading principles of salvation so distinct and exhaustive, that they could only say that they had felt confounded, and yet deeply cheered and led far along their own heavenly path, by hearing such accents fall from the lips of a babe and a suckling. I did not like being described as a suckling, but every lot has its crumpled rose-leaf, and in all other respects the report of the elders was a triumph. My Father then clenched the whole matter by rising and announcing that I had expressed an independent desire to confess the Lord by the act of public baptism, immediately after which I should be

admitted to communion "as an adult." Emotion ran so high at this, that a large portion of the congregation insisted on walking with us back to our garden-gate, to the stupefaction of the rest of the villagers.

My public baptism was the central event of my whole childhood. Everything, since the earliest dawn of consciousness, seemed to have been leading up to it. Everything, afterwards, seemed to be leading down and away from it. The practice of immersing communicants on the sea-beach at Oddicombe had now been completely abandoned, but we possessed as yet no tank for a baptismal purpose in our own Room. The Room in the adjoining town, however, was really quite a large chapel, and it was amply provided with the needful conveniences. It was our practice, therefore, at this time, to claim the hospitality of our neighbors. Baptisms were made an occasion for friendly relations between the two congregations, and led to pleasant social intercourse. I believe that the ministers and elders of the two meetings arranged to combine their forces at these times, and to baptize communicants from both congregations.

The minister of the town meeting was Mr. S., a very handsome old gentleman, of venerable and powerful appearance. He had snowy hair and a long white beard, but from under shaggy eyebrows there blazed out great black eyes which warned the beholder that the snow was an ornament and not a sign of decrepitude. The eve of my baptism at length drew near; it was fixed for October 12, almost exactly three weeks after my tenth birthday. I was dressed in old clothes, and a suit of smarter things was packed up in a carpet-bag. After nightfall, this carpet-bag, accompanied by my Father, myself, Miss Marks and Mary Grace, was put in a four-wheeled cab, and driven a long way in the dark, to the chapel of our friends. There we were received in a blaze of lights, with a pressure of hands, with a murmur of voices, with ejaculations and even with tears, and were conducted, amid unspeakable emotion, to places of honor in the front row of the congregation.

The scene was one which would have been impressive, not merely to such hermits as we were, but even to worldly persons accustomed to life and to its curious and variegated experiences. To me it was dazzling beyond words, inexpressibly exciting, an initiation to every kind of publicity and glory. There were many candidates, but the rest of them — mere grown-up men and women — gave thanks aloud that it was their privilege to follow where I led. I was the acknowledged hero of the hour. Those were days when newspaper enterprise was scarcely in its infancy, and the event owed nothing to journalistic effort. In spite of that, the news of this remarkable ceremony, the immersion of a little boy of ten years old " as an adult," had spread far and wide through the country in the course of three weeks. The chapel of our hosts was, as I have said, very large; it was commonly too large for their needs, but on this night it was crowded to the ceiling, and the crowd had come — as every soft murmur assured me — to see *me*.

There were people there who had traveled from Exeter, from Dartmouth,

from Totnes, to witness so extraordinary a ceremony. There was one old woman of eighty-five who had come, my neighbors whispered to me, all the way from Moreton-Hampstead, on purpose to see me baptized. I looked at her crumpled countenance with amazement, for there was no curiosity, no interest visible in it. She sat there perfectly listless, looking at nothing, but chewing between her toothless gums what appeared to be a jujube.

In the center of the chapel-floor a number of planks had been taken up, and revealed a pool which might have been supposed to be a small swimming-bath. We gazed down into this dark square of mysterious waters, from the tepid surface of which faint swirls of vapor rose. The whole congregation was arranged, tier above tier, about the four straight sides of this pool; every person was able to see what happened in it without any unseemly struggling or standing on forms. Mr. S. now rose, an impressive hieratic figure, commanding attention and imploring perfect silence. He held a small book in his hand, and he was preparing to give out the number of a hymn, when an astounding incident took place.

There was a great splash, and a tall young woman was perceived to be in the baptismal pool, her arms waving above her head, and her figure held upright in the water by the inflation of the air underneath her crinoline, which was blown out like a bladder, as in some extravagant old fashion-plate. Whether her feet touched the bottom of the font I cannot say, but I suppose they did so. An indescribable turmoil of shrieks and cries followed on this apparition. Many people excitedly called upon other people to be calm, and an instance was given of the remark of James Smith that "He who, in quest of quiet, 'Silence!' hoots, is apt to make the hubbub he imputes."

The young woman, in a more or less fainting condition, was presently removed from the water, and taken into the sort of tent which was prepared for candidates. It was found that she herself had wished to be a candidate and had earnestly desired to be baptized, but that this had been forbidden by her parents. On the supposition that she fell in by accident, a pious coincidence was detected in this affair; the Lord had pre-ordained that she should be baptized in spite of all opposition. But my Father, in his shrewd way, doubted. He pointed out to us, next morning, that, in the first place, she had not, in any sense, been baptized, as her head had not been immersed; and that, in the second place, she must have deliberately jumped in, since, had she stumbled and fallen forward, her hands and face would have struck the water, whereas they remained quite dry. She belonged, however, to the neighbor congregation, and we had no responsibility to pursue the inquiry any further.

Decorum being again secured, Mr. S., with unimpaired dignity, proposed to the congregation a hymn, which was long enough to occupy them during the preparations for the actual baptism. He then retired to the vestry, and I (for I was to be the first to testify) was led by Miss Marks and Mary Grace into the species of tent of which I have just spoken. Its pale sides seemed to

shake with the jubilant singing of the saints outside, while part of my clothing was removed and I was prepared for immersion. A sudden cessation of the hymn warned us that the Minister was now ready, and we emerged into the glare of lights and faces to find Mr. S. already standing in the water up to his knees. Feeling as small as one of our microscopical specimens, almost infinitesimally tiny as I descended into his Titanic arms, I was handed down the steps to him. He was dressed in a kind of long surplice, underneath which — as I could not, even in that moment, help observing — the air gathered in long bubbles which he strove to flatten out. The end of his noble beard he tucked away; his shirt-sleeves were turned up at the wrist.

The entire congregation was now silent, so silent that the uncertain splashing of my feet as I descended seemed to deafen me. Mr. S., a little embarrassed by my short stature, succeeded at length in securing me with one palm on my chest and the other between my shoulders. He said, slowly, in a loud, sonorous voice that seemed to enter my brain and empty it, "I baptize thee, my Brother, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!" Having intoned this formula, he then gently flung me backwards until I was wholly under the water, and then — as he brought me up again, and tenderly steadied my feet on the steps of the font, and delivered me, dripping and sputtering, into the anxious hands of the women, who hurried me to the tent — the whole assembly broke forth in a thunder of song, a pæan of praise to God for this manifestation of his marvelous goodness and mercy. So great was the enthusiasm, that it could hardly be restrained so as to allow the other candidates, the humdrum adults who followed in my wet and glorious footsteps, to undergo a ritual about which, in their case, no one in the congregation pretended to be able to take even the most languid interest.

My Father's happiness during the next few weeks it is now pathetic to me to look back upon. His sternness melted into a universal complaisance. He laughed and smiled, he paid to my opinions the tribute of the gravest consideration, he indulged — utterly unlike his wont — in shy and furtive caresses. I could express no wish that he did not attempt to fulfil, and the only warning he cared to give me was one, very gently expressed, against spiritual pride.

This was certainly required, for I was puffed out with a sense of my own holiness. I was religiously confidential with my Father, condescending with Miss Marks (who I think had given up trying to make it all out), haughty with the servants, and insufferably patronizing with those young companions of my own age with whom I was now beginning to associate.

I would fain close this remarkable episode on a key of solemnity, but alas! if I am to be loyal to the truth, I must record that some of the other little boys presently complained to Mary Grace that I put out my tongue at them in mockery, during the service in the Room, to remind them that I now broke bread as one of the "Saints" and that they did not.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON, poet, humorist, journalist, essayist, critic, biographer, romancer, theologian, and so forth, was born into this most interesting of all possible worlds on May 29, 1874, in London, the city of his soul and the center of his universe. To St. Paul's School and to the Slade School of Art he was indebted for his formal education. To his marriage in 1901 may be traced his enthusiasm for English family life. In 1900 he embraced journalism, and journalism returned his embrace. His chief connection was with the London Daily News, on which he served from 1900 to 1913, when he transferred his allegiance to the Daily Herald. He has also been a frequent contributor to the Bookman, the Nation, and the Illustrated London News. Ten years after his irruption into Fleet Street he was one of the half-dozen writers of his generation with whom it was fairly safe to assume that England and America were acquainted. Every week he produced a pungent signed article or more; and almost every year, gathering up his variegated productions, he published from one to six books. He made himself an unavoidable author, and, till he had uttered his opinions once or twice on everything in earth and heaven, he passed generally for a fresh and exhilarating author. In the reaction which has followed his excessive stimulation of his readers — by 1916 he had put forth some thirty-four volumes — there are certain indications that the public is relaxing its curiosity as to what he will say next; there is some disposition to dismiss him as "merely a journalist."

If he had been content merely to reflect the color and character of the passing days, he might perhaps be dismissed as "merely a journalist"; but as a matter of fact he has been constantly animated with the passion of the reformer and the artist for modifying the days as they passed by stamping indelibly upon them his own highly individual character and color. He has made his resonant personal note one of the dominant elements in the noise and music of contemporary life. He has toiled and spread himself abroad like a man of letters harboring an ambition to make future historians inquire whether the early years of the twentieth century should not be called the Age of G. K. Chesterton. Inspired by a sense that his mental response matches in unusually adequate fashion the complexity and marvelousness of the world he lives in, he has offered for our consideration a novel and ingenious state of mind. His humor is like that of Jaques in one respect — it is compounded of many simples. He aspires to be as romantic as Don Quixote and as practical as Sancho Panza; as nonsensical as Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll and as

purposeful as Thomas Carlyle; as exciting to the intelligence as G. B. Shaw and as sensible as the Book of Proverbs; as paradoxical as Oscar Wilde and as moral as Lord Macaulay; as mystical as William Blake and as stout and dogmatic as Samuel Johnson; as original as Browning and as conventional as Tennyson; as thoroughly in touch with the moving world as H. G. Wells and as orthodox and traditional as the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Chestertonian idea is, in short, to cast a shimmering and iridescent veil over common sense, and to reinvest in glory the traditional Anglo-Saxon Englishman, honest, prejudiced, virile, humorous, pious, and violent. In order to win for the hero of his heart a place in the sun Chesterton has felt obliged to make two campaigns: one against the esthetic decadence of the immediate past, and one against the scientific radicalism threatening to occupy the immediate future. The complexion of the proposed Chestertonian reign or interregnum we shall consider.

Apparently he vowed himself the champion of common sense and the central English traditions in a powerful feeling of revulsion from that tract of English life and letters sometimes designated as the Yellow Nineties, in which a confluence of forces had made fashionable the languor of Pater, the dandyism of Whistler and Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley's sinister attenuations of evil, the drab realism of Gissing and George Moore, Russian pessimism, Parisian Orientalism, the dreary, sad-eyed singing of Ernest Dowson, the spiritual impotence of Arthur Symons, and every shade of the venomous melancholia which infests the airs of Swinburne's 'Garden of Proserpine.' Through this memorable yellow season, the yellowest since the days of Charles II, Chesterton was waxing towards his twenty-fifth year; but at a time of life so subject to the seduction of novelties — nenuphars, catafalques, and vampires, for example — something, perhaps the fairies whom he has praised so ingratiatingly, perhaps simply a hearty unspoiled appetite, withheld him from the corrupt and pallid festivals of the *fin de siècle*. While the world-weary and death-bitten esthetes were sipping their absinthe and reading their Gautier and growing thin and refined and sad and apathetic, he was drinking his beer and reading his Dickens and growing burly and vulgar and jolly and bellicose. At the turn of the century with fire in his eyes under broad shaggy brows of a massive head merged in a great bulk of shoulder he snorted with disgust and derision and the joy of battle, and charged through the blue china shop of the Yellow Nineties like a bison, with results enlivening to all beholders. The bodies of the esthetes he burned, metaphorically speaking, as a living sacrifice to the memory of the genuine Anglo-Saxon Englishman; but their arms and munitions he preserved for use in his second campaign.

Chesterton made war against the esthetic decadents because of their absurd hopelessness. He made war against the scientific radicals because of their absurd hopefulness. Extremes meet and become allies: decadents and radicals are alike in their dull indifference to the tangible and proffered satisfactions

of life. Chesterton, for one, would not swap fifty years of his own Merry England for a cycle in any Utopia constructible by a scientific reformer. He is sure that going further he should fare worse to wake in a "Burbanked" world — without the inedible pit, perhaps, but certainly without the delightful tang of the fruit ripened in the wild Eden of, say, Mr. Pickwick's time. His criticism of Sidney Webb, G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells, and the other gentlemen who, for remolding purposes, propose to shatter the universe to bits is twofold: first, that these gentlemen greatly exaggerate the frangibility of the universe; second, that they are quite inadequately acquainted with the "heart's desire." In the strength of his own insight into the wants of that mysterious organ, and in the strength of his faith in something immutable *in rerum natura,* he struck out right and left, sometimes blindly, sometimes with victorious vision, at almost every radicalism stirring in these days: rationalism, cosmopolitanism, imperialism, Prussianism, pacifism, socialism, feminism, eugenics, free-love, teetotalism, and vegetarianism.

According to his creed, beef, beer, marriage, romantic mating, domestic women, property, fighting, liberty, democracy, and a mystical religion are "the things of a man." Whether this bundle of passionately defended prejudices is entitled to be called, as he calls it, Liberalism, is another matter. Liberalism is a relative term; in the days of Mr. Pickwick Liberalism might have been satisfied with Chesterton's large praise of democracy, vulgarity, and doing as one likes. For a Liberal of the twentieth century Chesterton has been too thoroughly in opposition. He has shown himself too much indisposed to what is known as "thinking socially." He has displayed a reprehensible indulgence to the antique world. He has praised too many "classical" institutions and things: the Church, Christmas, the Victorians, English inns, brown oak, old wine, English buns, Dr. Johnson, Fielding, Pope, fairy tales, King Alfred. In the opinion of the present writer he has betrayed on the whole the temperament of a Tory. He is a very sophisticated and agile Conservative, formidable because he meets all adversaries with their own weapons of latest device and wields them with the accomplished ease of the cleverest young Radical.

One may strike into his works anywhere with a certainty of finding within a page unmistakable marks of his thought and style; and one may know by that token that he possesses an original literary talent. The reader who desires to form a notion of his range and versatility without going through all his volumes may be recommended to look into each of the following more or less arbitrary divisions of his writing: Poetry and Drama; Romances and Mystery Stories; Miscellaneous Essays; Biography and Criticism; Religion.

Chesterton made his first appearance with an illustrated book of nonsense verse, 'Greybeards at Play' (1900) — a fling at the decadents. He followed this up in the same year with 'The Wild Knight,' a book of verse in which he attempted to express his seriousness and his chivalry. In 'The Ballad of the White Horse' (1911), he celebrates with good intention but without much

narrative skill the heroic days of King Alfred. In 1913 he published 'Magic,' a little play with a supernatural motive, which derives its chief interest from its relation to his defense of fairies and of Christianity. 'Poems' (1915), of miscellaneous contents, is perhaps the most readable volume in this group; the most savory pieces in it are the satirical *ballades*. Chesterton's verses are generally "not bad," but one is a little disposed to wonder why he writes them. He is a good phrase-maker, conceives bold images, has an ear for a thumping measure, abounds in alliteration, and can make a joke in rhyme; but he uses all these powers and artifices with much greater effect in prose. He uses them in verse as if he had learned them in prose — though it must also be said that he frequently uses alliteration in prose as if he had saturated himself in the most alliterative verse of Swinburne.

In the riot of his imagination, which at its height is too unruly for verse, he has invented a form of long romance, curiously blending a Quixotic chivalry with Pickwickian farce, Stevensonian romance, and Stocktonian extravaganza. It seems to have originated as an answer to the question more or less definitely formulated in the author's mind: "What would happen if my acts were as unexpected and unconventional as my words — if I put sack coats and trousers upon my leading ideas, and released them in London?" Thus in 'The Napoleon of Notting Hill' (1904), he releases in King Auberon his own supreme levity and in Adam Wayne his own supreme seriousness, with consequences disturbing to the realm of Albion. In 'The Man Who Was Thursday' (1908), he shows what melodramatic events would occur if he should translate his detestation of philosophical anarchists into deeds. Catholicism and atheism, spiritedly incarnate in 'The Ball and the Cross' (1910), fight a running duel from end to end of England. 'Manalive' (1912), presents the apparition, in a sufficiently commonplace household, of one Smith, who has a magnificent time by simply behaving like a roaring schoolboy. Finally, in 'The Flying Inn' (1912) he shows the sort of law-abiding revolt that he might lead if ever the teetotalers had their way, and drink and taverns were abolished. All these books have pages of ebullient humor, bits of brilliant description, abundance of epigrams, occasional passages of intense poetic sentiment, notes of fine morality, and withal a certain broad symbolical value. And yet, with the exception of 'The Flying Inn,' their winding bouts of disjointed nonsense are far too long drawn out; before the end, unless one has a Gargantuan appetite for hodgepodge, one is likely to become maudlin or weary. The books of mystery stories — 'The Club of Queer Trades' (1905); 'The Innocence of Father Brown' (1911); 'The Wisdom of Father Brown' (1914); and 'The 'Incredulity of Father Brown' (1926) — remind one inevitably of Stevenson's 'Suicide Club,' and the exploits of Sherlock Holmes. They are without the roistering mirth and energy of his romances, yet they preserve most of the flavor of Chestertonian fiction, and they have compensating advantages of brevity and form. Of all his

characters and caricatures Father Brown in the detective stories and Delroy in 'The Flying Inn' seem most breathed upon by the creative spirit.

Under miscellaneous essays we may bring together the following volumes: 'The Defendant' (1901); 'All Things Considered' (1908); 'Tremendous Trifles' (1909); 'Alarms and Discursions' and 'What's Wrong with the World' (1910); 'A Miscellany of Men' (1912); and 'Letters to an Old Garibaldian' (1915). Though 'What's Wrong with the World' bears some marks of premeditation, this collection of books may be considered, in the main, as the "bag" of a journalistic sportsman who has been shooting contemporary follies as they fly. We have already sufficiently described the shooting station and the nature of the game — everything obnoxious or ridiculous to a highly individualistic Tory-Democrat from the Boer War to the War of 1914. All that can be said against the preservation of these periodical essays Chesterton has himself said in 'The Case for the Ephemeral' which prefaces the thirty-four other little essays in 'All Things Considered': "I cannot understand the people who take literature seriously; but I can love them, and I do. Out of my love for them I warn them to keep clear of this book. It is a collection of crude and shapeless papers upon current or rather flying subjects; and they must be published pretty much as they stand. They were written, as a rule, at the last moment; they were handed in the moment before it was too late, and I do not think the commonwealth would have been shaken to its foundations if they had been handed in the moment after. . . . Their chief vice is that so many of them are very serious; because I had no time to make them flippant. . . . The last indictment against this book is the worst of all. It is simply this: that if all goes well this book will be unintelligible gibberish." What then is the case for the ephemeral? Well, as our author puts it, his book "may last just twenty minutes longer than most of the philosophies that it attacks" — and they are not dead yet!

A certain journalistic militancy lends vivacity to Chesterton's entertaining, suggestive, and essentially thoughtful criticism of authors and artists. Far from taking literature lightly, he brings his whole character and his convictions to bear upon it. With cool academic exposition and appraisal he has nothing to do; whatever he thinks worth talking about he thinks worth fighting about. He enters into violent relations with men of letters, and he returns to his readers with emphatic admirations and hot detestations, supported by a continuous sparkling argument, which sharply defines the relations of the subject of debate to the Chestertonian philosophy. His heart responds with a livelier beat to an exuberant genius than to a fine talent. If the genius has the further merit of being quite soundly "English," he is perfectly happy. He is fertile in striking and often penetrating generalizations, in compact formulations and summaries of the spirit and form of men and their periods. Even when he paints a hero he is constantly urged to the verge of caricature by his taste for dazzling contrasts and by his habit of excessive emphasis. In

his 'Twelve Types' (1902), he gave promise of the intensity and the gusto which reached their maximum in his celebration of Dickens. In the same year he interpreted, with comparative sobriety, G. F. Watts as a good Englishman and a great Victorian painter. In 1903 he published his 'Robert Browning,' the most unconventional and not the least valuable study in the English Men of Letters Series. With 'Heretics' in 1905 he made a spirited raid upon Kipling, Wells, George Moore, and other antipathetic spokesmen of the hour. His 'Charles Dickens' (1906), was the first broadside to announce his "personally conducted" Dickens revival. A defender of mystics — when he can distinguish them from madmen and from the disciples of Yeats — he produced in 1910 a delightful little book on William Blake. In 1910, also, stimulated by his most dangerous competitor with sword or foils, he delivered a brilliant and damaging attack on George Bernard Shaw. In 1911 he gathered his prefaces to volumes in the Everyman Library into a second book on Dickens. In 1913 he made a remarkable condensation of all his passions and prejudices and opinions about the England of his fathers in 'The Victorian Age in Literature.' In 1925 he brought out his 'William Cobbett' and his 'St. Francis of Assisi,' and in 1927 he published a charming book on Robert Louis Stevenson.

All Chesterton's writings are pervaded by a certain inspiriting emotion which he would probably describe as religious joy. His religious experiences and convictions he has explicitly set forth in 'Orthodoxy' (1908), a book which contains in the most translucent form the quintessence of the Chestertonian philosophy. Daily engaged as a brisk modern journalist in the thick of popular intellectual libertinism and vaunting his familiarity with the latest moral and religious heresies, Chesterton, overhauling his fundamental beliefs, discovers here with a shock of surprise that he is body and soul a Christian, and plunges into Christian apologetics. His point of departure is what he regards as the "actual fact that the central Christian theology is the best root of energy and sound ethics." To adopt the familiar style of the Pragmatists, Christianity, which cannot be called a failure, because it has never been tried, is obviously the only peg that fits the hole in the human heart. Various neologies have had their innings; they have failed to comfort, guide, and inspire. One has abolished heaven and hell; another, vice and virtue; a third, everything but the ego. They have made men sentimental, paralytic, anarchical, and mad. The age of interrogation has accomplished its mission: modern thought lies in apathy and despair under the gray evening twilight of philosophic freedom. In this awful juncture Chesterton rediscovers Christianity, restores God to his heaven and the devil to hell. The lost values and contrasts of life return; at a flash the grass which was gray grows green again, and mute birds sing. Christianity, with its vivid sense of sin, gives the basis for the violent loves and hates that make a man know he is living. Christianity, with its emphasis upon free will, gives the basis for the militant courage that sends a man on his

course like a thunderbolt. Christianity, with its sharp distinction between flesh and spirit, lifts a man out from his animal self. The right Christian is neither pessimist nor optimist but both at once in the highest degree of each. His predominant mood, however, is a kind of loyalty to this miraculous universe; he is a "cosmic patriot." The theology of the book is defended with the mirth and bravado of an eighth pragmatic Champion of Christendom; the morality needs no defense — it is as sound as Moses.

STUART P. SHERMAN

THE DICKENS PERIOD

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EXAGGERATION is the definition of Art. That both Dickens and the moderns understood Art is, in its inmost nature, fantastic. Time brings queer revenges, and while the Realists were yet living, the art of Dickens was justified by Aubrey Beardsley. But men like Aubrey Beardsley were allowed to be fantastic, because the mood which they overstrained and overstated was a mood which their period understood. Dickens overstrains and overstates a mood our period does not understand. The truth he exaggerates is exactly this old Revolution sense of infinite opportunity and boisterous brotherhood. And we resent his undue sense of it, because we ourselves have not even a due sense of it. We feel troubled with too much where we have too little; we wish he would keep it within bounds. For we are all exact and scientific on the subjects we do not care about. We all immediately detect exaggeration in an exposition of Mormonism or a patriotic speech from Paraguay. We all require sobriety on the subject of the sea serpent. But the moment we begin to believe a thing ourselves, that moment we begin easily to overstate it; and the moment our souls become serious, our words become a little wild. And certain moderns are thus placed towards exaggeration. They permit any writer to emphasize doubts, for instance, for doubts are their religion, but they permit no man to emphasize dogmas. If a man be the mildest Christian, they smell "cant"; but he can be a raving windmill of pessimism, and they call it "temperament." If a moralist paints a wild picture of immorality, they doubt its truth, they say that devils are not so black as they are painted. But if a pessimist paints a wild picture of melancholy, they accept the whole horrible psychology, and they never ask if devils are as blue as they are painted.

It is evident, in short, why even those who admire exaggeration do not admire Dickens. He is exaggerating the wrong thing. They know what it is

to feel a sadness so strange and deep that only impossible characters can express it: they do not know what it is to feel a joy so vital and violent that only impossible characters can express that. They know that the soul can be so sad as to dream naturally of the blue faces of the corpses of Baudelaire: they do not know that the soul can be so cheerful as to dream naturally of the blue face of Major Bagstock. They know that there is a point of depression at which one believes in Tintagiles: they do not know that there is a point of exhilaration at which one believes in Mr. Wegg. To them the impossibilities of Dickens seem much more impossible than they really are, because they are already attuned to the opposite impossibilities of Maeterlinck. For every mood there is an appropriate impossibility — a decent and tactful impossibility — fitted to the frame of mind. Every train of thought may end in an ecstasy, and all roads lead to Elfland. But few now walk far enough along the street of Dickens to find the place where the cockney villas grow so comic that they become poetical. People do not know how far mere good spirits will go. For instance, we never think (as the old folk-lore did) of good spirits reaching to the spiritual world. We see this in the complete absence from modern, popular supernaturalism of the old popular mirth. We hear plenty today of the wisdom of the spiritual world; but we do not hear, as our fathers did, of the folly of the spiritual world, of the tricks of the gods, and the jokes of the patron saints. Our popular tales tell us of a man who is so wise that he touches the supernatural, like Dr. Nikola; but they never tell us (like the popular tales of the past) of a man who was so silly that he touched the supernatural, like Bottom the Weaver. We do not understand the dark and transcendental sympathy between fairies and fools. We understand a devout occultism, an evil occultism, a tragic occultism, but a farcical occultism is beyond us. Yet a farcical occultism is the very essence of 'The Midsummer Night's Dream.' It is also the right and credible essence of 'The Christmas Carol.' Whether we understand it depends upon whether we can understand that exhilaration is not a physical accident, but a mystical fact; that exhilaration can be infinite, like sorrow; that a joke can be so big that it breaks the roof of the stars. By simply going on being absurd, a thing can become godlike; there is but one step from the ridiculous to the sublime.

Dickens was great because he was immoderately possessed with all this; if we are to understand him at all we must also be moderately possessed with it. We must understand this old limitless hilarity and human confidence, at least enough to be able to endure it when it is pushed a great deal too far. For Dickens did push it too far; he did push the hilarity to the point of incredible character-drawing; he did push the human confidence to the point of an unconvincing sentimentalism. You can trace, if you will, the revolutionary joy till it reaches the incredible Sapsea epitaph; you can trace the revolutionary hope till it reaches the repentance of Dombey. There is still plenty to carp at in this man if you are inclined to carp; you may easily find him vulgar if

you cannot see that he is divine; and if you cannot laugh with Dickens, undoubtedly you can laugh at him.

I believe myself that this braver world of his will certainly return; for I believe that it is bound up with realities, like morning and the spring. But for those who beyond remedy regard it as an error, I put this appeal before any other observations on Dickens. First let us sympathize, if only for an instant, with the hopes of the Dickens period, with that cheerful trouble of change. If democracy has disappointed you, do not think of it as a burst bubble, but at least as a broken heart, an old love-affair. Do not sneer at the time when the creed of humanity was on its honeymoon; treat it with the dreadful reverence that is due to youth. For you, perhaps, a drearier philosophy has covered and eclipsed the earth. The fierce poet of the Middle Ages wrote, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" over the gates of the lower world. The emancipated poets of today have written it over the gates of this world. But if we are to understand the story which follows, we must erase that apocalyptic writing, if only for an hour. We must recreate the faith of our fathers, if only as an artistic atmosphere. If, then, you are a pessimist, in reading this story, forego for a little the pleasures of pessimism. Dream for one mad moment that the grass is green. Unlearn that sinister learning that you think so clear; deny that deadly knowledge that you think you know. Surrender the very flower of your culture; give up the very jewel of your pride; abandon hopelessness, all ye who enter here.

THE ETHICS OF ELFLAND

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BUT when these things are settled there enters the second great principle of the fairy philosophy.

Anyone can see it who will simply read 'Grimm's Fairy Tales' or the fine collections of Andrew Lang. For the pleasure of pedantry I will call it the Doctrine of Conditional Joy. Touchstone talked of much virtue in an "if"; according to elfin ethics all virtue is in an "if." The note of the fairy utterance always is, "You may live in a palace of gold and sapphire, if you do not say the word 'cow'"; or "You may live happily with the King's daughter, if you do not show her an onion." The vision always hangs upon a veto. All the dizzy and colossal things conceded depend upon one small thing withheld. All the wild and whirling things that are let loose depend upon one thing that is forbidden. W. B. Yeats, in his exquisite and piercing elfin poetry, describes the elves as lawless; they plunge in innocent anarchy on the unbridled horses of the air —

Ride on the crest of the disheveled tide,
And dance upon the mountains like a flame.

It is a dreadful thing to say that W. B. Yeats does not understand fairyland. But I do say it. He is an ironical Irishman, full of intellectual reactions. He is not stupid enough to understand fairyland. Fairies prefer people of the yokel type like myself; people who gape and grin and do as they are told. Mr. Yeats reads into elfland all the righteous insurrection of his own race. But the lawlessness of Ireland is a Christian lawlessness, founded on reason and justice. The Fenian is rebelling against something he understands only too well; but the true citizen of fairyland is obeying something that he does not understand at all. In the fairy tale an incomprehensible happiness rests upon an incomprehensible condition. A box is opened, and all evils fly out. A word is forgotten, and cities perish. A lamp is lit, and love flies away. A flower is plucked, and human lives are forfeited. An apple is eaten, and the hope of God is gone.

This is the tone of fairy tales, and it is certainly not lawlessness or even liberty, though men under a mean modern tyranny may think it liberty by comparison. People out of Portland Gaol might think Fleet Street free; but closer study will prove that both fairies and journalists are the slaves of duty. Fairy godmothers seem at least as strict as other godmothers. Cinderella received a coach out of Wonderland and a coachman out of nowhere, but she received a command — which might have come out of Brixton — that she should be back by twelve. Also, she had a glass slipper; and it cannot be a coincidence that glass is so common a substance in folk-lore. This princess lives in a glass castle, that princess on a glass hill; this one sees all things in a mirror; they may all live in glass houses if they will not throw stones. For this thin glitter of glass everywhere is the expression of the fact that the happiness is bright but brittle, like the substance most easily smashed by a housemaid or a cat. And this fairy-tale sentiment also sank into me and became my sentiment towards the whole world. I felt and feel that life itself is as bright as the diamond, but as brittle as the window-pane; and when the heavens were compared to the terrible crystal I can remember a shudder. I was afraid that God would drop the cosmos with a crash.

Remember, however, that to be breakable is not the same as to be perishable. Strike a glass, and it will not endure an instant; simply do not strike it, and it will endure a thousand years. Such, it seemed, was the joy of man, either in elfland or on earth; the happiness depended on *not doing something* which you could at any moment do and which, very often, it was not obvious why you should not do. Now, the point here is that to *me* this did not seem unjust. If the miller's third son said to the fairy, "Explain why I must not stand on my head in the fairy palace," the other might fairly reply, "Well, if it comes to that, explain the fairy palace." If Cinderella says, "How is it that I must leave the ball at twelve?" her godmother might answer, "How is it that you are

going there till twelve? " If I leave a man in my will ten talking elephants and a hundred winged horses, he cannot complain if the conditions partake of the slight eccentricity of the gift. He must not look a winged horse in the mouth. And it seemed to me that existence was itself so very eccentric a legacy that I could not complain of not understanding the limitations of the vision when I did not understand the vision they limited. The frame was no stranger than the picture. The veto might well be as wild as the vision; it might be as startling as the sun, as elusive as the waters, as fantastic and terrible as the towering trees.

For this reason (we may call it the fairy godmother philosophy) I never could join the young men of my time in feeling what they called the general sentiment of *revolt*. I should have resisted, let us hope, any rules that were evil, and with these and their definition I shall deal in another chapter. But I did not feel disposed to resist any rule merely because it was mysterious. Estates are sometimes held by foolish forms, the breaking of a stick or the payment of a peppercorn; I was willing to hold the huge estate of earth and heaven by any such feudal fantasy. It could not well be wilder than the fact that I was allowed to hold it at all. At this stage I give only one ethical instance to show my meaning. I could never mix in the common murmur of that rising generation against monogamy, because no restriction on sex seemed so odd and unexpected as sex itself. To be allowed, like Endymion, to make love to the moon and then to complain that Jupiter kept his own moons in a harem seemed to me (bred on fairy tales like Endymion's) a vulgar anti-climax. Keeping to one woman is a small price for so much as seeing one woman. To complain that I could only be married once was like complaining that I had only been born once. It was incommensurate with the terrible excitement of which one was talking. It showed, not an exaggerated sensibility to sex, but a curious insensibility to it. A man is a fool who complains that he cannot enter Eden by five gates at once. Polygamy is a lack of the realization of sex; it is like a man plucking five pears in mere absence of mind. The esthetes touched the last insane limits of language in their eulogy on lovely things. The thistledown made them weep; a burnished beetle brought them to their knees. Yet their emotion never impressed me for an instant, for this reason, that it never occurred to them to pay for their pleasure in any sort of symbolic sacrifice. Men (I felt) might fast forty days for the sake of hearing a blackbird sing. Men might go through fire to find a cowslip. Yet these lovers of beauty could not even keep sober for the blackbird. They would not go through common Christian marriage by way of recompense to the cowslip. Surely one might pay for extraordinary joy in ordinary morals. Oscar Wilde said that sunsets were not valued because we could not pay for sunsets. But Oscar Wilde was wrong; we can pay for sunsets. We can pay for them by not being Oscar Wilde.

Well, I left the fairy tales lying on the floor of the nursery, and I have not found any books so sensible since.

A DEFENSE OF NONSENSE

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THERE are two equal and eternal ways of looking at this twilight world of ours: we may see it as the twilight of evening or the twilight of morning; we may think of anything, down to a fallen acorn, as a descendant or as an ancestor. There are times when we are almost crushed, not so much with the load of evil as with the load of the goodness of humanity, when we feel that we are nothing but the inheritors of a humiliating splendor. But there are other times when everything seems primitive, when the ancient stars are only sparks blown from a boy's bonfire, when the whole earth seems so young and experimental that even the white hair of the aged, in the fine biblical phrase, is like almond-trees that blossom, like the white hawthorn grown in May. That it is good for a man to realize that he is "the heir of all the ages" is pretty commonly admitted; it is a less popular but equally important point that it is good for him sometimes to realize that he is not only an ancestor, but an ancestor of primal antiquity; it is good for him to wonder whether he is not a hero, and to experience ennobling doubts as to whether he is not a solar myth.

The matters which most thoroughly evoke this sense of the abiding childhood of the world are those which are really fresh, abrupt, and inventive in any age; and if we were asked what was the best proof of this adventurous youth in the nineteenth century we should say, with all respect to its portentous sciences and philosophies, that it was to be found in the rhymes of Mr. Edward Lear and in the literature of nonsense. 'The Dong with the Luminous Nose' at least, is original as the first ship and the first plow were original.

It is true in a certain sense that some of the greatest writers the world has seen — Aristophanes, Rabelais, and Sterne — have written nonsense; but unless we are mistaken, it is in a widely different sense. The nonsense of these men was satiric — that is to say, symbolic; it was a kind of exuberant capering round a discovered truth. There is all the difference in the world between the instinct of satire, which, seeing in the Kaiser's moustaches something typical of him, draws them continually larger and larger; and the instinct of nonsense which, for no reason whatever, imagines what those moustaches would look like on the present archbishop of Canterbury if he grew them in a fit of absence of mind. We incline to think that no age except our own could have understood that the Quangle-Wangle meant absolutely nothing, and the Lands of the Jumblies were absolutely nowhere. We fancy that if the account of the knave's trial in 'Alice in Wonderland' had been published in the seventeenth century

it would have been bracketed with Bunyan's 'Trial of Faithful' as a parody on the State prosecutions of the time. We fancy that if 'The Dong with the Luminous Nose' had appeared in the same period everyone would have called it a dull satire on Oliver Cromwell.

It is altogether advisedly that we quote chiefly from Mr. Lear's 'Nonsense Rhymes.' To our mind he is both chronologically and essentially the father of nonsense; we think him superior to Lewis Carroll. In one sense, indeed, Lewis Carroll has a great advantage. We know what Lewis Carroll was in daily life: he was a singularly serious and conventional don, universally respected, but very much of a pedant and something of a Philistine. Thus his strange double life in earth and in dreamland emphasizes the idea that lies at the back of nonsense — the idea of *escape,* of escape into a world where things are not fixed horribly in an eternal appropriateness, where apples grow on pear-trees, and any odd man you meet may have three legs. Lewis Carroll, living one life in which he would have thundered morally against anyone who walked on the wrong plot of grass, and another life in which he would cheerfully call the sun green and the moon blue, was, by his very divided nature, his one foot on both worlds, a perfect type of the position of modern nonsense. His Wonderland is a country populated by insane mathematicians. We feel the whole is an escape into a world of masquerade; we feel that if we could pierce their disguises, we might discover that Humpty Dumpty and the March Hare were Professors and Doctors of Divinity enjoying a mental holiday. This sense of escape is certainly less emphatic in Edward Lear, because of the completeness of his citizenship in the world of unreason. We do not know his prosaic biography as we know Lewis Carroll's. We accept him as a purely fabulous figure, on his own description of himself:

> His body is perfectly spherical,
> He weareth a runcible hat.

While Lewis Carroll's Wonderland is purely intellectual, Lear introduces quite another element — the element of the poetical and even emotional. Carroll works by the pure reason, but this is not so strong a contrast; for, after all, mankind in the main has always regarded reason as a bit of a joke. Lear introduces his unmeaning words and his amorphous creatures not with the pomp of reason, but with the romantic prelude of rich hues and haunting rhythms.

> Far and few, far and few,
> Are the lands where the Jumblies live,

is an entirely different type of poetry to that exhibited in 'Jabberwocky.' Carroll, with a sense of mathematical neatness, makes his whole poem a mosaic of new and mysterious words. But Edward Lear, with more subtle and placid

effrontery, is always introducing scraps of his own elvish dialect into the middle of simple and rational statements, until we are almost stunned into admitting that we know what they mean. There is a genial ring of common sense about such lines as,

> For his Aunt Jobiska said, " Everyone knows
> That a Pobble is better without his toes,"

which is beyond the reach of Carroll. The poet seems so easy on the matter that we are almost driven to pretend that we see his meaning, that we know the peculiar difficulties of a Pobble, that we are as old travelers in the " Gromboolian Plain " as he is.

Our claim that nonsense is a new literature (we might almost say a new sense) would be quite indefensible if nonsense were nothing more than a mere esthetic fancy. Nothing sublimely artistic has ever arisen out of mere art, any more than anything essentially reasonable has ever arisen out of the pure reason. There must always be a rich moral soil for any great esthetic growth. The principle of *art for art's sake* is a very good principle if it means that there is a vital distinction between the earth and the tree that has its roots in the earth; but it is a very bad principle if it means that the tree could grow just as well with its roots in the air. Every great literature has always been allegorical — allegorical of some view of the whole universe. The ' Iliad ' is only great because all life is a battle, the ' Odyssey ' because all life is a journey, the Book of Job because all life is a riddle. There is one attitude in which we think that all existence is summed up in the word " ghosts "; another, and somewhat better one, in which we think it is summed up in the words ' A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Even the vulgarest melodrama or detective story can be good if it expresses something of the delight in sinister possibilities — the healthy lust for darkness and terror which may come on us any night in walking down a dark lane. If, therefore, nonsense is really to be the literature of the future, we must have its own version of the Cosmos to offer; the world must not only be tragic, romantic, and religious, it must be nonsensical also. And here we fancy that nonsense will, in a very unexpected way, come to the aid of the spiritual view of things. Religion has for centuries been trying to make men exult in the " wonders " of creation, but it has forgotten that a thing cannot be completely wonderful so long as it remains sensible. So long as we regard a tree as an obvious thing, naturally and reasonably created for a giraffe to eat, we cannot properly wonder at it. It is when we consider it as a prodigious wave of the living soil sprawling up to the skies for no reason in particular that we take off our hats, to the astonishment of the parkkeeper. Everything has in fact another side to it, like the moon, the patroness of nonsense. Viewed from that other side, a bird is a blossom broken loose from its chain of stalk, a man a quadruped begging on its hind legs, a house a gigan-

tesque hat to cover a man from the sun, a chair, an apparatus of four wooden legs for a cripple with only two.

This is the side of things which tends most truly to spiritual wonder. It is significant that in the greatest religious poem existent, the Book of Job, the argument which convinces the infidel is not (as has been represented by the merely rational religionism of the eighteenth century) a picture of the ordered benefices of the Creation; but, on the contrary, a picture of the huge and undecipherable unreason of it. "Hast Thou sent the rain upon the desert where no man is?" This simple sense of wonder at the shapes of things, and at their exuberant independence of our intellectual standards and our trivial definitions, is the basis of spirituality as it is the basis of nonsense. Nonsense and faith (strange as the conjunction may seem) are the two supreme symbolic assertions of the truth that to draw out the soul of things with a syllogism is as impossible as to draw out Leviathan with a hook. The well-meaning person who, by merely studying the logical side of things, has decided that "faith is nonsense," does not know how truly he speaks; later it may come back to him in the form that nonsense is faith.

THE WIFE OF FLANDERS

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LOW and brown barns thatched and repatched and tattered
Where I had seven sons until today,
A little hill of hay your spur has scattered . . .
This is not Paris. You have lost the way.

You, staring at your sword to find it brittle,
Surprised at the surprise that was your plan,
Who, shaking and breaking barriers not a little,
Find never more the death-door of Sedan.

Must I for more than carnage call you claimant,
Paying you a penny for each son you slay?
Man, the whole globe in gold were no repayment
For what *you* have lost. And how shall I repay?

What is the price of that red spark that caught me
From a kind farm that never had a name?
What is the price of that dead man they brought me?
For other dead men do not look the same.

How should I pay for one poor graven steeple
  Whereon you shattered what you shall not know,
How should I pay you, miserable people?
  How should I pay you everything you owe?

Unhappy, can I give you back your honor?
  Though I forgave would any man forget?
While all the great green land has trampled on her
  The treason and terror of the night we met.

Not any more in vengeance or in pardon
  An old wife bargains for a bean that's hers.
You have no word to break; no heart to harden.
  Ride on and prosper. You have lost your spurs.

DEAN INGE

WILLIAM RALPH INGE, better known as Dean Inge, one of the most quoted English writers of the post-War period, was born in 1860, and published his first book in 1888. A man of letters of very considerable productiveness for forty years, he has become familiar to the public at large only within the last ten. This must not be taken to indicate either a tardily won success or a sacrifice of early ideals for the sake of popularity. On the contrary, Dean Inge's audience has been secure and appreciative from the beginning, its great increase in numbers being due to the wider appeal made by the subjects of his later books. And this new direction was taken because the writer felt that at a critical period in the history of his country it was imperative that he should use his gifts in its service. Like Milton before him he found it impossible to confine himself to those learned groves dear to his taste, while out in the open his fellows were battling for freedom; and it may be that he has found the open field the one best suited to his genius.

The year 1919 may be conveniently taken as the one to mark the change, though the publications of that year had been written and had reached their hearers and readers in other forms somewhat earlier. The works of that year are 'The Philosophy of Plotinus,' in two volumes, and the first series of 'Outspoken Essays,' of which the first essay bears the highly significant title 'Our Present Discontents.' The Dean describes Plotinus as his favorite philosopher, and there can be no doubt that in the intensely thoughtful and learned lectures which fill these volumes he has done full justice to his lofty theme. But, in any age, the ears attuned to the mysticism of Plotinus must be few, while in 1919 the world was full of persons only too eager to discuss "our present discontents." And so Dean Inge gathered a large audience, not entirely one in agreement with his ideas. The heckler is seldom wanting in an English crowd. On his side the Dean, whatever his subject might be, remained what he had always been, an intensely patriotic English student and preacher, the master of a distinguished style.

By birth, training, and life-long association Dean Inge belongs to that strain in the people of Great Britain which is most proudly and distinctively English; rooted in the national traditions and the national Church, bred in the public schools and the older universities. He is the descendant on both sides of men distinguished in scholarship and the Church. His father was the Rev. William Inge, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford. His mother was the daughter

of the Rev. Edward Churton, described as "archdeacon, scholar, historian, and minor poet." In an essay on eugenics Dean Inge includes, by way of illustration, a bit of pedigree of his mother's family in which are shown, within four generations, no less than thirteen names highly distinguished in scholarship, literature, or the Church, frequently in all three. True to tradition, William Ralph Inge won almost every available honor at Eton and Cambridge, becoming in due course Fellow of his College (King's) and, after taking Holy Orders, Assistant Master at Eton. His first book, 'Society in Rome Under the Cæsars,' was published when he was twenty-eight years old, a schoolmaster at Eton. It was an expansion of the essay which had won the "Hare prize" two years earlier, a piece of sound scholarship, lucidly and readably presented. It was followed, a year later, by 'An Eton Latin Grammar.'

Within the next twenty years the brilliant young scholar had established his reputation in the Church and in both the ancient universities. He was named Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford, Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, select preacher year after year at both Oxford and Cambridge, and Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. At Oxford his program included a course of lectures on the Roman Poets; and a student of those days has told the writer that after thirty years those lectures are still a vivid memory. Evidence such as this shows that Dr. Inge's later reputation as a public lecturer is solidly founded. The list of his special "foundation" lectureships is remarkable, included the Rede, the Bampton, the Romanes, the Hibbert, and the Gifford Lectures in England and Scotland, and, in 1906, the Paddock Lectures in New York. In the Church also his honors multiplied. He received many honorary degrees, was appointed rector of a London Church, and, a few years later, in 1911, received the Deanship of St. Paul's. He had married, appropriately, the daughter of a Church dignitary.

To find himself in Colet's chair in the Deanery of St. Paul's must have been peculiarly gratifying to one of Dr. Inge's temper, and his essay on Colet published on the five hundredth anniversary of his death is a happy effort. From 1911 onwards our author has been universally "Dean Inge." Some uncertainty as to the pronunciation of his name brought forth Bernard Shaw's delightfully rhymed dictum:

> If you his temper would unhinge
> And his most sacred rights infringe,
> Or, excommunicated, singe
> Where fiends forever writhe and cringe
> Imploring that a drop of ginge-
> R ale may on their tongues impinge,

Address him then as Dr. Inje;
But if you prize the proper thing
Be sure you call him Dr. Ing.
(Unless, your ignorance to screen
You temporize with Mister Dean.) . . .

As Dean Inge he has acquired a wide popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1925 he delivered a series of lectures at Yale; and in his own country, while continuing his career as a lecturer and preacher, he became increasingly well known as a contributor, not only to the learned reviews but to various daily and weekly papers. A royal decoration was added to the many bestowed by ecclesiastical and academic bodies, so that the Dean's name is now followed by the letters C.V.O., D.D., and F.B.A.

Of the earlier works, published while he was preoccupied chiefly with classical and religious studies, the following are typical: 'Selections from Lucian' (in collaboration with H. Macnaughten); 'Christian Mysticism,' 'Contentio Veritatis,' 'Faith and Knowledge,' 'Personal Idealism and Mysticism,' 'Speculum Animæ,' 'The Church and the Age,' 'Authority and the Inner Light.' Many of these were originally given as lectures, and in some cases the lecture form is retained. In these as in the later writings one is never left in doubt as to the writer's point of view, though one may be puzzled as to how a mind so independent contrives to continue its allegiance to the rule of a dogmatic Church. It is helpful to find a definition of his own position in one of his later prefaces: "I shall be classified, I suppose, as belonging to the right wing of theological liberalism. But I prefer to call myself a Christian Platonist, and to claim a humble place in the long chain of Christian thinkers whose philosophy is based on the Platonic tradition. That chain has been unbroken from the first century to our own day, and in English theology it has had a very honorable record."

Based upon the Platonic tradition though it may be, Dean Inge's philosophy includes a most keen and intelligent recognition of the importance of modern scientific investigation and discovery, even in so new a department as that of eugenics, and at times he seems to give the research worker in science a place higher than that of any other type of thinker. His belief in this most important modern trend should be remembered when the Dean is condemned as a pessimistic traditionalist.

This charge has been leveled naturally not against the writings cited above, but against those, more generally read, of recent years: the two volumes of 'Outspoken Essays,' 'Lay Thoughts of a Dean,' and 'England,' the last being one of the series (by different writers) of 'The Modern World, a survey of Historical Forces.' In these four volumes Dean Inge is no longer the interpreter of mysticism, the priestly platonist, rather he is the physician

conducting a clinic, and declaring to his generation "thou ailest here, and here." His diagnosis is frequently unflattering, it clashes with popular sentiment, it refuses to evade difficulties. Hence much discussion, and the free circulation of such an epithet as "the gloomy Dean." But, stimulated by such discussion, the demand for the Dean's books is greater and greater. Of the four just named, the first volume of 'Outspoken Essays' perhaps contains the most brilliant writing. 'Lay Thoughts of a Dean,' being largely a reprint of newspaper articles, is naturally a slighter effort. The 'England' is somewhat overclouded by apprehension.

Some of the unpopular tenets which the Dean has expressed in many and always forcible passages are a disbelief in democracy as a cure for political ills, a conviction that the race is not at present progressing, and, as a rider to this, a belief that if strong measures are not taken, in directions for the most part opposite to those indicated by recent legislation, disastrous consequences may be looked for. In short the Dean is perfectly clear in his demonstration that this is not the best of all possible worlds, and he refuses to flatter either his own countrymen or his neighbors, by throwing any blurring veils of illusion over their defects.

Much of his criticism is leveled at post-War society, but his reading of modern trends and their dangers began much earlier, and the views expressed in his later books are not new. In the preface to the volume of essays called 'Faith and Its Psychology,' written as early as 1909, he says: "The great danger in our path, I venture to think, comes from the democratization of thought, which has affected religion, ethics, philosophy, and sociology — in fact almost every department of mental activity except natural science. We see its results in hysterical sentimentalism, which is the great obstacle in the way of using organized effort for social amelioration."

In the essay on 'Our Present Discontents,' written ten years later, he examines the claims of democracy, and marshals the arguments for and against, with this conclusion: "Who then are the friends of this 'curious fetish,' as Quinet called democracy? It appears to have none, though it has been the subject of fatuous laudation ever since the time of Rousseau. The Americans burn incense before it, but they are themselves ruled by the Boss and the Trust." And again: "There is no general will. All we have a right to say is that individuals are occasionally guided by reason, crowds never." In 'England,' his latest important work, the same conviction is even more tersely and emphatically expressed: "The grant of universal suffrage is a hypocritical oblation to a fetish in which nobody any longer believes."

If in the above and other passages, Dean Inge may seem to be unduly severe in his strictures upon his own generation, it must be recognized that his severity is that, not of the enemy but of the patriot. And always his admonitions are of the most wholesome character. "In plain living and high thinking will be our salvation," he says, "or the salvation of the 'remnant'

which will survive the turmoils of an age of transition." And ever and again, when he seems to have led his readers into a gulf of despair, he leads them out again with some splendid war-cry which makes them ashamed of having dubbed him a pessimist. This is notably the case in the conclusion of the first of the 'Outspoken Essays,' with its exquisitely appropriate quotations from Chaucer and Blake; and in the disarming candor of the close of 'England': "I have laid bare my hopes and fears for the country that I love. This much I can avow, that never, even when the storm clouds appear blackest, have I been tempted to wish that I was other than an Englishman."

Those who oppose Dean Inge would do well to look to their weapons. It would be hard to match the keenness and grace of his style. Exquisitely clear, sound in structure, sufficiently ornamented and flavored, but free from mannerisms, it recalls the formula of another great Dean: "proper words in proper places."

SUSAN E. VAUGHAN

MODERN ENGLAND

From 'England,' in the Series entitled 'The Modern World, a Survey of Historical Forces.' Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons and Ernest Benn, Limited, and reprinted by their permission

I HAVE found the preparation of this book the most difficult literary task that I have ever undertaken. The difficulties are indeed so obvious that perhaps I may ask for some indulgence if I fail to satisfy my readers, as I have certainly not satisfied myself. The plan of this series is not strictly historical. It is the present and the future — "the modern world," including the present day which will be yesterday before the book is published, and the tomorrow which will then be today, with which the writers have to try to deal. The excellent books which have appeared in this series about other countries have been packed with information which is inaccessible to the ordinary reader. In the volume upon Russia, for example, the curtain has been partially lifted which veils the most terrible tragedy in modern history. In his 'Germany' Mr. Gooch marshals with the severest impartiality the evidence on highly controversial questions concerning the policy and conduct of our chief adversary in the Great War. Norway is a kindred country of which most of us know little and are glad to know more. The problems of the British *Raj* in India can be understood only with the help of such intimate knowledge as Sir Valentine Chirol possesses. But a heavily documented treatise of this size about our own country would be nothing more than a dull hand-

book. There is no subject bearing on the condition of England at the present day, on which there is not a mass of well-informed and well-known literature. I might, it is true, have confined myself to one topic, such as politics or social life, and treated this in more detail, but that would have made the title of the book inappropriate and deceptive. Besides, if I am to attempt a judgment on the condition and prospects of the country now and in the near future, more than one or two factors in our civilization and its environment must be considered. It is necessary to call into the account some possible modifications in the national character, changes in the volume and direction of international trade, our minerals and our food supply, our chances of holding together or of losing our overseas empire, the menace which overhangs our whole industrial life from labor troubles, and the apparent tendencies of political and constitutional evolution. All these belong to the subject of modern England, and in this small book each of them has had to be dealt with in summary fashion, within the limits of a single chapter.

A treatment so cursory is not likely to satisfy the specialist in any of the various branches of the national life. The specialist will discover at once, what I have no desire to hide, that my knowledge of some of them — perhaps of all — is very amateurish. I have indeed read widely, and as the plan of the book does not admit of foot-notes or references, I must ask those by whose labors I have profited to regard the bibliography at the end of the volume as an acknowledgment of very numerous obligations. I have no right to ask indulgence for inaccuracies in the use of my authorities. I hope they are not very numerous, but I dare not hope that none such will be found.

What then is there in this book, if it is not a handbook nor a work of research? It contains the only thing which I could contribute to it as my own — the expression of my personal point of view, with my reasons for holding it. I have tried to be candid; I have made no attempt whatever to be impartial. I love my own country dearly, and I think it is in great danger, not so much from the aggressions of foreign nations, though our international position is far from secure, as from the anti-social and unpatriotic sectionalism which is the curse of industrial civilization, and which is specially dangerous in a country situated as we are.

In considering the causes of these dangerous symptoms, I have been obliged to treat them as a disease of industrialism generally, and not as if they were peculiar to this country. The same extension in the scope of my survey seemed to be demanded in the chapter called Democracy. I should have been glad to give every page of my limited space to England. But I do not think that these problems which are essentially connected with the phase through which western civilization is now passing, could be profitably discussed in this way. It would be easy to paint the prospects of our own country in too dark colors, if we did not remember that other industrial societies have the same troubles, and in some instances, it may be, in an even acuter form. Western civilization

is a unit, the expression of a common culture and traditions. It is possible to exaggerate the importance of political frontiers.

I purposely did not read Oswald Spengler's famous book on 'The Downfall of the West' till I had finished my own, because I did not wish to be enticed away from my subject to discuss bold and sweeping generalizations on the science or philosophy of history. But since this remarkable work has had such an astonishing sale in Germany, and is widely recognized as a highly important contribution to the understanding of current civilization, I think that I should attempt to define my attitude towards the theory of the writer, that the civilization of Western Europe, including of course England, which in some ways has reached a more advanced stage of industrialization than any other country, is now in the sere, the yellow leaf.

If I understand Spengler rightly, he does not believe that nations, like individuals, are subject to natural loss of vigor, ending in a slow death from senile decay. Such a theory, though it underlies much popular language about "old" and "new" peoples, is, in my opinion, quite unscientific. The life of the race is renewed without loss in each generation. Biologically, one nation is as old as another. The Goths were as old as the Romans, the Tartar nomads no younger than the civilized nations whom they destroyed. Spengler's thesis is rather that each "culture" expresses distinct ideas, and that when it has brought forth all the fruits of which it is capable, it crystallizes or congeals into what he calls a "civilization," a soulless mechanism which after expanding for some time in a meaningless way, shrivels up and dies. The nations of Western Europe and America, it appears, are now approaching their Byzantine period, and we must not expect any fresh springs of spiritual or intellectual life, since these phenomena belong to "cultures," not to "civilizations." The idea seems to be that a "culture" lives and dies like an organism, obeying the laws of its own which are independent of the biological characteristics of those who share it, though ultimately, he thinks, the senile decay of a civilization is accompanied by a falling away of the population, the so-called race-suicide.

Spengler's contention that scientific history knows of no rectilinear movement of progress is I think incontestable. The notion that each type of civilization (for we cannot adopt the German word *Kultur*) is capable of producing certain characteristic and valuable fruits, after which it drops out of the vanguard of humanity, and probably breaks up, has much to recommend it. But the causes of national decay are very obscure, and the temptation to draw analogies from the decline and fall of the Roman Empire may easily prove misleading. Sir Flinders Petrie has, I think, pressed too far the resemblance between the government of the Empire between Diocletian and Justinian, and the socialistic legislation of England in our own day. There is the enormous difference that the industrial life of the Empire was very primitive, there being no mass-production of utilities for the masses. What

we are now witnessing may not be, as Spengler thinks, the slowly advancing paralysis of "Faustian" culture, but the results of imperfect adaptation to the sudden demands of mechanization and of modern city life. I am disposed to think that this sudden transplantation of the countryman, within three or four generations, into the unnatural surroundings of the large town, has more to do with social unrest than is usually supposed. The obsessions of ill-usage which generate the revolutionary temper seem to occur almost exclusively among the town-workers. In material comfort, they are better off than ever before; but they suffer from a chronic malaise which makes them hate all the conditions of their lives.

The town-worker does not consciously recognize the call of the country; he only feels the aching of racial habits thousands of years old, and now suddenly thwarted. But I think it is significant that our war-poetry from 1914 to 1919, the poignant sincerity of which goes to our hearts as we read it, constantly dwells on the rural life of England. This poetry is indeed a revelation of the national character, and as such might have been discussed in my second chapter. There was none of the swashbuckler boastfulness of earlier English poetry, like the famous speech of Henry V before Agincourt, in Shakespeare, which the Germans recommended to their own officers. There was plenty of the grimly humorous realism which is thoroughly English. But above all, the lads about to die saluted, like Owen the Harrovian, the "green fields and the school I know"; they listened, like Julian Grenfell, for the song of the blackbird; they thought wistfully, like Rupert Brooke, of the "peace and holy quiet" of Grantchester Mill. The age of machinery has forced a large proportion of the hand-workers to lead a life which is not natural to human beings, and there has been no time to adapt the organism to these new conditions. Samuel Butler's fable of the Erewhonians who broke their machines showed deep insight under the form of bantering satire; such a choice may actually be made within the next century and a half, even in this country, though we cannot tell how the gradual reversion to simpler conditions will be brought about. There seems already to be some decline in the acquisitiveness which for a time spurred a naturally lazy people into thrift, industry, and hard work.

If there is any gift to civilization which the world owes to England, and which has perhaps produced all the fruit which it is capable of bearing, it is our great discovery of popular representation, of parliamentary government. At the present time, we find not only that many nations have fallen back upon one-man rule, but that in those which still retain democratic institutions the politicians are regarded with general contempt, or as in France, with hatred. We can no longer dismiss, as mere political cynicism, the words of Hobbes. "The Laws of Nature (as Justice, Equity, Modesty, Mercy, and in sum doing to others as we would be done to) of themselves, without the terror of some power to cause them to be obeyed, are contrary to our natural

passions, that carry us to partiality, pride, revenge, and the like. And covenants without the sword are but words, and of no strength to secure a man at all . . . For though [men] obtain a victory by their unanimous endeavor against a foreign enemy, yet afterwards, when either they have no common enemy, or he that by one part is held for an enemy is by another part held for a friend, they must needs by the difference of their interests dissolve and fall again into a war amongst themselves." The proved impotence of democratic government to curb anti-social conspiracies gives fresh confirmation to the wise words of Abraham Lincoln: "It has long been a grave question whether any government not too strong for the liberties of its people can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies."

Is the fire of patriotism burning brightly enough to save our society from disintegration and our empire from disruption? We hear too few exhortations in the spirit of Edmund Burke: "A great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our station and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our situation and ourselves, we ought to . . . elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive and the only honorable conquests, not by destroying but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race." These are the sole conditions under which little England can maintain her almost miraculous and always precarious greatness; and without them our hard-won liberties hang on a slender thread. Only a nation which is one in spirit can remain free.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

ALDOUS HUXLEY comes of an illustrious English family. He is the son of Leonard Huxley, editor of Cornhill Magazine; T. H. Huxley, the scientist, was his grandfather; through his mother, who was an Arnold, he is grand-nephew of Matthew Arnold and nephew of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who, at the time of Aldous Huxley's birth in 1894, was indeed a famous person.

Of his education he says that it was conventional. In a letter quoted by Grant Overton in 'Cargoes for Crusoes' he says: "I was educated very conventionally at Eton and at Oxford (the only break in the process being two or three years of partial blindness, from 17 to 19½, when I learned to read Braille embossed writing). I took English literature at Oxford under the professorship of the later Sir Walter Raleigh." And he says that he is a close student of French literature.

Of education he has much to say in every book of his. "The ideas with which we have been brought up become in a real sense a part of our minds, and to deny them . . . is almost as difficult as to deny part of the body." "People offer us reason and beauty; but we will have none of them, because they don't happen to square with the notions that were grafted into our souls in youth and that have grown there and have become a part of us." And to a friend he said: "My books express that part of my mind which is the product of a perhaps excessively intellectual upbringing."

Between 1916, when he published a small book of verse 'The Burning Wheel,' and the publication in 1928 of his novel 'Point Counter Point,' Aldous Huxley produced sixteen books, besides making an enormous contribution to British and American periodicals. His industry and his successes have seemed to his contemporaries to be notable; in his early thirties he was acclaimed as the most erudite man in England; Edwin Muir says of him that no other writer of our time has built up a serious reputation so rapidly and so surely.

He does not owe this very considerable reputation to his poetry, though 'Leda,' published in 1918, was well received. The title poem, an invasion of the private life of Jupiter, is in the heroic couplet; it is superbly sensuous and otherwise superb. Jupiter, bored and leaning over the bar of Olympus, sees

> the world down through the chasmèd blue
> Stretched out from edge to edge unto his view,

and he himself, and the map he looks on — the East, and fearful Africa, and the North where "Britons go painted among their swamps" — this, and his affair with Leda that is bathed in "naked light and the sun's noonday flame," are a magnificent spectacle, and subtly modern.

In 'Limbo' (1920), Huxley strikes his note of disgust; already in these stories man is "musking over whatever of the goat may cling about the body." And in 'The Chap Book' of that year he is saying of the subject matter of poetry, "Let us by all means puncture the bladder of pretentiousness and lachrymose sentimentality." The preciosity of the stories in 'Limbo' is mocking.

'Crome Yellow,' in 1921, is a stylicized novel, admittedly derived from Peacock; it was original in a vein that has since become fashionable. With the publication of this novel, and increasingly with the publication in 1923 of 'Antic Hay,' critical comment on Aldous Huxley became serious and diverse. For one critic he is our best example of the fashionable writer, for another he is our complete entertainer; for many these novels are licentious and blasphemous; all agree that the author is satirical, witty, and sophisticated; there are those who find his work astringent and severe; one thinks him to be animated by disgust, anguish, and pity. None has called him an excellent novelist. He himself has said: "My aim is to arrive technically at a perfect fusion of the novel and the essay." 'Antic Hay' is wonderfully such a fusion; many of its chapters might carry captions as essays — about publicity, about politicians, about artists, and about the arts. 'Those Barren Leaves' is a series of essays about the arts and the history of Italy. Huxley's admired erudition is at work here. But the essays in his novels are more lively than those in his books of essays — 'On the Margin,' 'Essays New and Old,' or 'Proper Studies.' For in the novels his creative gifts of characterization, of caricature, his gift of visualization, his wit and his compassion, his moral and stern logic, play about his story, flooding it with light.

His novels are wearing well, and how truly he is a recorder of manners, in the sense that Congreve and Sheridan were, will be apparent on a re-reading of them. The things to be admired, the temper to be affected, the temporal aversions, are all catalogued there and dated. The style of that period after the War, the fashions in ideas, in music, in pictures, the current words, are there. There is Mary, in 'Crome Yellow,' laughing at the right time at the things that were then wrong. There is the meticulous shibboleth of the word "civilized" on the lips of Mary and on Rosie's lips in 'Antic Hay.' Gumbril, in 'Antic Hay,' knows exactly what cannot be said because it is already too late in the day:

"But really," Gumbril insisted, "you can't say 'dream.' Can you now, seriously?" Lypiatt, who is writing a poem, wants to say "dream" — why not? You simply can't, he is assured. "*Ça se sent, mon cher ami, ça ne s'explique pas.* Dreams in nineteen twenty-two. After you've accepted the War, swallowed the Russian famine — dreams!"

"Since the War we wonder at nothing," says Mr. Scogan in 'Crome Yellow,' and he catalogues the cruelties at which we have ceased to wonder. But Aldous Huxley is still sensitive to cruelties, both major and minor. He is preoccupied in his novels, and in many of his short stories, with the sufferings of those who have ceased to wonder. Minor sufferings — the miseries of creative types who must forever be listening to talk, and to talk about their work — he records them. Denis in 'Crome Yellow' was such a sufferer. Lypiatt in 'Antic Hay,' whose sufferings drive him to ridiculous and tragic excesses, whose self-knowledge is unbearable, is a sufferer on a major scale. The wounded ego is apprehended by Huxley; many of his most diverting caricatures are compassionately dealt with; for pity and laughter are complementary with him, as with Dickens, in whose debt he admittedly is.

He excels in the art of portraiture; whimsical types, engaging types, terrible types, crowd his canvas: terrible Mr. Scogan the rationalist forever orating in 'Crome Yellow'; Henry Wimbush, the man of books, wishing that the guests at a ball were dead this hundred years and he reading of a ball in a well-written book; the small satirical portrait of Mr. Clew in 'Antic Hay'; Mr. Mallard with "his erudite and logical disgusts"; Mary the dull with her bell of golden hair and her hypochondria in the matter of sex — some of these are slight sketches. Others press heavily on the mind, with the weight of the authentic bore, or the weight of the truly bored. Mrs. Viveash coming out into her day that was a little dim, stepping into a vacuum that she finds absurd, moves off into a prospect of immeasurable boredom, into steppes and steppes of ennui, horizon beyond horizon, forever the same. Shall she go to the right or to the left? "Slowly, walking along her private knife-edge between her personal abysses, she walked toward the left." This is the hinge on which the action of 'Antic Hay' turns.

Denis, in 'Crome Yellow,' is a portrait of the artist as a young man, Lypiatt in 'Antic Hay,' is the portrait of the pseudo-artist in middle age and in the throes of self-distrust. Rosie is the devastating and perfect hypocrite done with a poison pen. The goat is the totem of her tribe, and Aldous Huxley quoted Marlowe on the front page of his novel:

> My men like satyrs grazing on the lawns
> Shall with their goat feet dance the antic hay.

For 'Antic Hay' and 'Those Barren Leaves' are studies of the conflict between the man of reason and the natural man. Here are the betrayals of the flesh, reviewed with laughter and with disgust and with anguish.

The excellence of Huxley's writing is of many sorts. He is abundantly an aphorist. He is admirably a parodist, 'Crome Yellow' is a display of parody. He is a master of dialogue, and of description. Like many an Englishman he writes of Italy as a lover, and he excels in English landscape. Not a book of his but is rich in things seen realistically, like the little granary in 'Crome

Yellow' and the white ducks in the shadow of it. But in the best of these things there is a mystical element, an element of delicious nonsense:

"Gumbril stopped writing. He put down the block, sheathed his pen, and abandoned himself to the pleasures of pure idleness. . . . In the basement two floors down, the cook and the house-parlormaid were reading, one the Daily Mirror, the other the Daily Sketch. For them, Her Majesty the Queen spoke kindly words to crippled female orphans; the jockeys jumped at the jumps; Cupid was busy in Society, and the murderers who had disemboweled their mistresses were still at large. Above him . . . was a bedroom, a servant's bedroom, an attic of tanks and ancient dirt, the roof, and after that, two or three hundred light-years away, a star of the fourth magnitude. On the other side of the party wall on his right, a teeming family of Jews led their dark, compact, Jewish lives with a prodigious intensity. At this moment they were all passionately quarreling. Beyond the wall on the left lived the young journalist and his wife. Tonight it was he who had cooked the supper. The young wife lay on the sofa, feeling horribly sick; she was going to have a baby, there could be no doubt about it now. They had meant not to have one; it was horrible. And, outside, the birds were sleeping in the trees, the invading children from the slum tumbled and squealed. Ships meanwhile were walloping across the Atlantic freighted with more cigars. . . . Rosie at this moment was probably mending Shearwater's socks. Gumbril sat and smoked, and the universe arranged itself in a pattern about him, like iron filings round a magnet."

Huxley's travel books have been well received; it has been said of his journeys that he brings to them erudition, wit, curiosity, and a passionate misanthropy. Critics who have not been susceptible to the tragic morality of his novels applaud the "moral earnestness" of his later essays, which tend to be more directly philosophical. 'Proper Studies' is an austere book; Aldous Huxley is a son of science and an enemy of illusion. But the austerity, the moral earnestness, the realism and the nihilism of Huxley are rocks sunken beneath the surface of those gay and outrageous and tragic novels. There are all his negations, the Negroes in the night club in 'Antic Hay' are singing them:

What's he to Hecuba?
Nothing at all!

And Mrs. Viveash "murmurs the response almost piously, as though she were worshiping almighty and omnipresent Nil." Denis has written a poem; it is on sale at the delightful fair that embellishes 'Crome Yellow'; they have printed five hundred copies; three have been sold, but you may have a copy free if you spend a shilling on your tea. So it is to have a circulation.

Sing Holiday! You do not know
How to be free. The Russian snow

Flowered with bright blood whose roses spread
Petals of fading, fading red
That died into the snow again,
Into the virgin snow; and men
From all the ancient bonds were freed.
Old law, old custom, and old creed,
Old right and wrong there bled to death;
The frozen air received their breath,
A little smoke that died away;
And round about them where they lay
The snow bloomed roses. Blood was there
A red gay flower and only fair.
Sing Holiday! Beneath the Tree
Of Innocence and Liberty,
Paper Nose and Red Cockade
Dance within the magic shade
That makes them drunken, merry, strong
To laugh and sing their ferial song:
"Free, free . . . !"
But echo answers
Faintly to the laughing dancers,
"Free" — and faintly laughs, and still,
Within the hollows of the hill,
Faintlier laughs and whispers, "Free,"
Fadingly, diminishingly:
"Free," and laughter faints away . . .
Sing Holiday! Sing Holiday!

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

AT SEA

From 'Jesting Pilate' by Aldous Huxley. Copyright, 1926, by George H. Doran Company and reprinted by their permission

FAMILIARITY blunts astonishment. Fishes do not marvel at water; they are too busy swimming in it. It is the same with us. We take our Western civilization for granted and find nothing intrinsically odd or incongruous in it. Before we can realize the strangeness of our surroundings, we must deliberately stop and think.

But moments come when that strangeness is fairly forced upon our notice, moments when an anomaly, a contradiction, an immense incongruity is suddenly illumined by a light so glaring that we cannot fail to see it. Such a

moment came to me as I was crossing the Pacific. It was the first morning out of Yokohama. Coming out of my cabin, I was handed the day's bulletin of wireless news. I unfolded the typewritten sheet and read:. "Mrs. X, of Los Angeles, girl wife of Dr. X, aged 79, has been arrested for driving her automobile along the railroad track, whistling like a locomotive." This piece of information had been transmitted through the ethereal holes between the molecules of air. From a broadcasting station more than five thousand miles away it had come to our ship in rather less time than it would have taken the sound of my voice to travel from one end of the promenade deck to the other. The labors of half a dozen men of genius, of hundreds of patient and talented investigators, had gone to creating and perfecting the means for achieving this miracle. To what end? That the exploits of young Mrs. X, of Los Angeles, might be instantaneously known to every traveler on all the oceans of the globe. The ether reverberated with the name of Mrs. X. The wave that bore it broke against the moon and the planets, and rippled on toward the stars and the ultimate void. Faraday and Clerk Maxwell had not lived in vain.

The wise men of antiquity (so say the Indians) knew all that we have learned about nature, and a great deal more besides. But they kept their science to themselves, or revealed it only in enigmas which cannot be interpreted except in the light of a previous knowledge of the answers. They were afraid that — men being what they are — their discoveries might be put to bad or futile uses. The ordinary man, they argued, is not to be trusted with the power which comes of knowledge. They withheld their science.

Being prejudiced in favor of the West and of the present, I have no great belief in the scientific attainments of the ancient sages of the Orient. But their wisdom is undeniable. The fruits of knowledge are abused and wasted; it is, alas, only too obvious. Disinterested men have given their lives to the search for truth, and we have turned their discoveries to the service of murder, or employed them to create a silly entertainment. The modern civilization of the West, which is the creation of perhaps a hundred men of genius, assisted by a few thousand intelligent and industrious disciples, exists for the millions, whose minds are indistinguishable in quality from those of the average humans of the paleolithic age. The ideas of a handful of supermen are exploited so as to serve the profit and pleasure of the innumerable subtermen, or men *tout court*. The contemporary cave man listens in on instruments which he owes to the inspired labors of superior and, by comparison, divine intelligences. Negroid music shoots across the void into his ears, and the wisdom of such sages as Dr. Frank Crane; racing results and bedtime stories and the true tale of a young Mrs. X, of Los Angeles. The fire of Prometheus is put to the strangest uses. Gods propose, men dispose. The world in which we live may not be the best of all possible worlds: it is certainly the most fantastic.

Not being a superman myself, I took the liveliest interest in young Mrs. X. After being arrested for whistling like a locomotive — whether by means of an

instrument or with the unaided vocal cords was never made clear — she was bailed out of prison by her husband, the aged doctor. The time came for the hearing of her case. Mrs. X told the doctor that she proposed to forfeit her (or rather his) recognizances and run away. The doctor protested. Mrs. X then began to smash the furniture. The aged doctor telephoned for the police; they came, and Mrs. X was rearrested on charges of assault. We on the Pacific waited in a dreadful suspense. A few days later, as we were crossing the hundred and eightieth meridian, we learned to our profound relief that a reconciliation had taken place. Aged Dr. X had withdrawn his charge; the girl wife had gone home quietly. What happened about the whistling business we never learned. The anonymous powers which purvey wireless news are strangely capricious. The name of Mrs. X no longer rippled out toward Aldebaran and the spiral nebulæ. In the next morning's bulletin there was a little paragraph announcing the declaration of the General Strike. And Bebe Daniels had fallen off her horse and received contusions.

LYTTON STRACHEY

GILES LYTTON STRACHEY was born in England in 1880. Educated at the University of Cambridge, he has lived most of his life in or near London, an outstanding member of a group of people intellectually rather than socially famous, which includes particularly such leaders of contemporary English opinion as the economist, Maynard Keynes, the novelist, Virginia Woolf, and Clive Bell, the art critic. Lytton Strachey started his literary career more than twenty years ago, with the publication of sundry casual essays in literary criticism, dealing with major figures in French and English literature. His first book appeared in 1912, 'Landmarks in French Literature,' a competent text-book, with occasional shrewd judgments to raise it above the literary level of similar didactic volumes. For the book showed, more than most of its kind, a grasp of the essential spirit of French literature, which is judged, not by comparison with that of England, but with a detached appreciation of its own peculiar excellences. But certainly the first sustained sign of Strachey's quality was given in 1918, with the publication of 'Eminent Victorians.' In these four sketches of famous figures of the preceding and still overshadowing generation, the author gained a wide notoriety for iconoclasm, and discriminating praise for originality, judgment, and wit. Few Englishmen found their pet prejudices or accepted idols totally unassailed by one at least of those short, sharp biographical portraits, depicting respectively — if scarcely respectfully — Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Arnold, the headmaster of Rugby School (safely enshrined, one would have thought, in the pages of 'Tom Brown's Schooldays'), and General Gordon.

With this book, Strachey's position was assured, but when he produced, in 1921, 'Queen Victoria,' he became immediately the best known of contemporary English biographers. All but the youngest generation of his readers had been brought up in the awful shadow of the regal matriarch, and the new biography possessed for the public at large much of the shocking charm of an irreligious joke, combined with the superficial entertainment of an amusing story and the interest of a sound, psychological dissection. The book remains Mr. Strachey's best known and most important achievement, though it has been followed by 'Books and Characters' (1922), (a collection of his early literary essays), and lately by 'Elizabeth and Essex' and four short sketches of famous English historians, one of which follows this article.

Lytton Strachey's great popularity springs, in the first place, from his success in entertaining his readers. If he seems at times to present simply

malicious gossip, at least we are safe from that weakness of many biographers, the obituary notice. His curiosity about the past is so lively and so practical that it can resurrect a dead age, and show us not its memorial statues, but its living conversations. In his essay on Mr. Creevey — a prolix and indiscreet diarist of the days of the Regency — he has pointed out the besetting sin of historical biography, and characterized those who have saved him from that sin: "Clio is one of the most glorious of the Muses; but as everyone knows, she (like her sister Melpomene) suffers from a sad defect: she is apt to be pompous. With her buskins, her robes, and her airs of importance she is at times, indeed, almost intolerable. But fortunately the Fates have provided a corrective. They have decreed that in her stately advances she should be accompanied by certain apish, impish creatures, who run round her tittering, pulling long noses, threatening to trip the good lady up, and even sometimes whisking to one side the corner of her drapery, and revealing her undergarments in a most indecorous manner. They are the diarists and letter-writers, the gossips and journalists of the past, the Pepyses and Horace Walpoles and Saint-Simons, whose function it is to reveal to us the littleness underlying great events and to remind us that history itself was once real life."

Mr. Strachey makes use of just such sources — the diaries, the informal letters, the unofficial conversations, of a man — to show us his habit of thought, his habitual motives, his characteristic gestures. By such first-hand, seemingly simple and ingenuous touches, the most devastating effects are produced. The biography of Queen Victoria, with all its evidence of the very mediocre quality of the revered Queen's intellect, contains no direct statement to that effect. The conviction is the result of many cleverly chosen quotations, from Victoria's own letters, occasionally from the remarks of her own associates, from the accounts of eye-witnesses to various significant scenes. And other qualities of the Queen — her stubbornness, her fidelity, her susceptibility to flattery, all take shape before our eyes, by the same method. A sharper picture of the emotional, intellectual, and esthetic temper of the English Court in the middle of the last century could hardly be found than is drawn in the following paragraph:

"As she watched her beloved Albert, after toiling with state documents and public functions, devoting every spare moment of his time to domestic duties, to artistic appreciation, and to intellectual improvements; as she listened to him cracking his jokes at the luncheon-table, or playing Mendelssohn on the organ, or pointing out the merits of Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures; as she followed him round while he gave instructions about the breeding of cattle, or decided that the Gainsboroughs must be hung higher up so that the Winterhalters might be properly seen — she felt perfectly certain that no other wife had ever had such a husband. His mind was apparently capable of everything, and she was hardly surprised to learn that he had made an important discovery for the conversion of sewage into agricultural manure. Filtration from below

upwards, he explained, through some appropriate medium, which retained the solids and set free the fluid sewage for irrigation, was the principle of the scheme. 'All previous plans,' he said, 'would have cost millions; mine costs next to nothing!' Unfortunately, owing to a slight miscalculation, the invention proved to be impracticable; but Albert's intelligence was unrebuffed, and he passed on, to plunge with all his accustomed ardor into a prolonged study of the rudiments of lithography."

And this is not a fanciful picture. In the footnotes and bibliography, authority can be found, drawn from contemporary diaries and letters, for every statement.

Without resorting to such detail, the minor characters appear in an undeniably lively manner, struck off in some characteristic pose, like an accidental but clever snapshot. The whole immense canvas of Victoria's reign never becomes cluttered up, and contains no yawning gaps. The thread of the political background runs smoothly through the book, and the shifting characters are there, even during those years in which they are not in direct contact with the Queen. With a gesture, they come back. "Lord Palmerston's laugh — a queer metallic 'Ha! ha! ha!' with reverberations in it from the days of Pitt and the Congress of Vienna — was heard no more in Piccadilly; Lord John Russell dwindled into senility; Lord Derby tottered from the stage. A new scene opened; and new protagonists — Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli — struggled together in the limelight."

In the genre of historical vignette painting, Mr. Strachey's most spectacular achievement, which remains effective in spite of widespread imitation, is the famous ending to "Queen Victoria," where he suggests what pictures might have passed through the mind of the dying Queen, thus with remarkable literary skill linking up in one final sentence all the diverse scenes of the book, and reminding us that the old lady, distressed by the South African war, was but the ultimate extension of the little girl, whom we had first met in the days of the Regency and "the trees and the grass at Kensington."

The popular appeal of Mr. Strachey's biographical method has naturally resulted in many imitators, including, in England, Harold Nicholson and Philip Guedalla, and much more obviously, in France, André Maurois, and in this country Gamaliel Bradford. But, particularly in the case of the last two writers, they have copied the letter rather than the spirit of their original, and have been immediately responsible for much of the criticism which has been levelled against the so-called "modern" school of biographers. The gist of this criticism is of course contained in the charge that Mr. Strachey and his followers set out to belittle greatness on principle, and are incapable of appreciating true genius. Nor does this charge seem unfounded, when one considers Maurois' famous 'Ariel,' the life of Shelley which mentions every eccentricity of the poet's life, except his taste for writing poetry; or Gamaliel Bradford's picture of Darwin as a disappointed cynic, ultimately reduced to

preferring his biological laboratory to the works of Shakespeare. But between such imitators and Mr. Strachey, a simple but significant distinction must be drawn. They are concerned primarily with men of indubitably great achievement; Mr. Strachey's curiosity is aroused chiefly by men of great reputation. And that reputation he delights in analyzing and in exposing as the product of a vulgar admiration. He has no patience with hypocrisy or sentimentality, a trait which makes him particularly critical of just those people whom the Englishman is likely to choose for his heroes. While perfectly aware of those who are born great, Mr. Strachey's chief preoccupation is with those who, like Queen Victoria, have greatness thrust upon them, or who, more commonly in this age, achieve popular acclaim by a sincere conformity to an essentially trivial public opinion. Of the last class, Dr. Arnold is perhaps the outstanding example; the man, long revered as the founder of the unassailable modern public school system in England, who turns out to have been not interested in education or in learning primarily, yet a man whose influence was so far-reaching that after his day "no public school could venture to ignore the virtue of respectability." In his picture of Florence Nightingale, no one could paint more enthusiastically or whole-heartedly the difficulties, labors, and achievements undertaken by that genius of hospital administration, in the Crimean campaign, and after; the irony creeps into the scene with the description of the foolish and unnecessary difficulties with which her work was beset throughout her life, and the totally undiscriminating and sentimental praise of the nation, when she was too old to profit by it.

If anyone doubts Strachey's ability to recognize greatness of mind or of character, and to give them their due, let him read the long biographical sketch of Cardinal Manning, the worldly, scheming churchman; and notice the mellow radiance which lights those pages in which he speaks of his rival, Cardinal Newman: a great man, totally devoid of any scheming or chicanery. The insight which enables him to spy out the meanness of the one, does not blind him to the grandeur of the other. If certain baser qualities of the human spirit have for him a stronger fascination and prove more grateful material for his ironic wit than other of its nobler manifestations, he at least recognizes where those qualities are indigenous, and never makes the mistake of identifying them where they are not to be found. In his essays in 'Books and Characters,' he has three times as much to say about Voltaire (a great man indubitably, endowed with a strange faculty for turning suddenly into a monkey) as he has about Racine. Yet no Englishman has recognized so unerringly the greatness and the genius of the French dramatist:

"Strange as it may seem to those who have been accustomed to think of that great artist merely as a type of the frigid pomposity of an antiquated age, his music, to ears that are attuned to hear it, comes fraught with a poignancy of loveliness whose peculiar quality is shared by no other poetry in the world. To have grown familiar with the voice of Racine, to have realized

once and for all its intensity, its beauty, and its depth, is to have learnt a new happiness, to have discovered something exquisite and splendid, to have enlarged the glorious boundaries of art."

This is hardly the judgment of a carping critic, a conscious belittler of human endeavor.

And, after all, his praise of Racine is significant in more ways than one. Racine is the great classical genius of the modern world, supreme exponent of the tradition in which the biographer is himself enrolled. For Strachey is essentially an exponent of the literary virtues of clarity and precision, and that wit and judgment which are their offspring. And in this he stands aside from the main current of English biography, which takes its color from the mass of English literature, and remains, on the whole, strongly romantic, glittering with brilliant prejudices and passionate panegyrics. Strachey is capable of sincere admiration, of cutting irony, of malicious ridicule; he is not much given to loving or hating. Mindful of his own dictum, that it is perhaps as hard to write a good life as to lead one, he maintains a detached and critical attitude towards his subject, preferring the clear light of intellectual reasoning to the clouds and lightning of the emotions, whether expressed in popular prejudice or the romantic school of biography.

As to 'Elizabeth and Essex' it is enough to quote the verdict of Dr. Joseph Wood Krutch that this book makes it clear that Strachey "belongs, not merely in the list of contemporary wits, but with the great writers of all time. His early books were called classics, and perhaps they are. About the new one there can be no possible doubt. It is writing of a kind whose goodness has nothing of mere fashion about it. Swift and Fielding and Gibbon would have approved it. Posterity can hardly do otherwise."

EILEEN A. HUGHES

GIBBON

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HAPPINESS is the word that immediately rises to the mind at the thought of Edward Gibbon: and happiness in its widest connotation — including good fortune as well as enjoyment. Good fortune, indeed, followed him from the cradle to the grave in the most tactful way possible; occasionally it appeared to fail him; but its absence always turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Out of a family of seven he alone had the luck to survive — but only with difficulty; and the maladies of his childhood opened his mind to the pleasures of study and literature. His mother died; but her place was taken by a devoted aunt whose care brought him through

the dangerous years of adolescence to a vigorous manhood. His misadventures at Oxford saved him from becoming a don. His exile to Lausanne, by giving him a command of the French language, initiated him into European culture and at the same time enabled him to lay the foundations of his scholarship. His father married again; but his stepmother remained childless and became one of his dearest friends. He fell in love; the match was forbidden, and he escaped the dubious joys of domestic life with the future Madame Necker. While he was allowed to travel on the Continent, it seemed doubtful for some time whether his father would have the resources, or the generosity, to send him over the Alps into Italy. His fate hung in the balance; but at last his father produced the necessary five hundred pounds and, in the autumn of 1764, Rome saw her historian. His father died at exactly the right moment and left him exactly the right amount of money. At the age of thirty-three Gibbon found himself his own master, with a fortune just sufficient to support him as an English gentleman of leisure and fashion. For ten years he lived in London, a member of Parliament, a placeman and a diner-out, and during those ten years he produced the first three volumes of his history. After that he lost his place, failed to obtain another, and, finding his income unequal to his expenses, returned to Lausanne, where he took up his residence in the house of a friend, overlooking the Lake of Geneva. It was the final step in his career and no less fortunate than all the others. In Lausanne he was rich once more, he was famous, he enjoyed a delightful combination of retirement and society. Before another ten years were out he had completed his history, and, in ease, dignity, and absolute satisfaction, his work in this world was accomplished.

One sees in such a life an epitome of the blessings of the eighteenth century — the rich fruit ripening slowly on the sun-warmed wall and coming inevitably to its delicious perfection. It is difficult to imagine, at any other period in history, such a combination of varied qualities so beautifully balanced — the profound scholar who was also a brilliant man of the world — the votary of cosmopolitan culture, who never for a moment ceased to be a supremely English "character."

The ten years of Gibbon's life in London afford an astonishing spectacle of interacting energies. By what strange power did he succeed in producing a masterpiece of enormous erudition and perfect form while he was leading the gay life of a man about town, spending his evenings at White's or Boodle's or the club, attending Parliament, oscillating between his house in Bentinck Street, his country cottage at Hampton Court, and his little establishment at Brighton, spending his summers in Bath or Paris, and even at odd moments doing a little work at the Board of Trade to show that his place was not entirely a sinecure? Such a triumph could only have been achieved by the sweet reasonableness of the eighteenth century. "*Monsieur Gibbon n'est point mon homme,*" said Rousseau. Decidedly! The prophet of the coming age of

sentiment and romance could have nothing in common with such a nature. It was not that the historian was a mere frigid observer of the golden mean — far from it. He was full of fire and feeling. His youth had been at moments riotous — night after night he had reeled hallooing down St. James's Street. Old age did not diminish the natural warmth of his affections; the beautiful letter — a model of its kind — written on the death of his aunt, in his fiftieth year, is a proof of it. But the fire and the feeling were controlled and co-ordinated. Boswell was a Rousseauite, one of the first of the Romantics, an inveterate sentimentalist, and nothing could be more complete than the contrast between his career and Gibbon's. He, too, achieved a glorious triumph, but it was by dint of the sheer force of native genius asserting itself over the extravagance and disorder of an agitated life — a life which, after a desperate struggle, seemed to end at last in darkness and shipwreck. With Gibbon there was never any struggle; everything came naturally to him — learning and dissipation, industry and indolence, affection and scepticism — in the correct proportions, and he enjoyed himself up to the very end.

To complete the picture one must notice another antithesis — the wit, the genius, the massive intellect were housed in a physical mold that was ridiculous. A little figure, extraordinarily rotund, met the eye, surmounted by a top-heavy head, with a button nose, planted amid a vast expanse of cheek and ear, and chin upon chin rolling downward. Nor was this appearance only; the odd shape reflected something in the inner man. Mr. Gibbon, it was noticed, was always slightly overdressed; his favorite wear was flowered velvet. He was a little vain, a little pompous; at the first moment one almost laughed, then one forgot everything under the fascination of that even flow of admirably intelligent, exquisitely turned, and most amusing sentences. Among all his other merits this obviously ludicrous egotism took its place. The astonishing creature was able to make a virtue even of absurdity. Without that touch of nature he would have run the risk of being too much of a good thing; as it was, there was no such danger; he was preposterous, and a human being.

It is not difficult to envisage the character and the figure. What seems strange and remote and hard to grasp is the connection between this individual and the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. The paradox, indeed, is so complete as to be almost romantic. At a given moment — October 15, 1764 — at a given place — the Capitoline Hill, outside the Church of Aracœli — the impact occurred between the serried centuries of Rome and Edward Gibbon. His life, his work, his fame, his place in the history of civilization, followed from that circumstance. The point of his achievement lay precisely in the extreme improbability of it. The utter incongruity of those combining elements produced the masterpiece — the gigantic ruin of Europe through a thousand years, mirrored in the mind of an eighteenth-century English gentleman.

How was the miracle accomplished? Needless to say, Gibbon was a great artist — one of those rare spirits with whom a vital and penetrating imagina-

tion and a capacity for general conceptions express themselves instinctively in an appropriate form. That the question has ever been, not only asked, but seriously debated, whether History was an art, is certainly one of the curiosities of human ineptitude. What else can it possibly be? It is obvious that History is not a science; it is obvious that History is not the accumulation of facts, but the relation of them. Only the pedantry of incomplete academic persons could have vainly struggled toward any other conception. Facts relating to the past, when they are collected without art, are compilations; and compilations, no doubt, may be useful; but they are no more History than butter, eggs, salt, and herbs are an omelette. That Gibbon was a great artist, therefore, is implied in the statement that he was a great historian; but what is interesting is the particular nature of his artistry. His whole genius was pre-eminently classical; order, lucidity, balance, precision — the great classical qualities — dominate his work; and his History is chiefly remarkable as one of the supreme monuments of Classic Art in European literature.

" *L'ordre est ce qu'il y a de plus rare dans les opérations de l'esprit.*" Gibbon's work is a magnificent illustration of the splendid dictum of Fénelon. He brought order out of the enormous chaos of his subject — a truly stupendous achievement. With characteristic good fortune, indeed, the material with which he had to cope was still just not too voluminous to be digested by a single extremely competent mind. In the following century, even a Gibbon would have collapsed under the accumulated mass of knowledge at his disposal. As it was, by dint of a superb constructive vision, a serene self-confidence, a very acute judgment, and an astonishing facility in the manipulation of material, he was able to dominate the known facts. To dominate, nothing more; anything else would have been foreign to his purpose. He was a classicist and his object was not comprehension but illumination. He drove a straight, firm road through the vast unexplored forest of Roman history, his readers could follow with easy pleasure along the wonderful way, they might glance as far as their eyes could reach into the entangled recesses on either side of them, but they were not invited to stop, or wander, or camp out, or make friends with the natives, they must be content to look and to pass on.

It is clear that Gibbon's central problem was the one of exclusion; how much, and what, was he to leave out? This was largely a question of scale — always one of the major difficulties in literary composition — and it appears from several passages in the autobiographies that Gibbon paid particular attention to it. Incidentally, it may be observed that the six autobiographies were not so much excursions in egotism — though no doubt it is true that Gibbon was not without a certain fondness for what he himself called " the most disgusting of the pronouns " — as exercises on the theme of scale. Every variety of compression and expansion is visible among those remarkable pages, but apparently, since the manuscripts were left in an unfinished state, Gibbon still felt, after the sixth attempt, that he had not discovered the right solution.

Even with the scale of the History he was not altogether satisfied; the chapters on Christianity, he thought, might with further labor have been considerably reduced. But, even more fundamental than the element of scale, there was something else that in reality conditioned the whole treatment of his matrial, the whole scope and nature of his History; and that was the style in which it was written. The style once fixed, everything else followed. Gibbon was well aware of this. He wrote his first chapter three times over, his second and third twice; then at last he was satisfied, and after that he wrote on without a hitch. In particular, the problem of exclusion was solved. Gibbon's style is probably the most exclusive in literature. By its very nature it bars out a great multitude of human energies. It makes sympathy impossible, it takes no cognizance of passion, it turns its back upon religion with a withering smile. But that was just what was wanted. Classic beauty came instead. By the penetrating influence of style — automatically, inevitably — lucidity, balance, and precision were everywhere introduced; and the miracle of order was established over the chaos of a thousand years.

Of course the Romantics raised a protest. "Gibbon's style," said Coleridge, "is detestable; but," he added, "it is not the worst thing about him." Critics of the later nineteenth century were less consistent. They admired Gibbon for everything except his style, imagining that his History would have been much improved if it had been written in some other way. They did not see that, if it had been written in any other way, it would have ceased to exist; just as St. Paul's would cease to exist if it was rebuilt in Gothic. Obsessed by the color and movement of romantic prose, they were blind to the subtlety, the clarity, the continuous strength of Gibbon's writing. Gibbon could turn a bold phrase with the best of them — "the fat slumbers of the Church," for instance — if he wanted to; but he very rarely wanted to; such effects would have disturbed the easy, close-knit, homogeneous surface of his work. His use of words is in fact extremely delicate. When, describing St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar, he speaks of "this last and lofty station," he succeeds, with the least possible emphasis, merely by the combination of those two alliterative epithets with that particular substantive, in making the whole affair ridiculous. One can almost see his shoulders shrug. The nineteenth century found him pompous; it did not relish the irony beneath the pomp. He produces some of his most delightful effects by rhythm alone. In the 'Vindication' — a work which deserves to be better known, for it shows us Gibbon as one sees him nowhere else, really letting himself go — there is an admirable example of this. "I still think," he says, in reply to a criticism by Dr. Randolph, "I still think that an hundred Bishops, with Athanasius at their head, were as competent judges of the discipline of the fourth century, as even the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford." Gibbon's irony, no doubt, is the salt of his work; but, like all irony, it is the product of style. It was not for nothing that he read through every year the 'Lettres

Provinciales' of Pascal. From this point of view, it is interesting to compare him with Voltaire. The irony of the great Frenchman was a flashing sword — extreme, virulent, deadly — a terrific instrument of propaganda. Gibbon uses the weapon with far more delicacy, he carves his enemy "as a dish fit for the Gods"; his mocking is aloof, almost indifferent, and perhaps, in the long run, for that very reason, even more effective.

At every period of his life Gibbon is a pleasant thing to contemplate, but perhaps most pleasant of all in the closing weeks of it, during his last visit to England. He had hurried home from Lausanne to join his friend Lord Sheffield, whose wife had died suddenly, and who, he felt, was in need of his company. The journey was no small proof of his affectionate nature; old age was approaching; he was corpulent, gouty, and accustomed to every comfort; and the war of the French Revolution was raging in the districts through which he had to pass. But he did not hesitate, and after skirting the belligerent armies in his chaise, arrived safely in England. After visiting Lord Sheffield he proceeded to Bath, to stay with his stepmother. The amazing little figure, now almost spherical, bowled along the Bath road in the highest state of exhilaration. "I am always," he told his friend, "so much delighted, and improved, with this union of ease and motion, that were not the expense enormous, I would travel every year some hundred miles, more especially in England." Mrs. Gibbon, a very old lady, but still full of vitality, worshiped her stepson, and the two spent ten days together, talking almost *tête-à-tête,* for ten hours a day. Then the historian went off to Apthorpe, where he spent a happy morning with Lord Spencer, looking at early editions of Cicero. And so back to London. In London, a little trouble arose. A protuberance, in the lower part of his person, which, owing to years of characteristic *insouciance,* had grown to extraordinary proportions, required attention; an operation was necessary; but it went off well, and there seemed to be no danger. Once more Mr. Gibbon dined out. Once more he was seen, in his accustomed attitude, with advanced forefinger addressing the company, and rapping his snuff-box at the close of each particularly pointed phrase. But illness came on again — nothing very serious. The great man lay in bed, discussing how much longer he would live — he was fifty-six — ten years, twelve years, or perhaps, twenty. He ate some chicken, and drank three glasses of madeira. Life seemed almost as charming as usual. Next morning, getting out of bed for a necessary moment, "*Je suis plus adroit,*" he said, with his odd smile, to his French valet. Back in bed again, he muttered something more, a little incoherently, lay back among the pillows, dozed, half-woke, dozed again, and became unconscious — forever.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

THE name of Bertrand Russell, long known to a select inner circle of mathematicians and philosophers, has, within recent years, become familiar to that ever-enlarging multitude which reads the more serious magazines and resorts to lectures. In America, where his views harmonize more readily than in his own country with the political philosophy which, theoretically at least, underlies the national creed, he has been particularly well received; and the debate on Democracy in which he supported the positive side against Dr. Will Durant, drew large audiences.

When one comes to tabulate the facts about this champion of democracy, the result is something like a chronicle of paradoxes. In the English Peerage it is duly recorded that Bertrand Arthur William Russell, born 1872, is the younger son of Lord Amberley, grandson of Lord John Russell, descendant of the Dukes of Bedford, and proximate heir to an Earldom. That none of these facts are mentioned by the press agents who would ordinarily delight to honor them must be due to the fact that the person most concerned finds them unimportant. We have here, in short, an aristocrat who is by conviction and practice a democrat. Further, it appears that having received the classical training consistent with the traditions of his class, he declares that the time spent in the study of Greek and Latin was in his case practically wasted. Bred in the conventions of Victorian society, he ranges himself with anarchists and rebels in his advocacy of the abolition of property rights and the principle of monogamy. Breathing all his life an atmosphere where patriotism is honored as a sacred virtue, and militarism as its faithful servant, he flouts the principle which divides the world into nations, and denounces with all the eloquence of which he is master the mutual destructiveness, on any pretext whatsoever, of international wars.

Russell is a son of Cambridge, where he made a brilliant record in mathematics and philosophy, but his interest in these subjects antedates even his undergraduate days. The story of his mental development is best told in his own words. In the preface to a recent volume he says: "From the age of eleven, when I began the study of Euclid, I had a passionate interest in mathematics, combined with a belief that science must be the source of all human progress. Youthful ambition made me wish to be the benefactor of mankind, the more so as I lived in an atmosphere in which public spirit was taken for granted. I hoped to pass from mathematics to science, and lived a solitary life amid day dreams such as may have inspired Galileo or Descartes in adolescence. But it turned out that while not without aptitude in pure mathematics, I was

completely destitute of the concrete kinds of skill which are necessary in science. . . . At the same time I found myself increasingly attracted to philosophy, not, as is often the case, by the hope of ethical or theological comfort, but by the wish to discover whether we possess anything that can be called knowledge. At the age of fifteen, I recorded in my diary that no fact seemed indubitable except consciousness. (Now I no longer make this exception.) "

Side by side with mathematical studies he pursued researches in history and politics. " I cannot remember," he says, " an age when I was not interested in politics; I was taught English Constitutional history almost before I could read." As a natural outgrowth of this double cultivation came his first books, ' A Study of German Social Democracy,' in 1896, and ' Foundations of Geometry,' in 1897. Then followed arduous years devoted to philosophical and mathematical studies, resulting in a number of volumes intelligible only to those whose minds have been trained in lines of similar severity, ' The Philosophy of Leibniz,' ' Principles of Mathematics,' ' Problems of Philosophy,' and others, culminating in the ' Principia Mathematica ' published in 1910, in collaboration with Professor A. N. Whitehead. " This volume," says Russell, " contained all that I could hope to contribute to the solution of the problem which had begun to trouble me more than twenty years earlier. The main question remained of course unanswered; but incidentally we had been led to the invention of a new method in philosophy and a new branch of mathematics." The final volume of the pre-War period appeared in 1914. It was called ' Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy,' and some of its ideas may be found, more briefly put, in the article ' Physics and Metaphysics ' reproduced, with the author's permission, in this volume.

The next volume, published in 1917, was called in the English edition, ' Principles of Social Reconstruction,' in the American, ' Why Men Fight.' In the interval had occurred the unthinkable catastrophe which had brought the philosopher out of his study to take up the position of militant pacifism which he has ever since been defending: " While the war lasted," he says, " abstract pursuits were impossible to me. As much as any soldier who enlisted, I felt the necessity of ' doing my bit,' but I could not feel that the victory of either side would solve any problem. . . . When the war was over, I found it impossible to return to a purely academic life, although the opportunity was open to me. The problems which interest me are no longer those with which I was concerned before 1914, and I find it impossible now to shut the world out of my thoughts when I enter my study. I do not pretend that this is an improvement; I merely record it as a fact."

Personal experiences coincident with the events of the early post-War period account also for much re-examination and restatement of views on life and education. Extensive travels in Soviet Russia, and nearly a year in China were

fruitful of reflections on the differences between Eastern and Western types of life and thought. An alteration probably more profound was caused by his second marriage. Mr. Russell's first marriage, contracted in 1894, was ended in 1921 by a divorce perfectly consistent with his often expressed views as to what should constitute the grounds for permanence or the reverse in marriage. As a result of his second marriage the philosopher found himself when over fifty years of age the father of two young children, in whose persons were centralized and vivified his ideals for the education of the race.

"Henceforward," says one critic, "all Russell roads lead to the nursery school." Russell would probably retort that all roads lead from it, as the only proper starting place for any logical scheme of improvement. In any case the statement needs some modification. Profoundly impressed as he is with the importance of the study and training of infancy (he has founded a school for the education of his own and other favored children), Russell is still the mathematical philosopher, who, within the last ten years has published 'Mysticism and Logic,' 'An Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy,' 'The Analysis of Mind,' 'The Analysis of Matter,' 'The A B C of Atoms,' 'The A B C of Relativity,' and his most recent work, 'An Outline of Philosophy.' No doubt a certain effort to make abstract truths comprehensible to an untrained public is present in all these books of the later period, but it reached really popular success only in the volumes dealing avowedly with social reconstruction and education. 'Proposed Roads to Freedom,' 'The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism,' 'The Problem of China,' 'The Prospects of Industrial Civilization,' the booklet 'What I Believe,' and, most widely read of all, 'Education and the Good Life.' In these volumes the Bertrand Russell creed is variously and effectively expressed. The reader who examines its separate articles, negative and positive, finds much that is inspiring, much with which he is ready to agree. Moreover, even those whose politics are miles asunder from Russell's must admire the critical foresight which causes him to reject ideals which have seemed unassailable to many thinkers of his own party. Socialist though he is, he is utterly distrustful of the bureaucratic tendencies of State Socialism. Bolshevik philosophy he condemns, "not because of its communism, but because of the elements which it shares with the philosophy of Western financial magnates." The principle underlying the whole argument is the right of freedom for all men, women, and children, and to that end, education that shall eliminate all the traditional fears, evasions, and submissions, and foster such desirable qualities as vitality, courage, sensitiveness, and intelligence. Few will quarrel with this ideal, or with the fine definition, "The good life is one inspired by love and guided by knowledge."

But there are moments when doubt assails the honest reader. It is as hard, apparently, for a propagandist to retain his philosophical integrity as for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The healthy scepticism which

characterizes Russell's writing when he is on the relatively sure ground of mathematics gives way at times to dogmatism and credulity when he deals with such highly debatable matters as educational methods, the economic position of women, and the will to war. Manner corresponds closely to matter. Russell is the master of a clear and fluent style, sometimes touched with lyrical beauty, occasionally with humor. The scientist's humor is of a joyous and spontaneous quality in such passages as that in the article on 'Physics and Metaphysics.' "Let us not however suppose that we are still to believe in atoms and electrons, except as convenient fictions like John Jones. An electron consists of a series of sets of phenomena in places where it isn't." Of an entirely different quality is the somewhat forced playfulness of the plea for idleness, urged by a life-long worker: "If we were all lazy, and only worked under the spur of hunger, our whole society would be much happier. Think of a man like Lord Northcliffe, working like a galley slave to produce bloodshed and misery on a scale hitherto unknown in human history. How admirable it would have been if he could have been persuaded to lie in the sun, or play bridge, or study chess problems, or even take to drink. But, alas, such men have no vices."

One would not deny to the thinker his moments of irony or playfulness, but when in a recent volume we come on such a passage as the following it carries more truly the sound of his native language: "The asceticism of the intellect requires that, while we are engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, we shall repress all other desires for the sake of the desire to know. While we are philosophizing, the wish to prove that the world is good, or that the dogmas of this or that sect are true, must count as weaknesses of the flesh — they are temptations to be thrust on one side. But we obtain in return something of the joy which the mystic experiences in harmony with the will of God. This joy philosophy can give, but only to those who are willing to follow it to the end, through all its arduous uncertainties."

SUSAN E. VAUGHAN

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS

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THERE is in our time a widening gulf between the scientific specialist and the ordinary intelligent man. This was very much less the case in former times. In the eighteenth century everybody of intellectual pretensions, at least in France, was more or less acquainted with Newton, who had the same kind of vogue that Freud has in our day. In the nineteenth

century the most sensational piece of science was Darwinian evolution, which was easily intelligible to any educated man. But during the present century the things of most importance in science have occurred in physics, and have involved for their understanding exceedingly difficult and abstruse mathematical reasoning. So abstruse and difficult has this reasoning become that even distinguished physicists have had to stand aside. The general reader knows that odd things have been discovered about relativity and about atoms, but he is aware that whatever attempts he may have made to find out what it is all about have not met with as much success as he might have hoped. Now all this would not have mattered if the new physics had had for its content merely specialized advances in the later parts of a very well developed science. If that had been the case, the matter could have been left to the expert, and the general public would have confined itself to benevolent neutrality.

The new theories in physics, however, are not only new in mathematical technique or in the results at which they arrive; they are new also in their general point of view, in the character of their reasoning, and in the metaphysic which inspires their hypotheses. This aspect of their work is only accidentally involved in mathematical technicalities, and can with a little trouble be so presented that intelligent laymen, at any rate the younger of them, can understand it and appreciate its importance. There is of course, as in any rapidly growing subject, still controversy and uncertainty, but both sides in a controversy of physicists are advocating theories alien to educated common sense, and the theories of both sides have something in common which distinguishes them from the theories of former times.

Applied physics, that is to say, everything that is used as yet in industry, and even in such modern developments as radio, still uses older conceptions which are on the whole consonant with educated common sense. The newer physics as yet has not become embodied in anything commercially useful. There is no reason to suppose that this state of affairs will continue. The theory upon which radio depends existed for many years before it received practical application. I am not, however, concerned in this article with the impossible attempt to forecast the inventions which may hereafter utilize the modern developments of physics. What I want to do is to suggest the changes in popular metaphysics which must come about, if the new physics is to produce the same kind of influence upon our outlook that was produced in the eighteenth century by Newton, and in the nineteenth by Darwin.

I think that if we were to search for one short phrase to characterize the difference between the newer physics and that of past times, I should choose the following: The world is not composed of " things." To the metaphysician this is no new idea, but in the past the metaphysician could not point to the technique of science as being on his side, and he was therefore unable to combat the popular metaphysics which survived contentedly alongside of his speculations. Nowadays, physicists, the most hardheaded of mankind, the

people associated more than any others with the intellectual and mechanical triumphs that distinguish our epoch, have embodied in their technique this insubstantiality which some of the metaphysicians have so long urged in vain. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on" was once a piece of poetic imagination; now it is among the presuppositions of physics.

It seems probable that if the ideas underlying modern physics ever become apprehended by the ordinary educated and half educated person, they will greatly modify his outlook upon life and politics, not to mention religion and criminal law. I shudder when I think of the revolutions required to adapt ourselves to the ideas of Heisenberg and Schrödinger, which are in many ways more strange than those of Einstein. We should have to begin by altering grammar completely; our grammar is based upon the belief in permanent things. A series of different apparitions, changing gradually as time goes on, are linked together under one name, say John Jones, and are said to constitute one person. If one of these apparitions runs away with a leg of mutton, it is thought right and just that one of the others should be shut within the four walls of a prison cell. If we did not imagine that the person we imprison is the same as the person who stole the leg of mutton, we should be less convinced of our right to shut him up, and if he went on to realize that there are no legs of mutton and no prison walls, we should feel still more reconstruction of our traditional notions to be called for. I do not mean to say that there are no prisons, but as has been said before: "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." I think, however, that the poet did not quite know what does make a prison, and if he did, he might have been puzzled to express it in verse. A prison consists of a very large number of matrices, and a matrix is an infinite rectangle of integers. To define a cage is a most complicated problem in a very modern branch of mathematics called topology, which is only properly understood in two universities, one that of Princeton, the other that of Moscow. If any of my readers wishes to know what a cage is, I advise him to write to Professor Veblen of the former university, but I cannot guarantee that the reply will be intelligible.

When I say that there are no "things," I shall perhaps at first convey no definite idea. I will try to explain what I mean. Suppose that on a dark night you see the beam from a searchlight, or a lighthouse, moving about the sky, or sweeping over the sea, the beam in some sense preserves its identity, and yet you do not think of it as a "thing." Or again, suppose you hear 'The Star-spangled Banner' sung; it is one tune, but you would not think of it as a "thing"; it is a series of notes, and the notes themselves are essentially brief. When I say that there are no "things" I mean that tables and chairs and loaves of bread and so on are really just like the beam of light and the song. They are a series of more or less similar phenomena, connected, not by substantial identity, but by certain casual connections.

This, however, is no new suggestion. It was made by the early Buddhists

in the time of King Asoka. At this point, however, we arrive at another innovation, an innovation concerned with the idea of cause. The early Buddhists had a firm belief in causation, and upon this belief they rested their metaphysics and their ethics. Newtonian physicists had a firm belief in causation, which was an essential element in eighteenth century materialism. The man of science, and still more the philosopher interpreting science, would have told you, until lately, that a belief in rigid causation is an indispensable postulate of science. All this seems to have grown doubtful. Causation, like every other traditional notion, appears to be concerned with what happens to things in the mass, not with what happens to them individually. Whether causation is, or is not, rigidly applicable to the most minute phenomena of which we are at present aware is a doubtful question, which is being discussed by German physicists with a detachment as astonishing as it is praiseworthy. Perhaps the reign of law will get itself re-established, perhaps not. Apparently science can adapt itself equally well to either alternative. The laws of science, as they have been known, are concerned with what usually happens approximately, not with what always happens exactly. Men have been misled by the precision of the mathematical instrument into the notion that the mathematical laws of physics were not only precise but exact. Perhaps the difference is not at once clear, but a simple illustration will make it so. If I say that a man is six feet high, my statement is precise, but is practically certain not to be exact, that is to say, I am making an assertion which is not exactly true. If I want to make an assertion which is exactly true, I must make one which is less precise, such as that he is within a quarter of an inch of six feet one way or another. The traditional laws of physics are like the statement that the man is just six feet high: they are precise, but probably not quite true. The newer laws may perhaps be quite true, but they have lost something of the old precision. The older physics was based upon somewhat gross observations of large objects. (I mean by a large object anything bigger than an atom.) It was found that certain precise mathematical laws fitted the behavior of these large objects within the limits of observation as they then were, and it was assumed that these precise laws were not only precise, but exact. This latter assumption is being dropped, and the older laws are being regarded in the light of statistical probabilities analogous to the statement that if you toss a coin often it will come equally often heads and tails. In fact it seems that everything we see is a statistical probability. A colored surface, for example, represents the statistical probability of quantum changes in a certain region. Continuity, which used to be thought to be of the essence of nature, is now thought by some to be only a continuity of probability. The individual phenomena according to these men are discontinuous jumps within atoms, but the probability of a jump occurring in any particular place varies continuously with the place, and this probability is really what we see when we think we see a table or a chair. When Dr. Johnson kicked a stone in order to disprove Berkeley, he was,

if we are to believe these physicists, kicking a statistical probability, and the consequent pain in his toe represented the statistical probability of an upset to the atoms in that part of his foot.

Let us not, however, suppose that we are still to be allowed to believe in atoms and electrons, except as convenient fictions like John Jones. An electron consists of a series of sets of phenomena in places where it isn't. What are these phenomena? The only ones of which we have any direct knowledge are our own perceptions. If there are others we know little about them beyond the mathematical laws which they approximately obey.

The normal beliefs of the normal man, as well as all his standards of value, depend upon a radically different outlook. A man wants, we will say, to be a "dynamic personality," but would perhaps feel this desire less strongly if he realized that nothing is "dynamic" and there are no "personalities." When I say this, I mean it of course in a Pickwickian sense. For certain rough practical purposes something not grossly untrue may be conveyed by calling a man a "dynamic personality," but if we were to try to state at all accurately what it really amounts to to be a "dynamic personality," I think the charm exercised by the phrase would largely disappear. I will omit the word "personality" for the moment, since I do not wish to touch upon psychology. The word "dynamic" will afford quite enough food for thought. When we call a person "dynamic," what we mean, as nearly as I can gather, is that he causes a great deal of motion of matter. Seeing that there is no such thing as matter, and that motion has become a completely vague idea, it is evident that the word "dynamic" cannot retain the force that it used to have. Perhaps, however, we might give the word a different meaning. We might say that a "dynamic" person is one who desires some state of affairs considerably different from that which he finds existing, and whose desire is subsequently realized in a manner which common sense regards as partly caused by him. This definition, however, is not quite sufficient. It would, for example, apply to a man who in a drunken fit knocked over a policeman. We do not regard him as a "dynamic personality," because we realize that his desire to knock down a policeman is connected chemically with the properties of alcohol. I think it is essential to our conception of a man as a "dynamic personality" that we should think that we know the effects of his actions, but that we should not know their causes. There are therefore two different solvent criticisms. There is in the first place an older type of criticism illustrated by what we said just now about the drunken man, according to which a man's desires and actions are caused by things outside himself, so that he is not more dynamic than a water pipe; and then there is the newer type of criticism, according to which the old idea of cause is vague and popular. I should not go so far as to say that a man actually is what he seems to be to other people, because it would lead to the question "What are the other people?" Nevertheless there would be some truth in such a definition. We can define a piece

of matter as a series of effects in places where it isn't, and we may say the same of a man in so far as he is regarded as forceful, or dynamic, or influential. The real man is the man regarded psychologically, not the man regarded as having an effect upon his surroundings.

We all naturally believe that matter is characterized by a certain property which Dr. Whitehead calls "pushiness." When you watch a game of billiards, you think that one ball hits another and pushes the other away. This, however, is an illusion. The balls never touch; the outer electrons in the one repel the outer electrons in the other; these outer electrons try to move inward, but are in turn repelled by those that they are thus compelled to approach. There gets to be an unpleasant sense of overcrowding, and there is nothing for the whole lot to do except to move away and look for a place where they do not have such unpleasant neighbors. The whole process is analogous to what happens to a man who likes solitude, and who is perpetually moving away because some one else has built a house within two hundred yards of him. It is not that the electrons are actually in contact during the jostle; it is merely that they dislike the too close proximity of other electrons. All this of course is only roughly speaking. If you try to speak more accurately, you will have to express the whole occurrence in language which replaces electrons by various forms of radiant energy, or by Schrödinger's waves, which are not *in* the ocean but actually constitute the ocean. In any case, the game of billiards cannot be taken as giving the clue to the universe. This is of course the death blow to materialism, for the essence of materialism has always been the belief that the world consisted of billiard balls. Or, to take another illustration, we spoke earlier of the beam of light sent out by a lighthouse on a dark night. To the materialist it is evident that the lighthouse is real, and solid, and tangible, whereas the beam of light in the night sky is merely an evanescent reflection caused by the state of the matter in the lighthouse. The modern view would be more nearly represented by saying that, while the beam of light is indubitably real so long as it lasts, the lighthouse is only an inference from the beam, and a precarious inference at that. If you say that you can go and touch the walls of the lighthouse, that is merely to say that there can be produced in you a sensation of hardness, a sensation which clearly is in you, not in the lighthouse, so that what you learn of the lighthouse from the sense of touch is really as indirect as what you learn of it by watching the beam of light in the sky. All this as metaphysics is ancient history, but as physics it is modern. For ages there has been a gulf between physics and metaphysics, but the gulf is closing up. Metaphysicians have grown perhaps a little less arrogant, and the physicists have been forced by purely experimental necessities to become increasingly metaphysical. The consequence is that there is a certain solidity in the philosophy to be distilled out of modern physics, which there never was in the philosophy of former times.

It must be confessed, however, that there is far less pomp and circumstance about modern mathematical reasoning than about that of earlier times. The model was set by Euclid, who professed to prove all his assertions with the exception of certain self-evident axioms. We now know that there is no reason to suppose his axioms true, and the consquences which he deduced from them can be known, if at all, only on a basis of experiment. The general view nowadays is that the propositions of Euclid are approximately true of bodies of ordinary size, but not of very small bodies, nor yet of regions comparable in size with the universe, which is supposed to be finite. In Newton's days the prestige of Euclid was undiminished, and Newton's mathematical style is based upon the Greek tradition. Nowadays a mathematical physicist is less impressed than he used to be with the demonstrative powers of his mathematical instrument. His mathematical reasoning is intended as a rule to lead up to some crucial experiment. We might say that mathematical style has altered in a way analogous to that in which prose style has altered. Compare the style of Sir Thomas Browne and that of Mr. H. G. Wells, and you will get some idea of the difference between the mathematical style of Newton and that of, say, Niels Bohr, who first applied the quantum theory to the atom.

It is a curious fact that as the practical applications of science have become more remarkable, its intellectual claims have diminished. I believe that if Empedocles could have a conversation with Einstein, he would be astonished at Einstein's ignorance in regard to many things which he himself had always supposed that he knew. Nor is it necessary to go so far back as Empedocles. Lord Kelvin, I fancy, would suffer the same astonishment. I wish I could think, however, that he would not regard Einstein as an ignoramus. Perhaps the belief that we know has always been the fantasy designed to compensate us for our feelings of helplessness. Knowledge is power, and therefore the fantasy of knowledge is the fantasy of power. Modern science, in proportion as it has given us real power, has diminished the need for the compensatory fantasy of supposed knowledge. We have become willing to admit our ignorance of the real nature of things, because we feel that we know how to handle them.

The tendency of this attitude is of course to encourage what is called the instrumental theory of knowledge, which is roughly speaking the theory that knowing about anything is being aware of the behavior suitable in its presence. If you know when to bow to a king, when to call him "Your Majesty," and how to flatter him, you know all that the instrumental theory thinks there is to know; and similarly, if you are able to use a telephone, to make it and repair it, you know all there is to be known about telephones, according to this theory. I confess that the theory is deeply repugnant to me, although I am inclined to think that it may be true. Perhaps the psychological source of this repugnance is the association of knowledge with love. When a man is in love, he is not content to study the outward behavior of the lady, but wishes to

know what, at such a moment, he probably calls her soul, and her inmost thoughts become profoundly interesting to him. A man of science has been in the past a man in love with Nature in this sense, and something of the satisfaction which has been found in the pursuit of knowledge will be lost if knowledge is found to consist merely of tricks for leading Nature to grant her favors unintentionally. Perhaps the more profound intellectual triumphs, upon which in the long run the practical successes of applied science depend, will become psychologically very difficult, if the mystical conception of knowledge as a kind of union of knower and known completely dies out. However, I hold no brief for mysticism, and am merely throwing out a suggestion for what it may be worth.

Paul Laune